

THE MUNSEY



JANUARY

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Point of View

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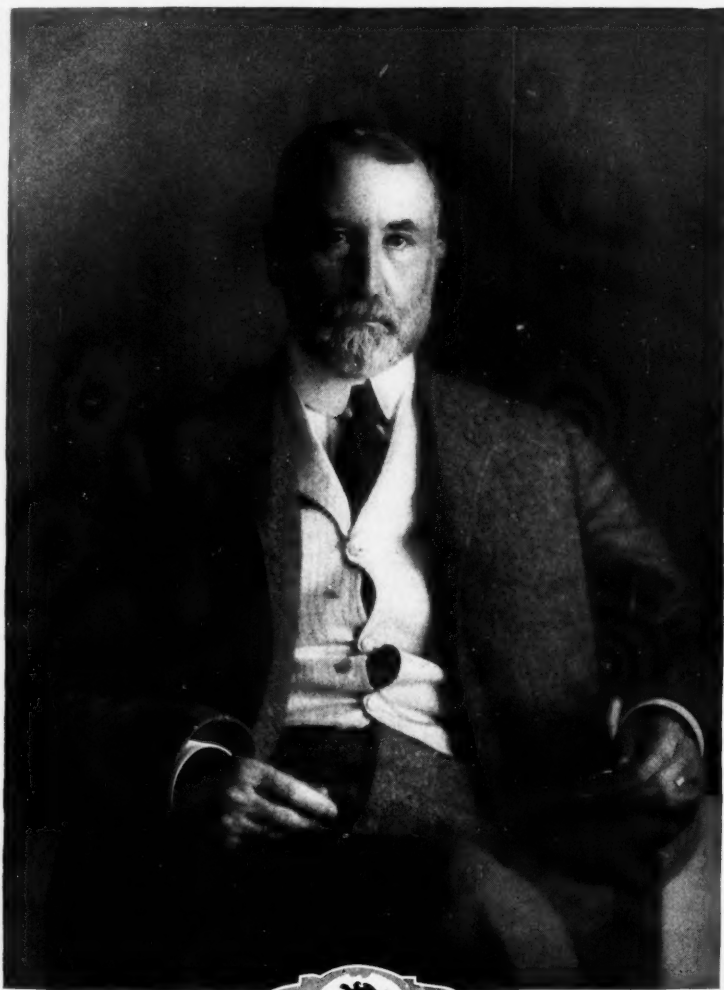
It is used in nearly every Royal Palace of Europe; and Messrs. Pears are holders of Special Warrants of Appointment to their Majesties, the King and Queen of England, and the King and Queen of Spain, and held a similar Warrant from the late Queen Victoria. 20 Highest Awards held.

Matchless for the Complexion

A black and white photograph of a woman standing, facing slightly to the left but looking towards the camera. She is wearing a long, white, form-fitting dress with a square neckline and short sleeves. She is holding a small, round object, which is a bar of Pears soap, in her right hand. The word "PEARS" is visible on the soap. The background is dark and out of focus.

PEARS

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
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WILLIAM J. GAYNOR,

WHO TAKES OFFICE AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY ON JANUARY 1, 1910

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLII.

January, 1910

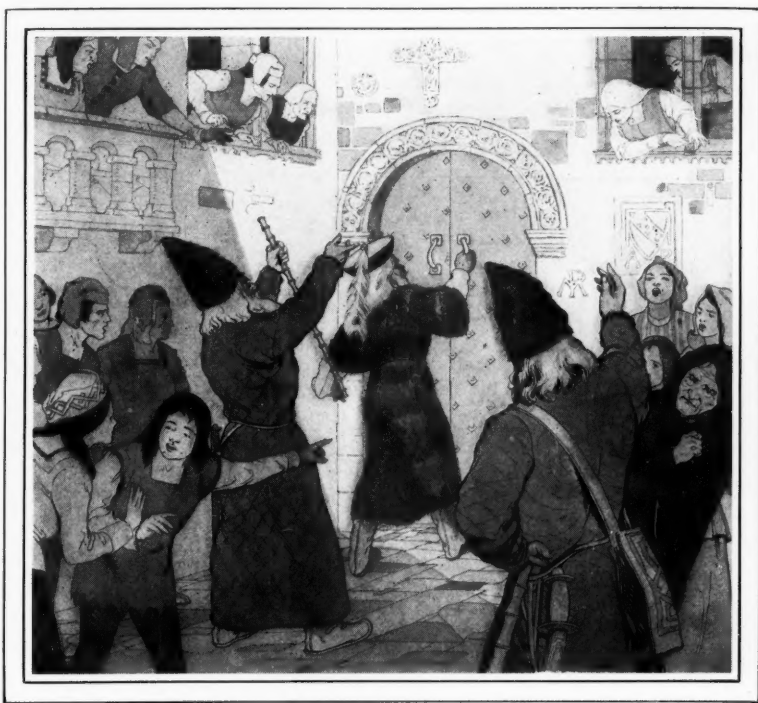
Number IV

THE DISPUTES OF GREAT DISCOVERERS

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

THE famous Greek traveler and historian, Herodotus, writing more than four hundred years before Christ, and narrating what had happened in Egypt nearly three hundred years earlier, speaks of the Egyptian king Necho, or Nekao, as having been a man of large views and bold conceptions. It

was he, for instance, who began to dig the Suez Canal. More than a hundred and twenty thousand laborers perished in the course of the work; but this frightful expenditure of life did not deter King Necho. He would have pushed his enterprise to a successful completion had he not been superstitious; for he was warned



MARCO POLO, WITH HIS TWO COMPANIONS, RETURNS TO VENICE AFTER TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE EAST, AND IS REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO HIS HOME

Redrawn from an old print

by an oracle that the canal, if finished, would be of advantage only to foreigners.

But Herodotus has a much more interesting story than this to tell of Necho. It is summed up in the following words, taken from the fourth book of his history:

When he had ceased digging the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, he sent certain Phenicians in ships, with orders to sail through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, and thus back again to Egypt. Therefore, the Phenicians, setting out from the Red Sea, sailed south; and when autumn came, they went ashore and cultivated the land, by whatsoever part of Africa they happened to be sailing, and waited for the harvest. Then, after reaping the grain, they put once more to sea.

After two years had passed, they entered the Strait of Gibraltar in the third year and arrived in Egypt, telling a story which does not seem credible to me, though it may to others. Their story was that as they sailed around Africa, they had the sun on their right hand. Since then the Carthaginians say that Africa is surrounded by water.

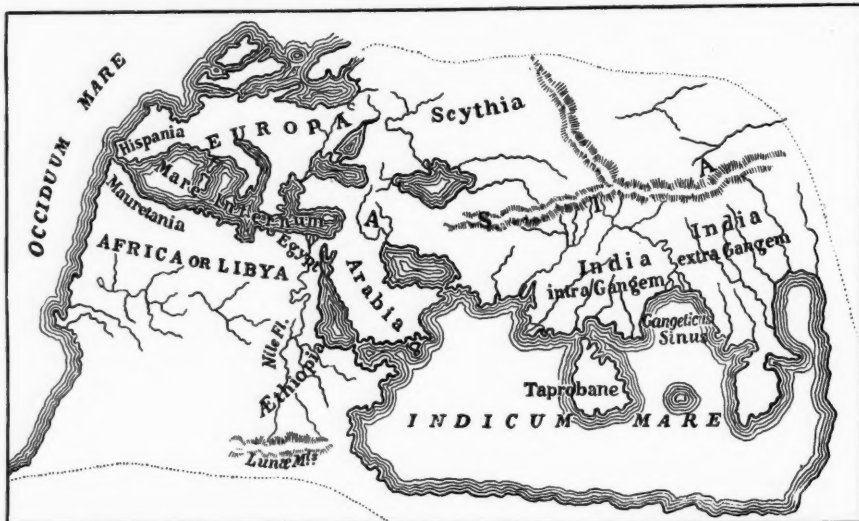
This story, which seemed incredible to Herodotus, seemed equally incredible to subsequent geographers and explorers. In fact, the commander of a later expedition, who tried to circumnavigate Africa in the opposite direction, going west-

ward from the Mediterranean coast of Egypt, returned with the story that after sailing southward along the western shores of Africa, some mysterious power had stopped his ship and compelled him to turn back. This navigator met a fate which was a good deal more severe than that now meted out to unsuccessful explorers, for he was promptly impaled and died in torture.

The notion that Africa was practically an island was derided for many centuries. About two hundred years after Christ, the great geographer and map-maker, Ptolemy, drew a chart which displays the earth as he and his contemporaries understood it. In this chart the southern part of Africa is represented as curving around to the east and uniting with farther India, thus making the Indian Ocean a closed sea, as exhibited in the accompanying illustration. The actual achievements of Necho's mariners and the record of Herodotus were rejected as fables. Though the truth had been revealed seven hundred years before Christ, no one would accept it until more than two thousand years later.

THE PHENICIANS' STORY CONFIRMED

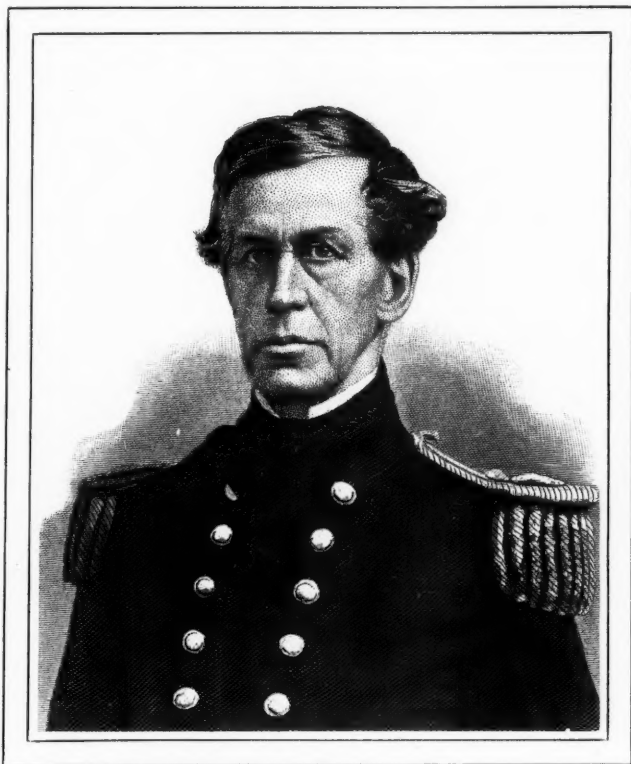
It was not until the end of the fifteenth century that the Portuguese, in three memorable expeditions, verified the discoveries



MAP OF THE WORLD, ACCORDING TO PTOLEMY (200 A.D.)—FOR CENTURIES GEOGRAPHERS BELIEVED THAT SOUTH AFRICA UNITED WITH FARTHER INDIA, ALTHOUGH THE TRUTH HAD BEEN REPORTED BY PHENICIAN NAVIGATORS AS EARLY AS 700 B.C.

made twenty centuries before. In 1488, the bold mariner Dias rounded the Cape of Good Hope. A little later, Covilhao went down the Red Sea to India. Finally, Vasco da Gama, sailing from Lisbon in 1497, again rounded the cape, passed the

were not with spirits and prodigies. Rather, like Columbus, he had to contend against mutinous sailors, and at Calicut he was obliged to fight his way out of the harbor against the hostile natives. Having done so, he returned to Portugal by



COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES, UNITED STATES NAVY—IN 1840
WILKES REPORTED THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANTARCTIC
CONTINENT, THE EXISTENCE OF WHICH HAS SINCE
BEEN DENIED BY OTHER EXPLORERS

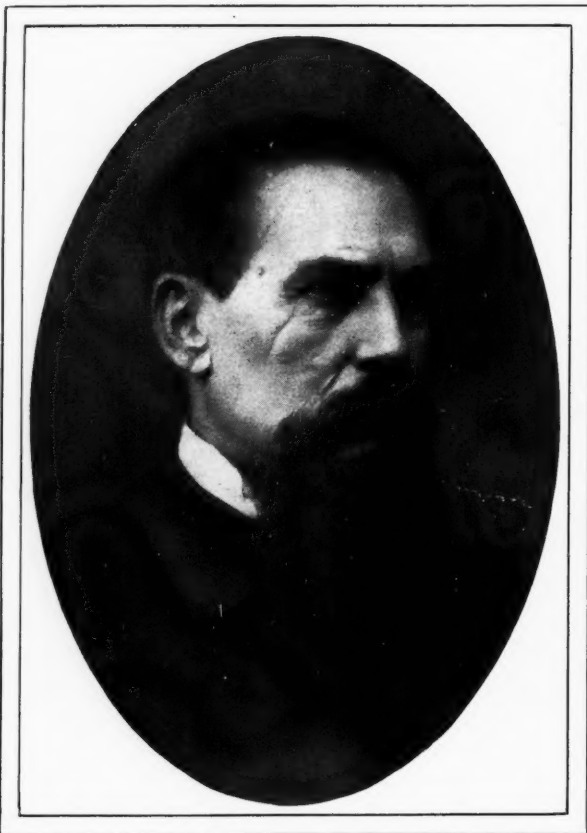
farthest point attained by Dias, touched at Mozambique, and, after a voyage of twenty-three days on the Indian Ocean, sighted the Malabar coast and entered the harbor of Calicut, in southern Hindustan.

Da Gama's entering the Indian Ocean forms the subject of the most striking passage of the famous Portuguese epic, "The Lusiad," written by the poet Camoens, who, with intense imaginative power, tells how an awful figure rose out of the unknown seas and forbade the admiral of Portugal to penetrate them. This is poetic fiction. Da Gama's difficulties

the same route, once more passing the Cape of Good Hope.

A great deal has been said during the past few months to the effect that we must rely, in part, upon "the word of the explorer." Because scientific men were unwilling to do this, the world waited two thousand years before it would accept the story told by King Necho's admiral.

Geography was a favorite study of the Greeks, and also of the Romans. The latter used to hang maps in their beautiful porticoes; and when their armies were engaged in Gaul, or Spain, or Germany, or in the Far East, the populace stood in groups



CAPTAIN BURTON, LATER SIR RICHARD BURTON, WHO TRAVELED WITH SPEKE AND WHO DISPUTED THE LATTER'S DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT LAKES OF CENTRAL AFRICA

From a photograph

around these maps, just as now crowds gather about the newspaper bulletins, trying to make out precisely where the armies were fighting, and where their own sons and brothers were in danger. But geographical science was not very scientific. Partly, no doubt, because some of their tales were so highly imaginative, explorers were not believed when they reported actual facts. Even though Plato seems to have known something by hearsay about America, men classified these narratives as pure legend, to be grouped with the other stories of werewolves, and lands where men had their heads below their shoulders, and regions from the borders of which one could step off from the earth and drop into the moon.

It is very singular that a great deal of

the knowledge which has been gathered in the past century, and accepted, was really in the possession of medieval travelers. Some of these actually set foot in oriental countries, and mapped out the site of important cities, only to have their narratives branded as inventions. In fact, the phrase "travelers' tales" became proverbial, and was applied with a sneer of contempt to information that was really precious.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO

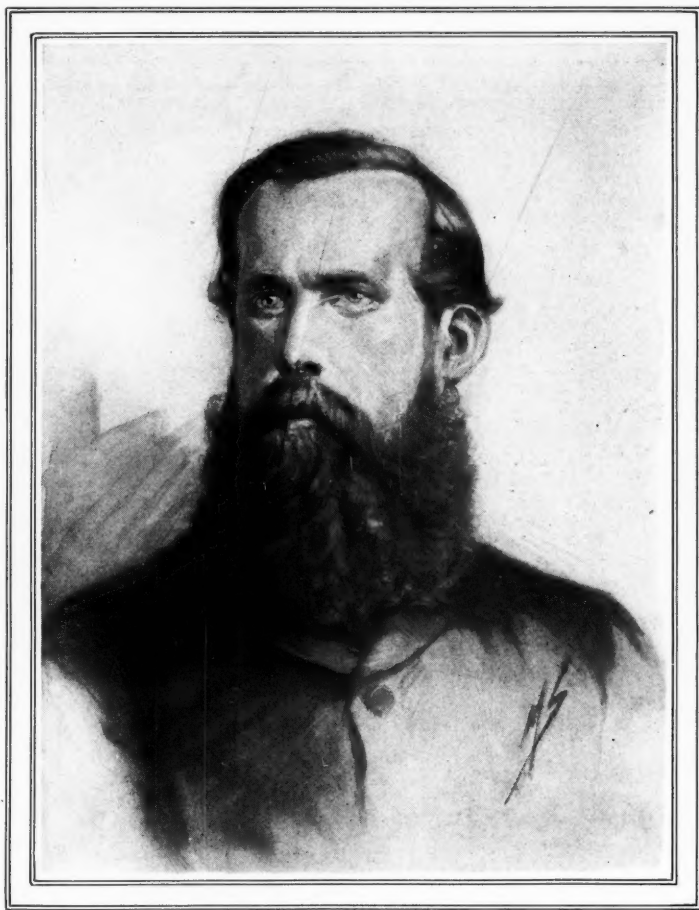
If we were to ask ourselves who was the greatest explorer that ever lived, we should have, in all honesty, to mention not Columbus, but the thirteenth-century Venetian, Marco Polo. Compared with his long and difficult researches, the voyage of Columbus — epoch-making though it was — seems but a trivial affair. In the first place, his westward journey, entirely by water, was not

in itself extremely hazardous. He had to contend only with the dangers of the deep and the insubordination of his sailors. Besides, he never really knew that he had discovered a new continent; and, finally, it was not he but the Norsemen who were historically the first Europeans to set foot upon American soil. There is no doubt that these northern sailors reached not merely Greenland, but what is now New England; only in their case, again, the word of the explorer was not sufficient.

Polo, who was born in or about the year 1250, was a Venetian of noble family. He had a passion for travel; but he was not at all the sort of traveler who likes to magnify the strange things he has seen. In fact, so little of the literary instinct did he have that he never wrote out

a full account of all that he had seen, and we should not possess to-day any portion of his narrative had he not, long afterward, been persuaded by a Franco-Italian to dictate the particulars of his stupen-

Remember that this was in the Middle Ages, when even in western lands a short journey was very arduous, and we can form some conception of his exploits. Sir Henry Yule, writing in 1880, has admira-



JOHN HANNING SPEKE, WHO IN 1858 DISCOVERED LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA,
THE CHIEF SOURCE OF THE RIVER NILE

Drawn by Modest Stein from a photograph

dous journeys. Even then, what he told was told in a dry and unimaginative way.

From all this we can reconstruct a rather silent, unobtrusive, unemotional person, with an abundant store of common sense, and a persistency which enabled him to overcome a myriad obstacles. The remarkable journey which he undertook at the age of twenty-one continued for twenty-four years, so that while he left home a youth, he returned a man in middle life.

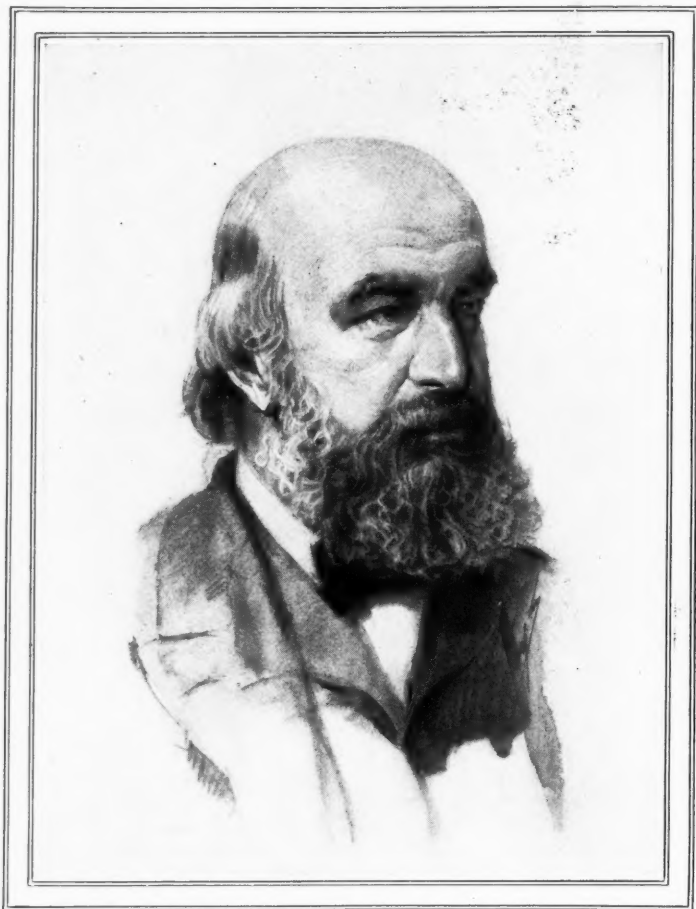
bly summarized the supremacy of Polo among travelers and explorers:

Polo was the first traveler to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, naming and describing kingdom after kingdom, which he had seen with his own eyes; the first to speak of the new and brilliant court which had been established at Peking; the first to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness, and to tell us of the nations on its borders, with all their eccentricities

of manners and worship; the first to tell more of Tibet than its name, to speak of Burma, of Laos, of Siam, of Cochin-China, of Japan, of Java, of Sumatra, and of other islands of the Great Archipelago, that museum of beauty and marvels; of Nicobar and the Andaman Islands, with their naked savages; of Ceylon, and its sacred peak;

Tunguses. That all this rich catalogue of discoveries should belong to the revelation of one man and one book is ample ground to justify a very high place in the roll of fame.

When Marco Polo finally returned to his home in Venice, accompanied by his



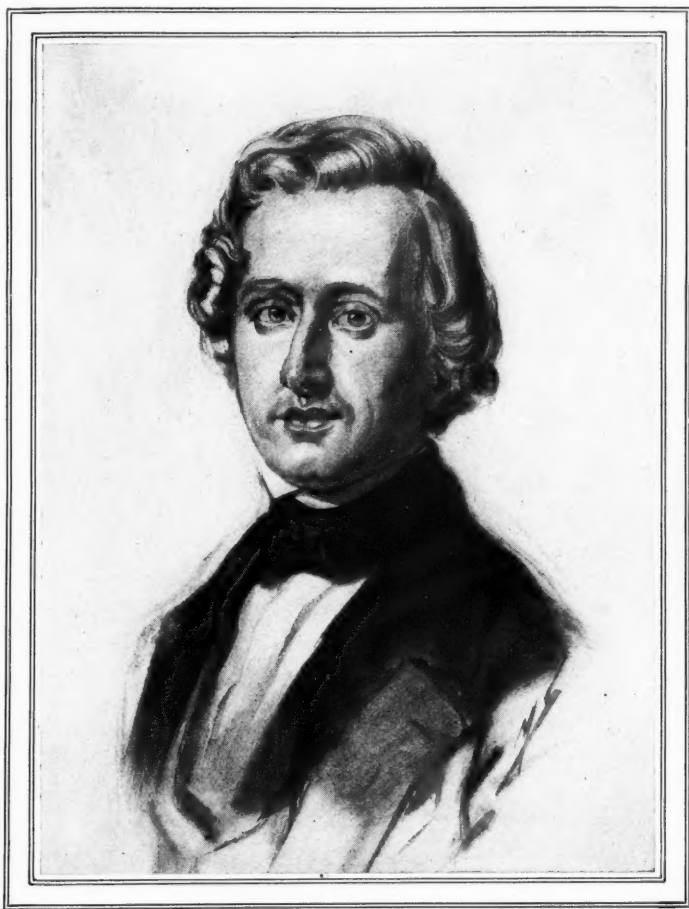
JOHN COUCH ADAMS, THE ENGLISH MATHEMATICIAN WHO WAS ONE OF THE DISCOVERERS OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE

of India, not as a dreamland of fables, but as a country seen and partially explored; the first in medieval times to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia, and of the semi-Christian island of Socotra, and to speak, however dimly, of Zanzibar, and of the vast and distant Madagascar; while he carries us also to the remotely opposite region of Siberia and the Arctic shores, to speak of dogsledges, white bears, and reindeer-riding

two European companions, the three were dressed in Tartar costume, with rough-peaked caps and long, soiled coats. They were travel-stained, and twenty-four long years had altered their appearance. When they reached their house, they were at first refused admission. After a time, those of their own family recognized them, but their friends and acquaintances remained skeptical.

Then they resorted to a curious expedient, not so much to prove their identity as to attest their story. This means of proof was quite after the Chinese fashion—for indeed the travelers had become half Chinese. They invited a number of their relatives to a banquet, which was ar-

The guests were much amazed at all this; but presently, when the servants had retired, Marco Polo went into another room and brought out the three shabby Tartar garments which they had worn on their return. These they laid upon the table, and with sharp knives began to rip



JEAN JOSEPH LEVERRIER, THE FRENCH ASTRONOMER WHO WAS ONE OF THE DISCOVERERS OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE

ranged with great magnificence. When the dinner hour arrived, the three travelers entered, clothed in crimson satin. After a little while, they removed these garments, and put on others of crimson damask, while the satin robes were cut into pieces and divided among the servants. Later they changed again to crimson velvet, and, finally, to ordinary costumes.

up the seams. Immediately there fell out a perfect cascade of the most precious jewels—rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds—which had been artfully stitched up in the rough robes. Then they explained that when they had left the court of the Great Khan, knowing that they could not carry away their treasure in the form of gold, they had exchanged all their possessions for jewels. Marco

Polo's chronicler says with considerable simplicity:

This exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement; and now they recognized that, in spite of all former doubt, these were, in

plans to illustrate it. The story was published first in French, and was then translated into other languages.

MARCO POLO DISCREDITED

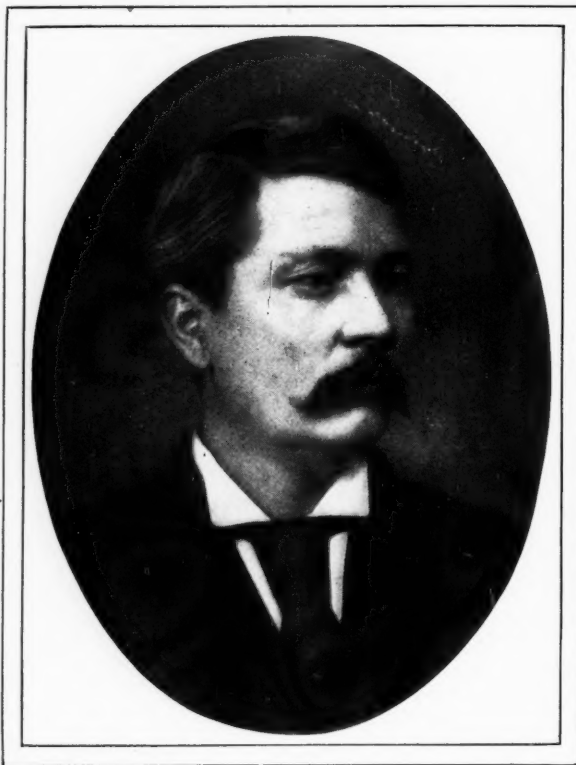
One would have supposed that such a truly wonderful revelation would excite

all Europe, as giving a first-hand account of places whose very existence had not been suspected. But here, again, the word of the explorer was not taken. Men read the book with interest, as they would have read a pure romance. Roman-cers did, in fact, imitate Polo, and heaped up wonder upon wonder; so that his book was not regarded as any more credible than the marvelous tales of travel ascribed to Sir John Mandeville—a wholly fabulous personage who never had any real existence, and whose so-called "Travels" are properly to be classed with the stories of the redoubtable Baron Münchhausen.

The narrative of Polo was so utterly opposed to what geographers then believed as to make these so-called men of science quite incredulous. They held that the world was flat, and that it was a very little world. They were not prepared to re-

construct their maps and books because of the word of an explorer, even of one whose travels had occupied nearly a quarter of a century.

Columbus knew of Polo's narrative, but he is thought to have rejected it, and to have been jealous of the fame of the great Venetian. He did believe that the world was spherical, but all that he accepted from Polo was the vast extent of Asia. Consequently, he thought that the Atlantic was only a narrow sea, and that a short voyage would bring him to Japan and India and China. Had he dreamed



HENRY M. STANLEY, THE GREAT EXPLORER WHOSE TRAVELS IN AFRICA GAVE RISE TO LONG AND BITTER CONTROVERSIES

From a photograph

truth, those honored and worthy gentlemen that they claimed to be. And so all paid them the greatest respect and reverence.

As already stated, Marco Polo wrote no direct account of his explorations; but later, having been taken prisoner by the Genoese, against whom he had led a Venetian fleet, he shared his prison with an author named Rusticien, or Rusticiano. The period of confinement lasted three years, and Polo beguiled the idle hours by relating the story of his travels. At the request of Rusticien, he dictated a part of the narrative, drawing maps and

that he must traverse two wide oceans to reach them, it is not likely that he would have set forth in his three small caravels. To this extent, therefore, Polo may be said to have been responsible for the discovery of America by Columbus. The latter accepted just so much of Polo's story as to make him dare the voyage which he attempted with success, but from which he would have shrunk had he but known the truth.

Oddly enough, Polo's word has not been fully taken until recent times. He was for three years the governor of a Chinese province; and lately Chinese official documents, more than six hundred years old, have been discovered which verify even certain minor incidents in the story that Polo dictated to Rusticien while in prison. Until then, geographers and ethnologists had turned their faces from him, because his plain, unvarnished tale clashed with their theories and preconceived beliefs.

WILKES'S DISPUTED DISCOVERIES

When we draw very close to our own times, and look into the records of arctic and antarctic explorations, we come across the name of Commodore Charles Wilkes. He is best remembered by most Americans as having been the naval commander who, in 1861, took the responsibility of firing a shot across the bows of an English mail steamer, the *Trent*. The *Trent* had on board two Confederate commissioners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, bound from Havana to England and France. Wilkes not only halted the vessel, but he sent an armed force aboard of her, removed the Confederate commissioners, and conveyed them to the United States. This affair nearly brought about a war between the United States and Great Britain, and would in fact have done so had not President Lincoln surrendered the commissioners.

But in the annals of scientific exploration, Wilkes is known from the circumstance that he commanded the first exploring expedition ever sent out by our government. This was in 1838, and Wilkes circled the globe, collecting a great mass of valuable information, which fills nineteen large volumes. His voyage occupied four years. In 1840 he pushed south into the Antarctic Sea, where he reported that he had discovered a new con-

tinent. This announcement, though made by an officer of high scientific attainments, was received with general incredulity. To-day, after sixty-nine years, explorers are still waiting to verify or disprove the story told by Wilkes.

That there are extensive lands within the Antarctic Circle is beyond all question. One stretch of coast, Wilkes Land, appears on our maps under the name of the American who first gazed upon it. If the whole area to the south is in reality solid earth, and not water, it gives us a continent whose extent has been estimated as four million square miles, which would make it larger than Australia. Yet the clash of opinion between Wilkes and subsequent explorers—such as Ross, Drygalski, and Borchgrevink—has left the whole subject still in controversy.

THE TWO DISCOVERERS OF NEPTUNE

One of the most fascinating chapters in the history of exploration is astronomical rather than geographical; and here, fortunately, the truth has finally been made clear. For a long time, astronomers had been troubled by apparent variations in the motions of the planet Uranus—which, since its discovery by Sir William Herschel in 1781, had been regarded as the outermost member of our solar system. These phenomena attracted the attention of an English mathematician, John Couch Adams, who convinced himself that the peculiar course of Uranus could be explained only by the existence of another great planetary mass still more remote from the central sun. Therefore, Adams set himself to the task of solving, by a purely mathematical calculation, this problem—where is the unseen body which disturbs the planetary system, what is its mass, and will it ever appear and be visible through the telescope?

In October, 1845, Adams reported his results to Airy, the astronomer royal, at Greenwich Observatory, and declared that if a powerful telescope were to be pointed at a particular portion of the heavens this new planet might be seen. The astronomer royal was a very leisurely gentleman, and did nothing about the matter at the time. His indolence lost to Great Britain the honor of the actual discovery; for almost simultaneously a French astronomer, Jean Joseph Leverrier, had quite independently

worked out the same problem in the same way, and in August, 1846, he reported his calculations to the French Academy. There was no delay in France. A communication was at once sent to Professor Galle, in Berlin, who was asked to look for the new planet. He did so, and, gazing through his telescope, on the night of September 23, he saw a disk which he identified as the predicted body. This was the planet now called Neptune, eighty-five times larger than the earth, nearly three billion miles distant from the sun, and requiring one hundred and sixty-five of our years for its period of revolution. Meantime, an English observer, Challis, had also sighted Neptune, though he did not understand the importance of what he had seen. The message of his discovery reached Berlin eight days after Galle had recorded his own observations.

Then came a clash between the supporters of the two scientific rivals. All sorts of recriminating charges were made. Some said that Leverrier had heard of the calculations made by Adams, and that he had no claim to the great astronomical discovery. Others jeered at Adams as having tried to appropriate the laurels of Leverrier.

But the facts are matters of plain record. Adams began his researches in 1843, and reported his calculations to Airy on October 21, 1845. Leverrier's first paper on the subject was read on November 10, 1845, and his computations were not finished until the middle of 1846. To-day there is no doubt that the existence of Neptune was discovered quite independently by two men who had no knowledge of each other's work, and that the planet had been actually seen by two astronomers, neither of whom knew that the other was engaged in searching for it. The story is unique in the annals of science, unless the narratives of Cook and Peary are to be compared to it.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NILE

Africa, from the earliest times, has tempted the explorer. The most interesting geographical problem which it presented was that regarding the sources of the Nile. This was natural enough, because the Nile was the greatest river known to the ancient world, and is second in length only to the Mississippi-

Missouri. The annual inundation of its valley, depositing a rich sediment which made agriculture possible, was another of its curious features.

Mysterious though the river was, the geographer Ptolemy really gave a correct account when he wrote, seventeen hundred years ago, that the Nile rose in two great lakes, which themselves were fed by the snow of mountains. It took sixteen centuries for the world to believe this, to discover the lakes, and to name them respectively Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza; while the mountains of which Ptolemy spoke, and which he called the Mountains of the Moon, are designated on modern maps as the snow-capped Ruwenzori.

The Emperor Nero sent two expeditions to discover the sources of the Nile; but neither went beyond a part of the White Nile. The general belief was that the great river flowed underground for a thousand miles or more, and then burst forth near the southern point of Ethiopia.

Modern explorers have almost invariably met with criticism and ridicule, even when they told the truth. Take, for instance, the case of James Bruce, the Scottish traveler, who penetrated Abyssinia in 1768, and two years later discovered the source of the Blue Nile. Bruce was a man of great integrity and much learning. He spoke five languages and read five more; and he set down nothing save his actual experiences in the five massive volumes which he wrote in 1790. Yet his scientific contemporaries called him a falsifier, nicknamed him "Abyssinian Bruce," and led the public at large to view his narrative as sheer romance.

A like fate temporarily assailed the English traveler, John Hanning Speke. Speke was a man of no great note when he joined Captain Richard Burton—afterward Sir Richard Burton—in an expedition from Zanzibar into the heart of Africa. The two men discovered Lake Tanganyika in 1858; but soon afterward Burton fell ill of the jungle-fever. During his illness, Speke pushed on and reached Lake Victoria Nyanza, which he rightfully declared to be one of the sources of the Nile.

When he returned with the news, Burton, who was an irascible, jealous, and unreasonable man, discredited Speke's

story altogether. He demanded proof, and Speke could give no proof other than his own word; for the evidence of his savage guides was not accepted. Burton was a man of great reputation. He had visited Mecca in disguise, and had revealed also a vast and populous territory in Africa, unknown to the geographers. Speke, on the other hand, was a person of no importance. His bare word was not taken as against Burton's; and so, through a period of four years, he was regarded as a "faker." Luckily for him, he lived to make his story good; for in 1862, accompanied by another Englishman, Captain Grant, he again plunged into the African jungles, and the two men reached once more the vast tract of water whose existence Burton had denied.

WHEN STANLEY FOUND LIVINGSTONE

Men do wrong to discredit an explorer simply because he is an unknown man and has had slight experience in scientific work. This truth is splendidly illustrated by the experience of Henry M. Stanley. In 1868, Stanley was only a newspaper correspondent. In his twenty-eighth year he was sent upon an expedition that has made him forever famous. He was representing the New York *Herald* in Spain when a telegram reached him from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, dated at Paris. It read:

Come to Paris on important business.

Stanley left by the next express-train, and went at once to the Grand Hotel. It was late at night; but the young man was shown to Mr. Bennett's room, where the manager of the *Herald*—he was not yet the owner—was in bed.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"My name is Stanley," was the answer.

Then Mr. Bennett asked abruptly the astonishing question:

"Where do you think Livingstone is?"

Now, David Livingstone, missionary and explorer, had been missing for nearly three years, apparently lost in the wildest part of Africa. Most persons believed him dead, for he was not a young man, and he had deliberately gone into the fever-smitten country of unknown and savage tribes. But Mr. Bennett proceeded:

"I think he is alive and can be found, and I am going to have you find him."

Stanley was amazed. He had never been in Africa, and this search was like the proverbial hunt for a needle in a haystack. He did not wish to go, and he feared that Mr. Bennett did not realize the expense of such a journey. When he spoke of this, his chief asked abruptly:

"What will it cost?"

Stanley mentioned the fact that Burton and Speke's journey had cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

Mr. Bennett's answer to this was very characteristic:

"Draw five thousand dollars now; when you have gone through that, draw another five thousand; when that is spent, draw another five thousand; when you have finished that, draw another five thousand, and then keep on in the same way; but *find Livingstone!*"

And so, in a few hours, Stanley was bound for the heart of the Dark Continent. The story is well known. He started from Zanzibar, with a company of two hundred men, in February of 1871. On November 10, at the head of this motley, half-naked, and half-savage troop, and with the American flag borne beside him, he came into the presence of a weary and almost helpless old man. Their meeting was characteristic of Anglo-Saxon phlegm. Stanley moved forward a step or two, his heart beating so violently that he could hear its throbs; yet he merely removed his hat, as if the meeting were a casual one, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," replied the other, raising his cap in turn.

But the most interesting part of the whole story is the incredulity with which Stanley's report was everywhere received. Every one declared that it was only a newspaper sensation. As he records in his recently published autobiography, he was called "a buccaneer, an adventurer, a fraud, and an impostor." Although Stanley forwarded letters addressed by Livingstone to his own family, and though his family recognized the handwriting as genuine, the documents were denounced as forgeries.

It happened that in one of them Livingstone had quoted a phrase of Hawthorne's, describing certain women as "bulbous below the ribs." Now, Hawthorne's book, "Our Old Home," in

which the phrase occurs, had been published in 1863, while Livingstone was in Africa and was most unlikely to have seen an American book of this sort. Hence the quotation from it in his alleged letters was viewed as giving internal evidence of fraud. However, in time the truth was made so plain that all the world accepted it, and Stanley's fame and fortune were assured.

DU CHAILLU AND HIS GORILLAS

African exploration has been a source of many bitter trials to those engaged in it. Their word has continually been doubted; and, more than that, credit has been refused them even when they were afterward shown to have been strictly truthful. For example, if you take up an encyclopedia and turn to the article on the gorilla, it is nine chances out of ten that you will find in it no mention of Paul du Chaillu. And yet Paul du Chaillu was undoubtedly the first white man who ever saw a live gorilla and studied the ways of this gigantic anthropoidal ape. Five hundred years before Christ, Hanno, the Carthaginian sailor, had seen gorillas, whom he took to be "women covered with hair." The very name "gorilla" is Greek. The skulls of gorillas had occasionally been found; but it was not until Paul du Chaillu had spent four years in the heart of Africa that any account was given of these terrifying creatures. When his book appeared, in 1861, he was overwhelmed with ridicule and obloquy. His gorillas were thought to be myths, and he was treated as a literary charlatan.

The same thing is true of his statement as to the existence of pygmies in Africa. Yet Herodotus had described the African pygmies nearly twenty-four centuries before; and Stanley came upon them some twenty years later. Du Chaillu has never had the credit that he deserves. Most zoologists and anthropologists refused to mention him in their treatises; and all be-

cause he told facts which they, at the time, were too prejudiced to believe.

It seems a hard thing that the word of the explorer should not be taken when he is a person of repute. Utterly untrained men have chanced upon discoveries that have escaped the notice of the most scientific observers. Yet scientific observers themselves have so often gone astray that perhaps this general attitude of skepticism is partly justified.

A very good example to show how inconclusive expert testimony may be in such matters can be found in the life of General George B. McClellan. McClellan was a most accomplished engineer. After the Mexican War had ended, he was appointed by the government to engage in several scientific observations. Among other duties of this character, he was asked by the War Department to explore the Cascade Range, from the Columbia River northward to the frontier of British Columbia, in order to report whether or not there were any passes through which a railroad could be built to the Pacific. McClellan was admirably fitted for the task. He organized a most complete expedition; he took his time for the investigation; and he finally reported that there was no practicable pass north of the Columbia.

This was the calculated statement of a trained observer with every facility at his disposal, and it had to do with the topography of his own country. Yet McClellan was absolutely wrong; and today three lines of railway are operated through passes which, with all his science and all his elaborate equipment, he either failed to find or reported impracticable.

The explorer and discoverer, therefore, may expect to have his word discredited. Perhaps a few years will serve to vindicate him. Perhaps he will be disbelieved until long after he has passed away. This is the sacrifice that is often exacted from those who seek the truth. They must look to distant ages for a late reward.

THE ULTIMATE GOAL

Nor lightly always may the hero earn
 Reward supreme for which he strives with fate;
 But winds and waves take favorable turn
 For dauntless navigators, soon or late.

Eugene C. Dolson

THE GROWING EXPENDITURES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

THEY ARE NOW MORE THAN ONE BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR,
AND ARE INCREASING RAPIDLY

BY JUDSON C. WELIVER

LYING athwart my desk, rather smaller than a counterpane and much more solemn than a pall, is a huge sheet of paper covered with figures. There isn't one in the entire maze without a dollar-mark before it, nor a single sum represented by less than seven figures. It is an official summary of appropriations for Uncle Sam's domestic and foreign establishment for the fiscal years 1875 to 1910, inclusive.

Over in the last column at the right-hand side of the sheet, the additions require twelve figures to present their totals—totals for single years. The last two figures may be cut off, because they represent cents. That leaves ten figures standing for dollars; which means that the total of appropriations in latter years has exceeded a billion of dollars annually.

Alongside this armor-clad statistical terror lies another sheet, somewhat smaller but no less fearsome, full of figures in small type, and interspersed with headaches and dizziness. It is labeled: "Receipts and Disbursements of the Government, by Fiscal Years, 1856 to 1908 Inclusive."

Massed high on strategically situated tables, chairs, and shelves are splendid fortifications composed of sets of the *Congressional Record*, "Statistical Abstracts," pamphleted speeches of ponderous personages, huge stacks of reports of committees, commissions, and departments. For I am about to tell, in a "popular, readable way, without too many figures or dry details, the story of the increasing expenditures of the government."

If the gentle reader shies violently at

the first row of figures he encounters herein, the apology will be that he ought to take a keen interest in these facts. If he doesn't, his children and grandchildren will berate him for his lack of civic responsibility. They will marvel that he could have managed to dig down into his pocket day by day for the wherewith to meet that itemized account, and never cared to check it over. For it is the reader, also known and recently semiofficially abolished as the "ultimate consumer," who puts up the money that these figures represent. If he doesn't feel enough interest in the business of his own government to glance at the balance-sheet occasionally, so much the worse for him!

We do blow in our money so cheerily and blithely, we Americans, in paying the expenses of government! We are a free people—oh, yes, and the most governed people on earth. We pay enough for governing ourselves to represent almost the aggregate net income of the whole Japanese people. We maintain forty-nine parliaments, while Great Britain worries herself terrifically over one. We have set aside \$137,000,000 to keep our navy next year, and we are giving a few casual thoughts, at this writing, to putting a mortgage on the national farm for \$397,000,000 to dig the Panama Canal.

Who cares? We've got the money; let's show 'em how to spend it royally—these cheap nations that foolishly ponder over an incident like a hundred millions, and have been known to change governments because of an unsatisfactory budget. No such petty meanness for us!

And yet it might be almost worth while,

now and then, to stop and look at the figures. They're not utterly uninteresting. Isn't it an inspiration to thought that in 1800 the "total net ordinary" expenditures of the Federal government—that is, expenditures for everything except the public debt and the postal service—were \$7,411,370, while for 1910 the appropriations aggregate \$1,044,401,857?

A TWO-BILLION-DOLLAR CONGRESS

Isn't it refreshing to recall that so recently as 1891-1892, when the government's expenses first passed the billion-dollar point for a two-year period, the extravagance of the thing was made a national issue? And yet the Sixtieth Congress, appropriating for 1909-1910, handed out \$2,052,799,400, and nobody raised a finger in serious protest. Isn't that a rather significant fact?

But we're a cheerful people; we mortgage our houses to buy automobiles, and we're mortgaging the nation to build the canal. Deficit? Who cares? Posterity can attend to that!

Germany and France maintain themselves constantly on a war footing, straining every nerve to keep their armies and navies at the highest possible strength and efficiency. Moreover, their governments own railroads and are involved in other forms of business activity which increase both their expenses and their receipts. Yet the figures for one recent year show that the total outlay of the German Empire was \$553,222,000, that of France \$695,250,000, and that of the United States \$757,697,000.

Here is one detail that will explain a part of our expenditure. When the Civil War broke out, the country had almost no fighting ships. In 1860 the navy cost only \$11,514,000. In the next five years the first iron and steel fleet in the world was constructed, and a blockade of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from Hampton Roads to the Rio Grande was established and made effective. Hundreds of vessels were built, manned, sailed, and fought. That blockade was the most wonderful thing the North accomplished during the war. It sealed the South and starved it into submission. It was one of the greatest proofs of the efficiency of sea-power that the world has seen.

To build and maintain that great new

fleet was a tremendously costly business. In 1865, the year when the navy cost most, its bills footed up \$122,612,000.

And yet, in 1910, on a strictly peace footing, the navy will cost the nation \$136,935,000!

Do you recollect when you have seen a United States soldier? Plenty of grown-up people will read this who have never seen one. The army of the United States totals about seventy-seven thousand officers and men. In 1864, the Union, at the climax of the Civil War, maintained about a million men under arms, engaged in the expensive business of campaigning. The continent resounded to their tread. That year the army cost \$690,791,842; the navy, \$85,725,994. Total cost of army and navy for 1864, \$776,517,836.

Now let that be compared to the military expenditures for which appropriations have been made for 1910. They are:

Army	\$101,195,883
Navy	136,935,199
Pensions	160,908,000
Fortifications	8,170,111
Military Academy.....	2,531,521
Total	\$409,740,714

A simple calculation develops the fact that the military establishment in 1910, without the suspicion of a war-cloud above the horizon, will cost 52.7 per cent as much as it did in 1864! Comparing with 1863—the year of Vicksburg and Gettysburg—it is found that military expenditures for 1910 will be 61.6 per cent of those for 1863. And going back to 1862, the comparison develops that the military budget of 1910 is 93.5 the cost of the war in the year of Shiloh and the Peninsular campaign!

IT COSTS TO BE A WORLD-POWER

Evidently, the military establishment is coming rather high, for a time of profound peace. It is calculated to stagger the pocketbook of humanity to consider what a war would cost—a real war, such as Japan fought against Russia.

It will be interesting now to inquire whether the military establishment, in times of peace, has been absorbing an increasing proportion of the revenues. It appears that in 1875 33.6 per cent of the net ordinary expenditures went to the

army, navy, and pensions. The receipts and disbursements of the Post-Office Department are not included in these computations, because these approximately balance each other, and the postal service is rather a big business than a purely governmental function.

In 1880, a trifle over 40 per cent went to army, navy, and pensions; in 1885, 43.8 per cent; in 1890, 58 per cent; in 1895, 62 per cent; in 1900, 68 per cent; in 1905, 67.2 per cent; in 1910, 63.1 per cent.

The cost of being a world-power is a dainty dollar; but if it's to be the style, are we to be out of fashion?

Hereafter our pension bill will probably decrease pretty steadily. It was \$173,053,000 for 1909, the largest ever passed. For 1910 it has fallen to \$160,908,000. But for many, many years yet—and a grateful nation will say, the longer the better—the cost of pensions will be one of the very largest items in the whole budget.

Since 1875, there has been only one year when the pension appropriation bill was not the largest passed by Congress. Many years in that time pensions have run from two to three times the total cost of army, navy, fortifications, and every item that could possibly be regarded as military in character. Thus in 1890 army, navy, fortifications, and Military Academy totaled \$48,000,000, while pensions cost a little under \$90,000,000. In 1883, the same military items were \$42,000,000, while pensions were \$116,000,000.

SMALL PROSPECT OF REDUCTION

So much for the record of the last half-century. What are the prospects for the next few decades? President Taft has set his advisers at work in a determined effort to lop a goodly bunch of millions off the annual budget, and they say Senator Aldrich, the national head book-keeper, thinks the establishment ought to be run on \$50,000,000 less a year. As likely as not, they'll succeed in lopping off a few millions or tens of millions—for a year or two.

But no violence is done to any injunctions of secrecy when it is stated that there isn't a man in the government service who seriously believes these economies will be more than spasmodic. The navy is going

to go right on growing so long as those of other nations grow. The army is more likely to be increased than decreased. Fortifications are going to cost more and more; year by year their budget has been growing; and it must be recollected that a world-power has the guns of its fortifications pointing out on most of the Seven Seas.

And there is the immense problem of internal improvements. A great national movement demands a half-billion-dollar bond-issue to improve our navigable waterways. In one form or another, a billion dollars will be spent in waterways in the next few years.

The truth is that government is getting to be a bigger business than it used to be, and it is going to keep right on growing bigger. It carries more side-lines than formerly. Your good old Uncle Sam mixes serums to kill the hog-cholera germs, and gives them to anybody's afflicted pigs. He inspects your meats and foods, and tries to see that the label doesn't lie; he builds lighthouses on the coasts, regulates your railroads, runs your post-office, carries the mail to the farmer's door, imports Guatemalan ants to eat the boll-weevil, builds a post-office that is the chief architectural adornment of almost every town represented by a real live Congressman, pays half the expense of running the city of Washington, carries water in huge irrigation-ditches to moisten the desert, and elsewhere draws it off in other ditches to drain the swamps. He sends a few commissions abroad each year to study up some new things he can do for his nephews and nieces.

Furthermore, he is going to continue branching out in his enterprises. Government everywhere is doing it; it is the inevitable governmental development of a generation of great consolidations and concentrations. Government is going to cost more and more, as surely as it is going to continue in operation. It is going to give more and more for the money, of course; but it would be just as sensible to talk about abolishing the steam-engine, the telegraph, the automobile, the perfecting press, and the right of corporate organization, as to expect that government will ever take the back track toward the fewer and simpler functions with which it was once satisfied.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

AN OLD LEGAL ABUSE WHICH SHOULD NO LONGER BE
TOLERATED IN AMERICA

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

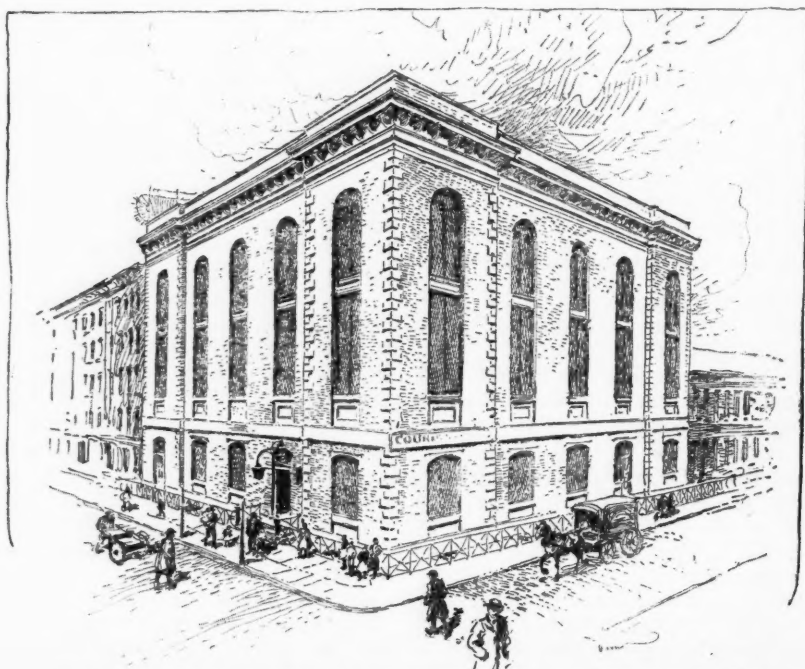
ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY AND GORDON ROSS

PIETRO MASCAGNI, the well-known Italian composer, relates that during his disastrous visit to the United States, seven years ago, a friend said to him:

"They can't put you in jail for debt!"

"I know they cannot," the unlucky *maestro* replied from behind the bars of a debtors' prison, "but unfortunately they do!"

To-day, in the American metropolis, poor debtors are still arrested and sent to jail on civil processes, by a more or less circuitous route, but to all intents and purposes precisely as they were a century ago. If you should ask the average citizen—or even the average lawyer—about this relic of the old Roman law that the creditor is entitled to the debtor's body if the debtor fails to pay his debt, you would probably



LUDLOW STREET JAIL, THE MARSHALSEA OF NEW YORK, IN WHICH POOR DEBTORS
ARE STILL IMPRISONED



"THEY CAN'T PUT YOU IN JAIL FOR DEBT!"—PIETRO MASCAGNI'S EXPERIENCE DURING HIS VISIT TO AMERICA

be told that imprisonment for debt was abolished years ago. And it was, as such, in New York as well as in most of the other American commonwealths; yet by certain surviving quirks of the law scores of poor debtors still serve months of imprisonment in what a recent sheriff has called "New York's spite jail." More or less similar conditions exist in many other States. Let us look into the causes of this discreditable anachronism.

It may be stated at the outset that practically nobody goes to jail for debt except the very poor man—the man who has neither friends nor money. Take, for instance, the case of John Miller, a paperhanger in New York, who had come from Kentucky to ply his trade in the great city.

THE STORY OF JOHN MILLER

Miller was hard-working and thrifty, and he saved his money till he had about a thousand dollars laid away. But it was slow work. Gradually he imbibed the get-rich-quick spirit that is ever abroad in the land. There was the Golden Bubble Mining Company—that is not its real name—of which he read in the Sunday news-

papers. There, surely, was a speedy and certain road to wealth! You had only to read the advertisement to be convinced. He put his savings into the alluring mining stock, and sat down to wait for it to rise. Of course, it shortly faded away to nothing.

Miller was in despair, but, with his Kentucky fighting spirit, he did not propose to take his loss without doing something; so he began to trace up the swindlers. He succeeded in finding them, and started a suit to recover his money. Of course he promptly lost his case, and in revenge the mine-promoters sued him for two thousand dollars' damages for "malicious prosecution." Miller was visited by an officer with a warrant, and, being friendless and now also penniless, he was clapped unceremoniously into New York's Marshalsea, the Ludlow Street Jail.

Being unable to secure a bail-bond, Miller remained in prison for six months. He might have stayed there a year or more, until the law's delays released him, if he had not heard a chance remark made by a visitor about an organization called

the Legal Aid Society, which made a business of helping poor men to get justice in the courts. He wrote a letter detailing his case. The next day Mr. Gates, of the society, called on him and heard his story; and within a few days John Miller was a free man, for he had found a friend to extricate him from this survival of medievalism as it exists to-day in New York.

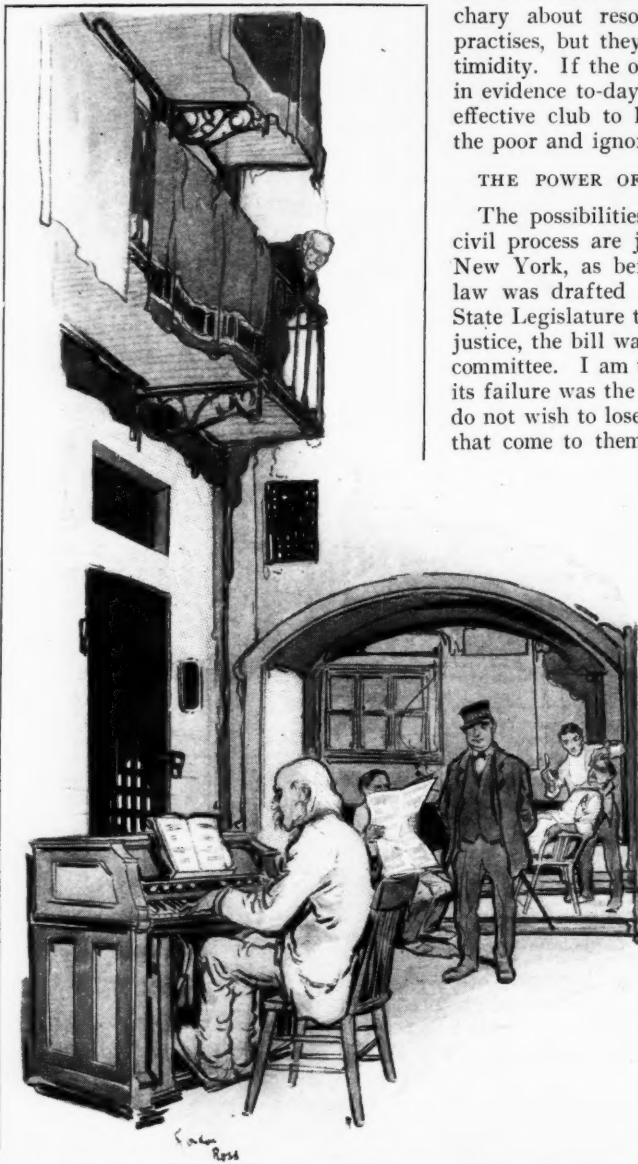
Until about three years ago, Ludlow Street Jail had more debtors imprisoned on "body executions" than it has at present. At that time the existing state of affairs was exposed by Judge Mitchell L. Erlanger, then sheriff of New York County, now serving on the bench of the State Supreme Court. For a time, the shyster lawyers who are chiefly responsible for the evil took alarm, and were a little chary about resorting to their former practises, but they are getting over their timidity. If the old abuse is not as much in evidence to-day as before, it is still an effective club to hold over the heads of the poor and ignorant.

THE POWER OF "HONEST GRAFT"

The possibilities of going to jail on a civil process are just as great to-day, in New York, as before. For, although a law was drafted and introduced in the State Legislature to put an end to this injustice, the bill was never reported out of committee. I am told that the reason for its failure was the fact that many sheriffs do not wish to lose even the picayune fees that come to them from these prisoners.

It is only another illustration of the iniquity of the fee system, which, more than a century ago, John Howard found to be a prime cause of populating the English jails and of keeping them populated.

Take one or two more typical recent cases of imprisonment for debt. Michael Sposito bought a watch from a Grand Street dealer, agreeing to pay five dollars down and the rest in easy weekly instalments. According to Michael, no collector ever called for the money; but he was not allowed to say this when an order of



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE MAIN HALL OF LUDLOW STREET JAIL

arrest for conversion of the goods was obtained. Indeed, he knew nothing at all of the action until he was carted off to jail with a judgment of forty-two dollars against him. Fortunately, Sheriff Erlanger rescued him.

Another Italian was thrown into Ludlow Street Jail for failing to pay the balance due on a ring. Aside from the rights of the case, the amount he owed was only a dollar and twenty-five cents, and it cost the county many times as much as that to carry out the will of the creditor. This man was found in jail by a probation officer who heard his case, secured the reduction of bail to the nominal sum of one dollar, put up the money himself, and so secured the debtor's release.

So it goes. Debts honestly contracted are followed by unforeseen hard luck, inability to pay the promised instalments—and then jail. Many of the debtors are shut up through the efforts of cheap lawyers to extract their last penny. It is not called imprisonment for debt; it is a "body execution," or "arrest and imprisonment on civil process." And yet, despite recommendations urged by the bar associations of both the city and the State, by the New York Board of Trade, by the Chamber of Commerce, by the Central Federated Union, by leading lawyers and public men—including Governor Hughes, who personally investigated the matter a few years ago—and by prominent ministers of all creeds, this vestige of primitive law remains in existence. Attempts at reform have been frustrated by the champions of "honest graft"—the recipients of fees that represent the sufferings of the prisoners of poverty.

A MEANS OF PRIVATE VENGEANCE

The worst and most unjust feature of the system is the fact that an arrest can be made on the mere say-so of the plaintiff, the warrant being issued in the absence of the defendant, who may have no hearing, even though the charge against him is unwarranted. In many cases the committal of a prisoner is due purely to spite. To quote from what Governor Hughes said, three or four years ago:

He is not taken before a magistrate that his case may be examined; he has no right to be confronted with witnesses or to cross-examine them; his only right, in order, to

vacate the order of arrest, is to apply to the court upon affidavits. He is as truly imprisoned as if arrested on criminal process, but is denied the privileges of one accused of crime. There is no district attorney, who, as representative of the people of the State, is bound to examine his case and to bring him to trial. He must await the delays of the civil calendar.

If one has been guilty of wrong deserving punishment by imprisonment, he should be punished in an orderly way, by criminal procedure, which, while sufficiently stringent to protect every proper interest, is just and even merciful as compared with the law of civil arrest. If there is any case of wrong within the law of civil arrest which should be punished by imprisonment, and which is not already covered by the criminal statutes, let the latter be amended to cover it. But imprisonment as a means of private vengeance should be abolished.

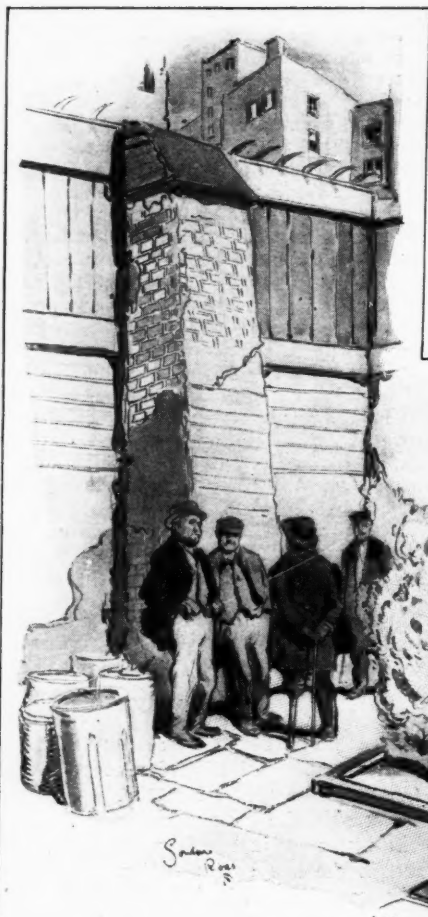
The remedy afforded by the existing law is of slight value. It is rarely invoked by the scrupulous practitioner.

When a man is arrested civilly for debt, it is true that bail is seldom set at a figure which would seem high to the well-to-do. The man of means, in such cases, gives a bond for five hundred or a thousand dollars, and is thereupon allowed the freedom of the "jail limits"—which means that until the matter is settled he must not go outside the county and city of New York. It is just this provision which makes the law so ineffective against the big scoundrel, while it inflicts such hardship upon the penniless debtor who cannot secure a bail-bond.

Most of the instalment prisoners are ignorant foreigners. Some time ago an immigrant laborer bought one hundred and twenty-four dollars' worth of household furnishings for a modest flat in New York. He paid several instalments; but hard times came, and he lost his job. The furniture dealers got a judgment against him, and, though better days were ahead, for he had work in prospect, he was hustled off to prison. Meanwhile, for nearly three months, with the breadwinner idle in jail, his family were on the edge of starvation.

THE LAWS OF OTHER STATES

In some States of the Union imprisonment for debt is expressly forbidden by a constitutional provision; and yet, in one



THE COURTYARD OF LUDLOW STREET JAIL, WHERE THE INMATES, MOST OF WHOM ARE PRISONERS FOR DEBT, ARE ALLOWED TO TAKE EXERCISE

from pique or stubbornness, and a committal follows. Every seven days, however, the prisoner is notified that he may take the oath, and when he complies he is released. There are very few cases of either sort of imprisonment—only about a dozen annually in the State; and they are, strictly speaking, for contempt of court and not for debt.

The Massachusetts statutes, it will be seen, do not appear to be unduly rigorous, and yet even here it seems that poor debtors may suffer hardship. I have heard of

form or another, it survives in about half of them. In very few, however, so far as I can learn, is the abuse so flagrant as in New York.

For instance, in Massachusetts, when a man is summoned for debt, the court, if it judges that he can pay, may order him to do so within a given time. If he does not comply, he is committed to prison—in Boston he would go to the Charles Street Jail. While he is detained, his creditor is compelled to pay twenty-five cents a day for his support.

Or, if the debtor has no funds, he may be ordered to take the so-called poor debtors' oath. Men sometimes refuse to do this,

the case of a young woman author, in Boston, who owed twenty-five dollars for the typewriting of her manuscripts. She could not pay, but employment was offered her in New York. Rather than appeal to friends and tell them of her straits, she determined to go to New York and take the position. On her way to the station, however, she was arrested for leaving the jurisdiction in order to earn money to pay the debt.

In Pennsylvania, insolvent debtors can be jailed only in case of the non-payment of damages awarded by a court, and they cannot be held for more than thirteen weeks.

In Illinois, imprisonment is permitted only where the element of tort enters into the transaction. For instance, body executions may be issued under judgments for damages in suits for slander, for obtaining goods under false pretenses, for assault, for injuries due to wilful negligence, and the like. In such cases the defendant may be turned over to the sheriff and held in the county jail for not more than six months. Here, again, the plaintiff must pay for the prisoner's support.

Other States in which vestiges of the system survive are—to quote from a list given by Governor Hughes—Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

SOME DEFENSIBLE EXCEPTIONS

What seems to be needed in New York is a law abolishing all arrest in civil cases and executions against the body after judgment, with the possible exceptions of the so-called journeymen's or wage-earners' cases, of contempt cases which involve the refusal to pay alimony, and of a few matrimonial cases. These are the only defensible exceptions.

Of the three, the wage-earners' cases rest on the soundest basis; but even in these, there are two sides to the question. George McLaughlin, secretary of the New York Prison Commission, said recently:

Imprisonment on a wage-earner's execution is an imprisonment for debt, pure and simple. It is imprisonment of a man who is unable to pay a debt which he owes to a servant or other employee, although he is not charged with any tort or misconduct. It is a relic of the old barbarous practise of imprisoning people for debt. It falls frequently on the man of small means, who is compelled, through sickness or unavoidable cause, to employ help in his family, and then, on account of the loss of his own employment, or his own sickness, or the extra and unavoidable expenses of his own household, is unable to pay promptly the wages of his help, with the result that he is promptly sued and put in jail.

On the other hand, the Legal Aid Society—a body which has rescued many a poor debtor from jail—opposes the abo-

lition of this particular form of imprisonment for debt. It cites, as a typical instance, the case of a New York lawyer who kept back the wages of his office-boy for some time, and finally gave the lad a bad check. A judgment went uncollected; but a body execution resulted in his paying within twenty-four hours after reaching the jail.

A fake theatrical manager refused to pay his chorus. Most of the girls took a dollar apiece, and signed a release. Not so with one of them, whose brother was a lawyer. He looked into the matter, and obtained an order for the arrest of the manager; whereupon the back salary was paid. If in any case the practise is justified, it is in cases like these.

THE LUDLOW STREET PRISON

As for New York's Marshalsea, what sort of place is it? In the heart of the



A PRISONER'S ROOM IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL—
AS NEAR AN APPROACH TO "ALL THE COM-
FORTS OF HOME" AS IS PERMITTED
TO A PRISONER FOR DEBT



VISITORS FROM THE OUTER WORLD—A PRISONER
IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL TALKING WITH
HIS WIFE AND CHILD

East Side, close to Essex Market and its police-court, it is anything but calculated to command the respect of the specialists in penology who are doing good work in reforming many of our prisons. When inspected last September, it contained thirteen prisoners, with an official staff numbering twenty-two—one warden, eleven keepers, three cleaners, five cooks, an engineer, and an assistant. Every year some hundred or more poor debtors are sent here on body executions. The cost of maintaining Ludlow Street Jail must be out of all proportion to even the most favorable estimate of its value to the community.

"As a rule," says Justice Erlanger, "the motive in procuring the imprisonment of our poor citizens has been either

to obtain revenge or to extort money from them." He adds that he "investigated personally every case where there was actual imprisonment" during the period of his incumbency as sheriff, and "in not one of them" did he find "any justification for the confinement of the citizen." During that time the only cases that were tried, in which orders of arrest had been obtained, were those which he forced to trial.

Governor Hughes has put the case even more emphatically in a carefully prepared paper presented to the State Bar Association:

As a practical matter, a defendant against whom an order of arrest is made which is not vacated, will, if possible, give bail; and a judgment debtor, taken upon a body execution, will, if he can, give bail for the jail liberties, and at the expiration of six months will be discharged. But for the poor defendant who cannot give such bail, there is no relief. He must remain in prison until his case is tried and judgment entered, however long that may be, and after judgment he may be imprisoned for three months longer. In the very few cases where there is any provision for his discharge from imprisonment, he is unable to take advantage of it, because he is without means to institute and maintain the prescribed legal proceedings.

The existing law is easily made a means of extortion and oppression in the case of the ignorant and friendless poor. It is a ready instrument of blackmail. Affidavits purporting to show proper grounds for arrest under the statute are easily prepared by the unscrupulous; false statements are made the basis for the requirement of heavy bail; and the unfortunate defendant unable to give bail is thrown into jail, there to remain in idleness and misery awaiting trial unless he finds a means to make settlement.

Our statutes have been changed, but our prisons tell the old story. The greed of officials has stood in the way of reform. As the victims have been most frequently the destitute and helpless, the facts have rarely come to public attention.

The statutes permitting arrest and imprisonment in civil cases are a constant menace to the innocent.

How long, we may ask in conclusion, will petty official greed be allowed to prevent the sweeping away of an abuse that is so discreditable to the legal system of twentieth-century America?

THE RESTITUTION

BY GERTRUDE PAHLOW

AUTHOR OF "THE WEALTH OF THE SINNER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

PROLOGUE

IT was in the year 1612 that Sir Peter Glendeming, seeing the world in such state as was suitable for a gentleman of his dignity and substance, encountered in Paris the Señorita Mercedes de Veldia. Sir Peter was then past fifty—solid, pompous, slow of body and mind; one would have conceived him the last on whom Dan Cupid, the shrewd sportsman, would spend trouble. But the dart speeds best where it is least looked for; and the sparkling eyes and dusky hair and scarlet, laughing lips of the Señorita Mercedes might have bewitched St. Simon Stylites.

Mortally wounded though he was, Sir Peter's prudence would still have withheld him from the rashness of wedding a dowryless wife. He was, as he often said, no fool. But the madness was in his slow blood, and little was needed to set it free. When the lady—who had excellent reasons of her own for wishing to capture this substantial Englishman—half closed her shining eyes and murmured pensively of lands and holdings and ancient houses in Spain, all was finished. Sir Peter said the fateful words; they were wed out of hand; and the bridegroom sent home orders that a Moorish tower, in the fashion of her beloved Alhambra, should be built on his house, in his bride's honor.

However, it is known that bride-roses are frail and transient things. Long before the tower was finished the look of matters changed. Instead of laughing, the black eyes of the Lady Mercedes mocked; instead of smiling foolishly, Sir Peter's ruddy face frowned in anger.

There were high words at Glen Deming; and soon the lady, who would brook no restraint, danced and coquetted her gay way alone, while her husband sulked over his fire.

"And where, my lady," he asked her sometimes furiously, "is your gratitude for all the state I give you—for your gowns and gauds, and your servants and show, and the tower that I spend my substance to build for you?"

"In the same place, my lord," she would answer pertly, "as your thanks for my Spanish possessions, wherewith you plan to pay for all this."

"Aye," he would say, glowering, "and where do you keep your Spanish treasures? Much profit have I had from them!"

"Never fear!" said she. "I know how to guard them safe from English bears!"

And with that she would curtsy mockingly and trip away, leaving her husband in a purple rage.

In truth, on a day some few years later, a lean, dark man in rusty legal black, came to Glen Deming, held with her much converse in the Spanish tongue, and delivered into her hands a packet sealed and bound with formal care. She waved it at her lord, asking him, tauntingly, if his fingers did not itch to lay hold upon her inheritance; but he was in one of his sullen rages, and would answer nothing. Soon after, she—being also in a rage, and her lord from home—summoned skilled workmen to her and had a secret recess made in some unknown corner of the house; and thereafter none laid eyes upon the packet again.

When, after twenty years of strife and folly, the lady lay on her last bed of sickness, even then her stubbornness would yield nothing to her husband. But when her two sons, Peter and Roderick—loveless men both, being bred without love—came to her, she looked at them long with eyes in which the mocking light still danced.

lady's body was laid in the earth, so violent a quarrel broke out between the brothers on the subject of the Spanish possessions that Roderick fled the house in fear, and took ship for the wild new land of America. During many long years did sullen Peter, seeking, tap and probe the walls of the old house; but the cranny had been well made and kept its



SHE WAVED THE PACKET AT HER LORD, ASKING HIM, TAUNTINGLY, IF HIS FINGERS DID NOT ITCH TO LAY HOLD UPON HER INHERITANCE

"How admirable is filial devotion!" she murmured. "And a dutiful son extends his love to all that belongs to his mother, is it not so? Well, I have not much longer to keep my secret. Go you far from me, Peter, stolid Englishman; but you, my Roderigo—you who have the eyes of Spain—come here!" And with faltering breath and words that were to be her last, she whispered to him the secret of the hiding-place.

But the secret was not yet to yield itself. For on the very day when the

secret well. The Spanish treasure still lay safely hidden.

I

THE strong light of a May morning lay on Glen Deming House, searching its face mercilessly and laying all its secrets bare. Line and color—the long, perfect line of roof and gable; the mellow, matchless color of brick ripened by age and sun—bore the exposure bravely, strong in their unassailable beauty; but in a thousand minor matters the place

shrank from inspection like an old belle coming from a ball by daylight. Many a tile had fallen from the roof, many a bit of carving had crumbled away from the stone-framed windows; the worn steps sagged, and where the smooth green lawn should have stretched, the grass was rank and waving.

Yet the old house, to a keen eye, was replete with signs of a passionate tendance. The roses climbed in glorious abundance to the eaves, the diamond panes winked bright as jewels in the sun, and about the casements and the gay window-boxes were evidences of crude feminine carpentry.

Evelyn Glendeming sat on a carved stone bench, her hands clasped tightly, her gaze fixed upon the house. She was a tall girl, beautifully lithe, full of a long, slender grace; her restrained coloring—smooth, fair hair, pale apple-blossom skin—gave an impression of coldness, which was startlingly belied by the deep, vivid blue of her eyes. Motionless though she sat, there was in her pose a fierce intensity that was like swift movement; and, as she gazed at the house, she said over and over, beneath her breath: "I love you, I love you, I love you! Oh, I love you!"

At length, with a sigh and an almost imperceptible stiffening of her slender shoulders, she rose and moved swiftly across the grass to the open door of the hall. Within the house the outdoor impression of beautiful dilapidation was sadly deepened. The dignity of the lofty roof, the somber beauty of the carved paneling, the solid stateliness of the great stone fireplace, were unimpeachable; but there was no rush of eager roses to screen the signs of decay, and all the loving care in the world could not hide the sparseness and disrepair of the ancient furniture.

Evelyn moved down the great hall and up the broad staircase at its end, gazing at all that she passed with the same vehement intensity, as if she could not have enough of looking at it. Then, turning from the gallery, she hurried along down a dark, resounding corridor, past two long rows of closed and silent rooms, and opened a small door at its end.

"Nurse," she said, standing on the threshold, "it's come. We must leave Glen Deming."

There was a slow movement at the farther end of the room, and a very old woman—who sat crouching over the fire—turned a long, gaunt face toward the girl.

"It's never that bad!" she said huskily. "Not so soon—not so soon!"

Evelyn closed the door, and, coming forward into the room, began a quiet explanation. Her voice was like her appearance and her movements—cool and restrained, yet with a half-hidden possibility of intense emotion.

"A letter came this morning from the solicitors," she said. "There was still a little money of my mother's, that I thought would last a few years more; but it has gone—badly invested, or just doomed like all the rest—and now there is nothing. We must eat and be warmed and clothed, and the taxes must be paid. The house must go."

The old woman clasped her knotted hands, and a low groan came from her.

"So the end has come!" she said. "Eh, I have known for long 'twas but a matter o' time. It was strong to work its will!"

She shook her head slowly, with a movement of unspeakable dreariness. Evelyn, standing tense and rigid before the fire, turned a glance of faint inquiry upon her.

"What is it we have to thank for this good fortune, in your opinion?" she asked.

The old nurse dropped her voice.

"The Spanish Secret!" she said. "Aye, that's well known. Trouble and loss it has brought upon this family ever since it came into this house. Trouble and loss—trouble and loss!" She mumbled the words over and over to herself hoarsely and tremulously.

Evelyn laughed bitterly.

"One would think it enough," she said, "that we have never possessed it, without its going to the trouble of laying a curse upon us!"

"Eh, seen or unseen, it was strong to curse," said the old woman, "with the deadliest curse of all—the curse of brotherly hate." The firelight, flickering over her cavernous face, turned it into a tragic mask; she stared at the flames with dull, sunken eyes, muttering drearily to herself. "There was the first Roderrick, that fled the country for fear of his

brother Peter, and died in a far land. And there was the second Roderick, that came to claim the treasure, and was shot by the third Peter, and went wounded back again. And there were the three brothers, that went creeping about the house in lifelong hatred and silence, each seeking, seeking, when the others were not by. And there was the mad Sir John, that killed a servant with his hands because he found him probing at a mouse-hole. Aye, father to son, father to son, the curse was on them!"

Evelyn, listening, shivered a little.

"That's nonsense, nursie," she said. "You shouldn't believe those old foolish tales."

The old woman fixed her brooding gaze on the girl's face.

"You may speak as you will of foolish tales," she said, "but it's three generations of Glendemings I have seen with my own eyes; and it's you are the first, Miss Evie, to be free from the hatred and the greed. You are the first to be white and sweet in all this dark-hearted family." Then, with a vehemence starting and terrible in one so old, she cried out suddenly: "And she must go, my darling, my dearie! She must go out from her own home like a pauper going to the workhouse! Oh, God of us all, is it right?"

Evelyn answered with a sudden passionate burst of tears, all her cold apple-blossom beauty flaming into fever as her self-restraint broke.

"Oh, it is wicked—wicked!" she cried. "You, my precious old nursie, to go from the place you have lived in all your life! The old house, that was built by Glendemings and held by Glendemings all these centuries, to go to strangers! Oh, nursie, nursie, I cannot bear it!"

Dropping on her knees, she flung her arms about the old woman—half servant, half parent—and the two wept together heart-brokenly.

"I am old, and my day is done," moaned the old nurse. "But you, my dawtie—you who should have all— And I'm not denying it's hard—aye, it's bitter hard—to leave the home of ninety years and die under a strange roof. You to go to an unwonted house, dearie—and me to lie under strange sod, under strange sod!"

Her bent body shook with the racking

sobs of the very old, who have suffered enough and should be at peace. Evelyn held her close.

"Oh, it sha'n't be!" she sobbed. "You sha'n't go—we won't give up the old house—never, never, never!"

"But where is the help, my dearie?" sighed the old woman. "You the last of your line, without kith or kin, and me a helpless old body that can work no longer! You'd not"—she looked up with a gleam of tremulous hope—"you'd not be thinking more kindly of Lord Douglas?"

"No—no," said Evelyn, "not that, even to save the house. I'll find a way—but how, how? Oh!" she wailed, "the world is hard for women! What is there for me to do? What do I know? What am I fit for? Oh, nursie, what help is there for us?"

The old woman, staring with somber eyes at the fire, started suddenly and shot a quick glance at her nursing. When she spoke it was in a furtive, fearful whisper.

"There's the Spanish Secret," she said.

Evelyn gave a quick, uncontrollable start.

"The Spanish Secret!" she repeated in amaze. Then, after a pause, and more slowly: "The—Spanish—Secret!"

"Why not?" said the old nurse eagerly, watching her. "Where it is, it profits no one; yet 'tis in this very house, and here it has waited three hundred years for one of your line. And we need it sore."

"Heaven knows that!" answered Evelyn, and she stared with knitted brows at the fire. Presently she said uncertainly: "But it's not mine. It belongs to the others—the children of Roderick."

"They're long dead," said the old woman quickly. "Until your great-grandfather's time the Glendemings sought them to buy the secret from them; but they were lost sight of two hundred years ago. It belongs to the house, my dearie; and to you, the last of the Glendemings. And it might save us now. We've naught else—naught but the Spanish Secret."

Evelyn stared straight ahead of her, her eyes curiously fixed, as if the thought hypnotized her.

"Why not?" she whispered once to herself; and again: "After all, it is mine!" And again she stared silently, through long, slow minutes.



"SO THE END HAS COME! EH, I HAVE KNOWN FOR LONG 'T WAS BUT A MATTER O' TIME"

At last she rose, and, walking stiffly—like one asleep—went to the wainscoted wall and tapped upon it. Slowly she moved down the room, tapping, listening, laying her ear to the wood. The old nurse watched her, fascinated.

At the end of the room she turned, and looked back along the opposite wall. Her face was delicately cold and pure, as always; but in her eyes there was a new look—excited, covetous, burning. The old nurse started.

"The Glendeming look!" she said beneath her breath. "Have I loosed the curse upon her?"

II

THE drawing-rooms of the Bruce-Chiltons' London house were gay with lights, fragrant with flowers, vibrant with low music. Evelyn Glendeming stood upon the threshold of the first and looked about her. She had not wanted to come; the burden of the last years, the responsibilities and anxieties that had fallen untimely upon her, had stolen away all

her young joy in lights and dancing; and now for a week her feverish search for the Spanish Secret had obsessed her to the exclusion of every other interest. But her hostess had begged her so earnestly, and the old nurse—terrified by this strange, sudden passion—had prayed so tearfully, that at last she had consented.

Already, at the very beginning, she wished intensely that she had not come. Her mind was all on the dark old house she had left, and the dread of its loss, and the hope of its salvation.

Evelyn, shone upon by the soft lights, surrounded by the warm, rich colors, was a picture not to be forgotten. Her straight white frock, touched here and there with pale pink, made her more like an apple-blossom than ever. Her fair hair, parted Madonna-wise and bound in a thick braid, formed a pale crown for her small, stately head. She was whitely, coldly, exquisitely lovely.

The guests were coming fast, and soon there was a circle of black coats about

her. Evelyn smiled gravely and impersonally upon them all; to her they were so many coats, and nothing more; and she watched her card pass from hand to hand with only a vague, passive interest.

"Galatea!" suddenly murmured a voice near her. "Look at her! I never saw anything so lovely!"

Evelyn turned involuntarily to see the marvel of beauty for herself. Her eyes unexpectedly encountered those of a man who had just entered, and who stood by the son of the house, a few feet away. He was looking straight at her, and as their eyes met he started and flushed. Evidently he had been the speaker, and, as she saw his embarrassment, it was borne in upon Evelyn that she had been the subject of his speech. She, too, started and flushed, and turned hastily away.

"Oh, she's adorable!" murmured the voice, still lower, but audible to Evelyn's country-trained ears. "Introduce me—quick, quick! Come—this way!"

In a short minute two men made their way through the crowd to Evelyn's side, one very eager, the other apparently a little reluctant. The usual introductory words were hastily swallowed; the circle of black coats, perceiving the very purposeful look of one of the new arrivals, politely receded in the wake of the young host; and Evelyn, a little startled, found herself *tête-à-tête* with the man whose glance she had just met.

The newcomer was tall and dark—not somberly dark, but merrily and with a twinkle. He had an eager, impetuous face, a ready and evidently uncontrollable mirror of his thoughts; and, while his attire and bearing were wholly Anglo-Saxon, there was a faint, far-away suggestion of something romantically Latin—Italian, perhaps—about his dark eyes. Although his years were a probable thirty-five, he gazed at Evelyn with a boyish ardor, which all his deference could not conceal.

"You overheard what I said just now," he began without preface, "and perhaps I ought to apologize—but only for saying it so loud. I can't take it back; it wouldn't mend matters to lie!"

Evelyn smiled in spite of herself. So soon, in the first moment of their acquaintance, she felt for this impetuous stranger one of those sudden sympathies

which come now and then into every life, but of which her reserved youth had heretofore been barren. She raised her gentian eyes with a strange, shy pleasure; and of a sudden the two were friends.

"I didn't want to come," said the man impulsively. "I thought I should be bored, for I don't know anybody. And if I hadn't come!" His dark eyes finished the sentence which his tongue had, perhaps, found too precipitate.

Evelyn colored, but answered with a responsive confidence which astonished her.

"I didn't want to come, either," she said. "I was in no mood for this sort of thing."

"Were you bored, too?" asked he sympathetically. "It's a horrible feeling."

"Not bored," said Evelyn, "but troubled and anxious. I had—something on my mind."

Her eyes clouded as she thought of her ever-present problem, and a little sigh escaped her. Her companion made a low sound of protest.

"What a crime!" he said. "They ought not to let you be anxious. They should take it all from you."

Evelyn smiled faintly.

"There is no one to take it," she said. "I am the only one."

"You!" exclaimed the man. "What, you are all alone? No one to take care of you?"

"No one but my old nurse," she said, "and it's I who take care of her."

The man drew a long breath.

"Oh, to think of it!" he cried; and then he fell abruptly silent.

Evelyn's first partner came hastening to claim her for the dance which was about to begin. She turned to say good-by to the man beside her; but he, reaching out a detaining hand, asked for her card, and she gave it to him. When she received it back again, he had scrawled hasty initials against all the dances yet unclaimed.

"Forgive me," he said penitently. "There are times when a man has to think only of himself."

Evelyn answered with a swift, vivid blush. The young host, standing near, watched her as she danced away, and smiled bitterly.

"Galatea seems to have come to life," he said to himself.

At her first possible moment of freedom, the dark man was at Evelyn's side, claiming her almost before her last partner had released her hand. It was perhaps half an hour since they had parted; and Evelyn, accustomed to feel only a cool indifference to new acquaintances, was astonished by the swift, poignant pleasure which filled her at the sound of his voice. To his suggestion—half pleading, half masterful—that they should find a quieter spot and talk together, she assented readily; and she followed him with a feeling almost of foreboding, for it seemed to her uncanny to know a man so very little and like him so very much.

The man, quick and eager in movement as in speech, led her without delay through the crowded drawing-rooms, across the passage behind them, and through the low door that opened into the conservatory. Here Evelyn expected him to stop, and a momentary disappointment seized her at the familiar spectacle of dim lights and cooing couples; he was more commonplace than she had thought. But, giving a slight involuntary grimace at the contact with the hot, oversweet air, he kept straight on among the shrubs and clustered flower-pots until he reached a half-hidden door at the very end. When she had followed him through this, they found themselves face to face in the cool, faintly fragrant garden.

"Here we are at last!" cried the man joyfully. "Bruce told me there was a garden; and I knew we'd find it, if we kept on long enough. What a relief to be out of that mawkish air! Here a person can breathe."

He drew forward a low seat for Evelyn, and laid her scarf about her shoulders with a courtesy which had in it something disproportionately earnest and intense.

Evelyn, rebuking herself for the strange spell he laid upon her, tried to open the conversation coldly and indifferently.

"You don't like conservatories?" she said.

"I hate them," answered the man with energy. "I have just come from the tropics, and that stifling atmosphere brings back all the things I want to forget—the sickly luxuriance, the poisonous, horrible sweetness. Did you notice a bush that stood just inside the conservatory door—

a bush with great, languishing, pallid flowers, and an odor like a thousand tuberoses? Once a man—a man I loved—lay sick of fever in a little hut, and a bush like that stood outside the door. When he died, I buried him as far from that intolerable perfume as I could carry him—being sick myself at the time. It always seemed to me as if the noisome thing had killed him."

"Oh!" said Evelyn, startled. She had never met any one who plunged at once from drawing-room trivialities into hot sincerity like this. She was both disconcerted and fascinated; and against all her standards of social conduct she pursued the intimate theme he had started. "What did you do in the tropics?" she asked. "Why did you stay there, if you hated it so?"

"I had to, for my bread and butter," answered he. "I was sent by a syndicate to open some mines in Brazil—I'm a mining-engineer by trade. While I was there, I embarked on an enterprise of my own, which meant a good deal of anxiety and delay; but would put me in the way of realizing an old dream of mine, if it went through. Oh, the long torture of it! Unless you've lived in the tropics, you can't guess. The heavy, tainted air—the stealthy, murderous movement all about—the heat, the weariness—it burns itself into a man's brain and stays there forever. But my enterprise was successful, and I came home better rewarded than I hoped; and when I got to New York I cut all my bonds and gave my mind to my dream. And now, thank Heaven, I'm here!"

"Oh, then you're not an Englishman!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"No—I'm American. But, somehow, although I'm in England for the first time, I feel wonderfully contented and at home. It all seems very natural—all the smooth coziness and temperate beauty. I think I must be half an Englishman at heart."

"I'm so glad!" cried Evelyn impetuously; and then stopped in shocked amazement at herself. What had become of her decent English reserve, her habitual personal coldness? She rose suddenly.

"Don't go!" begged the man. "There's so much to talk about—Meredith, Rossetti, the Nibelung music, English wild flowers—"

Evelyn caught her breath. How had he touched, thus at random, on so many of the things near her heart? She had again the feeling of something uncanny; and she moved quickly away.

"Not now," she said. "I must go back. But I am glad we came here—I shall remember—"

She broke off abruptly and gave him her hand; and he took it in a warm, firm clasp that sent a strange shiver of pleasure tingling along her arm.

The evening went like a flash. There were arid interludes when Evelyn was passed, unobservant and indifferent, from partner to partner in a series of wearisome evolutions; but, as soon as these were over, the dark-eyed man was always at hand, ready to claim her the instant his turn came. Their talk ranged from subject to subject with that delicious, quick understanding which is bred of intuitive sympathy; and each time they parted Evelyn was lost in wonder at the unprecedented self-revelations into which her reserved tongue had strayed. There had never been such an evening in all the world.

"I suppose I must say good night," said the man at last, when they suddenly found themselves alone in an emptied room. "We're friends, anyway. What time to-morrow will you let me see you?"

"Oh—to-morrow?" gasped Evelyn.

"Oh, by all means to-morrow!" said he emphatically. "Think how many years I have gone without seeing you at all! I must make up. May I come in the morning?"

"No — no!" said Evelyn, laughing. "That you may not. But perhaps you might come at about five. I'm sure Mrs. Bruce-Chilton will be glad to see you."

"It's not Mrs. Bruce-Chilton I'm coming to see," said the man unblushingly, "although her house will see me often enough as long as you stay. By the way, whom am I to ask for? I haven't even an inkling of your name."

"Nor I of yours," laughed she. "That's rather quaint, isn't it? I am Evelyn Glendeming."

The man gasped with sheer amazement.

"Glendeming!" he cried. "Glendeming, by all that's marvelous! Why, we must be — we can't be — where do you live?"

"At Glen Deming, near Trescote," said Evelyn, startled by his manner. "Tell me—quickly—what is your name?"

"Roderick Glendeming," said the man.

There was a breathless pause. Evelyn stared at him, the young gladness fading slowly from her face, and leaving it white and strained. He looked back at her in amused bewilderment.

"Well, it's not because we're cousins that we understand each other so well," he said finally. "In fact, we're not cousins enough to matter. But we're friends, aren't we? To-morrow we'll talk it all over. Good night!" He held out his hand, and his warm clasp closed again over her cold fingers.

Through the long hours of the night Evelyn crouched over her bedroom fire, thinking—thinking.

"He is Roderick, the son of Roderick," ran her weary thoughts. "He has come to claim his treasure; it was the dream he spoke of. He has come to take my house from me—— Oh, he is wonderful! How his deep eyes read me! I could tell him every thought in my mind—— But if he takes his treasure, the house is gone. I cannot give it up! I cannot! It is all I have. And he is rich; he can have houses of his own; he does not need my beautiful house—— Oh, wonderful man, no one ever entered into my soul as you have done; but you want to take my house from me. Oh, miserable me! What shall I do?"

By sunrise her mind was made up. Rising slowly, with a long, quivering sigh, she laid the pale roses she had worn upon the embers of the fire. Then she dressed herself with all speed for the street, wrote a swift note of excuses, and slipped down the softly carpeted stairs. In a moment she stood upon the empty sidewalk, looking about her with eyes blinded by tears.

"He is beautiful, he is dear," she sobbed beneath her breath. "But my house is mine, mine, mine!"

III

"Miss EVIE, my lovey, come away!" coaxed the old nurse. "Come away down, dearie!"

Evelyn, in the depths of the dark, empty room, shook her head impatiently and laid her ear again upon the wall.

"Leave it, and come away down,"

begged the old nurse again. "The sun is bright, and the wee birds calling for you, and the flowers drooping for the want of your care. Leave it, leave it, dearie!"

"I can't leave it," said Evelyn, in a

oh, the others were enough—the black Glendemings—why must it have my white flower, too? Listen, Miss Evie! It's no use; you'll not find it. For three hundred years they sought it, and never a sign of it did they see. And you mind



WHAT WAS THIS STRANGE POWER THAT HAD TAKEN POSSESSION OF HER?

curious stifled voice. "I must work—I must work! He may come."

Her fingers moved feverishly up and down the ancient paneling, probing at the cracks, tapping on the uneven boards. Her eyes burned unnaturally bright. The old woman watched her with a look in which yearning love was mingled with horror and fear.

"It's a judgment on me," she muttered huskily, "for speaking to her of the evil thing! It will be claiming them all. But,

what the old witch of Glendair said of your house?

"He who seeks but does not find
Leaves joy and youth and life behind!"

"Give over, and go out into the bright day—before it's too late!"

Evelyn pushed back the hair from her forehead, and turned upon the old woman her haggard, haunted face.

"I'll never give over," she said hoarsely, "while there's breath in my body or

life in my soul. I'll hunt it out—I'll hunt—I'll hunt—I'll hunt!"

The old woman lifted her gnarled arms above her head in a gesture of uncouth tragedy.

"It's upon her!" she wailed. "It'll never be lifted now. Better we had both died in the workhouse! God forgive me—God forgive me!" And she crept, weeping, away.

Evelyn, busy with her endless searching, was no more aware of the old nurse's anguish than of her own changed semblance. She had lived through these last days and nights in a delirious dream, knowing nothing but the desire that drove her on. The inherited instinct of generations, dormant so long, had laid hold upon her; she was no longer herself, but the embodiment of all the jealous, covetous, seeking Glendemings gone before. Even the swift kindling of her soul in the presence of her new friend was forgotten. The thought of him filled her now only with distrust and dread.

"Miss Evie," said the old nurse, hobbling again to the threshold, "there's a gentleman down-stairs asks for you."

Evelyn started, her face a sudden ghastly white.

"Send him away," she said.

"He'll not go," said the old woman. "I told him you would see no one, but he said he must speak to you for kinship's sake. 'And if she won't see a kinsman,' he said, 'tell her I know she will see the friend of an hour and of a thousand years.' I doubt he's daft," added the old woman, "but he'll not go away."

"I will send him," said Evelyn harshly; and she hurried from the echoing room and down the great stair.

In the dark hall, by the yawning fireplace, stood Roderick Glendeming. He sprang forward with a glad exclamation at sight of her; but when she reached the foot of the stair and turned her altered face to him, he stopped short. As for her, through the thick mist of her ugly obsession pierced the memory of the beauty and wonder he had made her free of, and her leaping need of him warred with the distrust she had been fostering. So they stood staring at each other.

"Why have you come?" she asked at last, her voice struggling up through layer on layer of muffling reluctances.

"Why but to see you?" he answered, moving forward again. "Ever since you left me I have waited and watched for the word you owed me. Now I am sick of waiting, and I have come to find out for myself. Why did you run away?"

Evelyn took her eyes from his with an effort and fastened them on the beautiful desolation of her hall.

"I had my reasons," she said with deliberate hostility, "just as you have yours for following."

"I wish you would explain them to me," said the man. "Why did you deal me such a needless hurt? What is it that has changed you so? Tell me; we are friends."

The girl gazed hard at the cracked woodwork, hugging her enmity passionately.

"I will not yield! I will not! I will not!" she said fiercely below her breath.

The man watched her for a moment, then came to her side and took her hand quietly.

"You are not yourself," he said. "This silence and gloom is too much for you. Come out into the sunshine."

Without waiting for her consent, he led her forth from the door and down the path to the carved stone seat.

The broad morning sunshine, the fresh greenness, the matter-of-fact cheer of this outdoor world, came to Evelyn like a dash of cold water in the face. What was this strange power that had taken possession of her? Aghast at herself, she turned impetuously to the man beside her; then, with a swift revulsion, she snatched her eyes away again, lest the magic of his look should steal her determination from her. One part of her whispered guiltily: "You are a thief; give him what is his;" and the other part said hotly, over and over: "He shall not have it! He shall not have it!"

Glendeming, perceiving that some conflict was going on in her, forebore to look at her face. Instead, his glance roamed more and more eagerly over the beautiful old house; and presently he exclaimed, with emotion stirring in his voice:

"So it was here that my people lived and my name was founded! It—it takes hold of a man, this first sight of his own home!"

Evelyn started.

"But what does it mean to you?" she cried hotly. "You cannot possibly love it as I do!"

He turned an astonished look to her, but her pallor and her shadow-circled eyes made him charitable.

"No, I suppose not," he said gently, as if he were humoring a tired child. "Of course, it is more to you than to any one. Still, it has played a great part in my dreams, this brave old house. I would like very much to walk around it; are you too tired?"

Evelyn moved forward with alacrity, guarding her suspicion jealously.

"He means to steal about and search for crannies with his cunning eyes," she told herself. "But I'll watch—I'll be a match for him!"

"What a wonderful place!" said the man, drawing a long breath as they came out upon the famous west front. "What a joy to the eye—those orange-red gables, with the dark ivy framing them, and the crimson roses scrambling up their faces! But—why, what's that? A Moorish tower on a Tudor manor-house? How extraordinary!"

"It may seem so to a stranger," said Evelyn, with a harsh emphasis; "but to one who knows and loves the place it is all in keeping. Glen Deming wouldn't be itself without Mercedes Tower."

"Mercedes Tower!" repeated Roderick Glendeming. "That's curious!"

He began to murmur chantingly beneath his breath, like a man conning over some familiar, half-forgotten form of words.

"What is that?" asked Evelyn. "The poem that Cowper wrote about our house?"

"Oh, nothing so literary!" he answered with a laugh. "Just a jingle I learned from my father. If I remember, there was some jargon that always used to be taught to the men of our family, that none of them understood or cared a penny about; and when it came to my father's turn, he said he would be the first to put it to some use, so he made it into a nursery rime, and used to trot us on his knee to the swing of it. It went like this:

Flower loves sun,
Bee loves flower,
Mount at noon
To Mercedes Tower;

Three steps straight,
Three steps right,
Search where the noontime
Sun shines bright;
Flower grows straight,
Bee flies true;
The cross is the sign,
And the sign's for you.

"Isn't it rubbish?" he added.

"Why," cried Evelyn, startled out of all caution, "it must be the Spanish Secret!"

"The Spanish Secret!" said Glendeming. "What's that?"

Evelyn looked at him closely.

"He doesn't know!" she thought. "Oh, but he must know—No, he's honest; he's not a traitor like me—Nonsense; he's acting. I *won't* tell him!" Aloud, she only said: "Oh, it's nothing. Let's walk on."

The man, with a little shrug of mystification, complied. For some time they walked in silence, he hurt and puzzled, she fighting desperately with herself. At last, as they came to the enclosure where the formal garden lay weed-grown and desolate, he stopped and faced her.

"It's idle for me to tell you," he said, "that I didn't come to-day to see the house. Since I met you I have thought of nothing, by day or by night, waking or sleeping, but you. You know that."

He paused a moment, looking at her. Evelyn's heart gave a great bound, and almost overleaped its labored defenses. How could one cherish distrust of a man with these clear eyes, this eager candor of speech? Still, summoning all her strength, she closed her lips tightly and would not look at him.

"However," he went on, "it seems that in some way my love of your house offends you. Now, I came to England just for this house, hoping to buy it back and keep it for my own—that was the dearest dream of my life until I saw you. Relinquishing the dream would be joy, if it meant gaining you; but I can see that you are hardening your heart against me, and the house is somehow the cause. What can I do to banish it from the situation? I want you to know that in wooing you I am not wooing the place you live in. Would you let me take the money that I made for the sake of my dream, and settle it on the house forever? Then it could go

its way as an independent entity, and you and I could face each other without its standing between us. You wouldn't think I was trying to gain it, and I wouldn't think you were trying to keep it from me."

Evelyn burst suddenly into hot tears.

"Oh," she cried, the last of the Glendeming obsession vanquished, "you *are* good! Oh, how you put me to shame! It's yours, all yours—and I tried to take it from you!"

"Mine!" said the man. "Are you dreaming?"

"Lady Mercedes left the Spanish treasure to the first Roderick, your ancestor," sobbed Evelyn, "and so it belongs to you—and without the Spanish treasure I cannot keep the house—and I tried to find it before you could, and steal it from you! Oh, I am a wicked woman!"

When Glendeming had understood, he took her hand in his own and spoke very gravely.

"Listen," he said. "If I had come as a pirate, trying to lay hold of your property, after one sight of you I would have surrendered all the riches in the world. And if I had come as a lawful heir to claim what was my own, knowing that you wanted it would have made me cut my hand off sooner than touch it. But, coming as I do—just a visitor from a foreign land, just a remote descendant of a disinherited younger son—do you suppose I would take a penny of your treasure if an angel from heaven commanded me? Whatever this Spanish Secret may be, it belongs wholly to you, the mistress of Glen Deming."

"No, no, it is yours!" cried Evelyn. "I think I was possessed by an evil spirit. Come, let us find it for you quickly; see—it is almost noon!"

Excitement dried her eyes, and she ran swiftly toward the Moorish tower. The man followed her, astonishment, incredulity, and something much stronger than either struggling together in his face. They climbed the narrow stairs, their steps ringing sharply on the stone; and soon they found themselves side by side in a little square chamber at the top of the tower. Evelyn turned to him a face that was pale with eagerness.

"How does the rime begin?" she asked him.

"Flower loves sun, bee loves flower,"

said he. "But how absurd that is! The flowers that bloomed when that formula was invented have been under foot for nearly three centuries."

"No, it means something else," she insisted. "Look there! 'The noontime sun—'"

There was, indeed, something significant in the aspect of the little room. It was solidly built, and roofed with some dark, opaque material, through which a small aperture admitted one long, straight sunbeam. The four broad window-spaces were filled with intricate screens of marble, carved and fretted into the likeness of Gargantuan lace; and down the middle of the right-hand wall fell the sunshaft, cleaving a bright path through the white tracery.

"By Jove!" said Glendeming. "That *is* strange! Let's see—'three steps straight, three steps right'—it certainly brings one to the sunbeam. And—great Scott! Here's the flower!" He pointed to a straight-stemmed, stiff-petaled lily in the middle of the fretwork.

"And the bee—see!" cried Evelyn, putting her finger on the highly conventionalized presentment of a large fly. "It flies slantwise, toward the window-frame. Look here for the cross!"

Together—both breathless now—they searched the bricks in which the window was set. At first these seemed to hold no further clue, but presently the man discovered that the marble slab turned on a hidden pivot. Pushing, he swung it open; and there, on one of the bricks it had concealed, they found a tiny cross.

"Oh," cried Evelyn, "we have found the Spanish Secret!"

Glendeming turned to her.

"Remember," he said, "whatever is inside is yours."

"I will not touch it," said Evelyn proudly.

"Unless you take it, I will carry it down to the river and fling it in," said he.

Then, loosening the uncemented brick with his strong knife-blade, he drew it out and put his hand into the opening.

There was a moment of tense silence. Glendeming's fingers, groping amid the dust, sounded like scuffling mice. Suddenly he gave a low exclamation, and drew forth two large, legal-looking packets. Evelyn unconsciously pressed against his

shoulder, breathing fast; and with fingers that trembled a little he broke the first seal. It was the instant for which the centuries had waited.

"To whome it may concerne," Glendeming read aloud, "'I truste, deare frendes, you have not thoughte with too much love upon my Spanishe possessions, for love of wealthe is a snare of the divell. But if soe bee you have periled your soules with coveting my riches, then am I the humble instrument of God to save you. For, deare frendes, I have none. My wealthe was invested in castles in Spayne, and these are not paying properitie. If—as I feare—you have given mee youre hospitalitie under a misapprehension, I am doeing you a double goode, in instilling in you unawares a Christian grace you would never wittingly have acquired. In this goode deede I rejoyce, and beg to remaine, deare frends, your obedient servant, Mercedes de Veldia Glendeming.'"

Roderick and Evelyn Glendeming stared at each other speechlessly, she white with amazement, he flushing with nascent mirth. In a moment the man exploded.

"Oh, Lady Mercedes," he cried, "I bow to you! What an acquisition you would be in New York, to the circles of high finance!"

Evelyn, moistening her white lips, pointed to the other packet.

"Open it," she whispered.

Glendeming complied. This one was bulkier than the first, and as he unfastened the tape a small parcel fell out upon the window-sill. Evelyn caught it and began to unwrap it feverishly, while the man unfolded the parchment.

"Here's another letter from the lady," said he. "She seems to have been a good correspondent. 'To you, my Rodderick,' she says, 'I leave what I have to leave, because of youre Spanish eyes, and because I woude have you think kindelie of mee sometimes. In this packett'—his voice grew graver as he read—'is enwrapped the joy of the men of my house, to whome it has broughte joy alwaies. I have nowe seene enough of this worlde to holde this sorte of joy in greater esteeme than once I did. Doe not parte with the treasure lightelie, but when you finde her to whome your hearte belonges, give it into her keeping with gladnesse.

And the joie of life—that is not knowne in this darke Englande—goe with you.'"

As he finished, the last of the wrappings fell away from Evelyn's fingers, and she laid upon the window-ledge a wonderful ring of reddish, massive gold, curiously wrought, and set with square gems, dull and rich in hue. Examining it together, presently they both read the words "*A toi, mon cœur*" within it.

Roderick Glendeming laid his hand upon it quickly, and his eyes sought Evelyn's with a strong directness which there was no avoiding.

"Do you remember," he said, "that I told you whatever we found belonged to you?"

She dropped her eyes.

"But I said I had no right to it," she murmured.

"And I said," insisted the man, "that if you would not have it, I would throw it away. Cousin—friend—lady—love—you know that all I have and all I am is yours. Will you take from my hands the only legacy of joy we have received, or shall I fling it into the river?"

Evelyn's blue eyes were hidden, but the rosy color surged over her face.

"Perhaps—since we have looked for it so long," she said softly, "to throw it away now wouldn't be—good sense!" And with a gleam of tender gaiety she held out her left hand.

So, hand in hand, they went to tell the old nurse, who was father and mother and friend and all to the last of the Glendemings. They found her in the dark hall, crouching desolately by the empty fireplace.

"Nurse," said Evelyn to her, "this is Roderick the son of Roderick. He came with the Spanish Secret on his tongue he found the treasure; and he has given it to me."

She showed her left hand, with the ring upon it, and Roderick's hand around it.

The old woman regarded them earnestly, and slowly a light of great joy broke over her withered face.

"Now, God be praised!" she cried, clasping her hands. "The curse is lifted! For now I mind the rest o' the old verse, and it runs:

"'But he who finds and gives away,
Wins joy forever and a day!'"

A FIGHT FOR LIFE*

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE IN
THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

JACK HOWLAND, a young American engineer, has been sent into the northern wilds of Canada, with orders to take charge of the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad. On his way to the scene of operations, at Prince Albert, a frontier settlement on the Saskatchewan, a strange and dangerous adventure befalls him. In a restaurant he meets a beautiful young girl, who is apparently a deaf mute, and who asks him—by writing her words—for assistance. She leads him out of the little town, along the trail to the north; and there, in the snowy woods, he is suddenly attacked by an unknown enemy. Stunned by a heavy blow, he is only saved by the timely aid of Jean Croisset, a half-breed Cree, who takes him back to the hotel in Prince Albert, and gives out that he has been hurt by a fall.

While recovering, Howland asks the half-breed for an explanation of this mysterious affair, but Croisset refuses to give him anything more than obscure hints of danger that awaits him if he goes to his post on the new railroad. The young American, however, does not dream of turning back, and next day starts northward, for the Wekusko camp, where he is to take charge of the construction work, superseding the two former chief engineers, Gregson and Thorne. At Le Pas, his next halting-place, he meets Gregson, who is already on the way home, and who seems strangely anxious to get out of the country. At the Wekusko he finds Thorne in the same nervous condition—terrified, apparently, by a series of suspicious accidents.

Howland is installed in a cabin near the camp, with a Cree Indian, named Jackpine, for his attendant. During his first night there he has an unexpected visitor—the girl of his adventure at Prince Albert, who no longer feigns inability to speak, and who tells him that her name is Mélisse. She implores him to return to the south, but he refuses, and declares that he loves her. She promises to meet him on the following night, and again warns him that he is in great danger.

Next morning, Macdonald, the camp superintendent, takes Howland to see the firing of two heavy blasts—locally termed “coyotes.” Thorne excuses himself, in order to complete his preparations for a speedy departure.

IX (Continued)

WITHOUT waiting for a reply, Macdonald walked swiftly in the direction of a ridge to the right. Already guards had been thrown out on all sides of the mountain, and their thrilling warnings of “Fire! Fire! Fire!” shouted through megaphones of birch-bark, echoed with ominous meaning through the still wilderness, where for the time all work had ceased. On the top of the ridge half a hundred of the workmen had already assembled, and as Howland and the superintendent came

among them they fell back from around a big, flat boulder on which was stationed the electric battery. Macdonald's face was flushed, and his eyes snapped like dragon-flies as he gently touched a tiny button.

“I can't understand why Thorne doesn't care to see this!” he said again. “Think of it, man—seven thousand five hundred pounds of powder and two hundred of dynamite! A touch of this button—a flash along the wire—and the fuse is struck. Then, four or five minutes, and up goes a mountain that has stood here since the world began. Isn't it

* This story began in the November (1909) number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

glorious?" He straightened himself and took off his hat. "Mr. Howland, will you press the button?"

With a strange thrill Howland bent over the battery, his eyes turned to the mass of rock looming sullen and black half a mile away, as if bidding defiance in the face of impending fate. Tremblingly his finger pressed upon the little white knob that was to fire the mighty charge, and a silence almost like that of death fell upon those who stood beside him.

One minute — two minutes — three — five passed, while in the bowels of the mountain the fuse was sizzling to its end. Then there came a puff, something like a cloud of dust rising skyward, but without sound; and before its upward belching had ceased, a tongue of flame spurted out of its crest. After that — perhaps two seconds later — there came the explosion.

There was a rumbling, a jarring, as if the earth were convulsed under foot; volumes of dense black smoke shot upward, shutting the mountain in an impenetrable pall of gloom; and in an instant these rolling, twisting volumes of black glowed with a sudden fire, and a thunderous roar, like that of a thousand great guns, rent the air. As fast as the eye could follow, a sheet of flame shot out of the sea of smoke, climbing higher and higher, in lightning flashes, until the lurid tongues licked the air a quarter of a mile above the startled wilderness.

Explosion followed explosion, some of them coming in hollow, reverberating booms, others sounding as if in mid air. The heavens were filled with hurtling rocks; solid masses of granite ten feet square were thrown a hundred feet away; rocks weighing a ton were hurled still farther, as if they were no more than stones flung by the hand of a giant; boulders that would have crashed from the roof to the basement of a sky-scraper dropped nearly half a mile away. For three minutes the frightful convulsion continued. Then the livid lights died out of the pall of smoke, and the pall itself began to settle.

Howland felt a grip upon his arm. Dumbly he turned and looked into the white, staring face of the superintendent.

His ears tingled, every fiber in him seemed unstrung. Macdonald's voice came to him strange and weird.

"What do you think of that, Howland?"

The two men gripped hands. When they looked again, they saw dimly, through dust and smoke, only torn and shattered masses of rock where had been the giant ridge that barred the path of the new road to the northern sea.

Howland talked but little on their way back to camp. The scene that he had just witnessed affected him strangely. It stirred once more within him all of his old ambition, all of his enthusiasm, and yet neither found voice in words. He was glad when the dinner was over at Thorne's, and with the going of the mail-sledge and the senior engineer there came over him a still deeper sense of joy. Now he was in charge; it was his road from that hour on!

He crushed Macdonald's hand in a grip that meant more than words when they parted. In his own cabin, he threw off his coat and hat, lighted his pipe, and tried to realize just what this all meant for him. He was in charge of the greatest railroad-building job on earth—he, Jack Howland, who, less than twenty years ago, was a barefoot, half-starved urchin peddling newspapers in the streets!

And now what was this black thing that had come up to threaten his chances just as he had won his great fight? He clenched his hands as he thought again of what had already happened—the cowardly attempt on his life, the warnings; and his blood boiled to fever-heat. That night, after he had seen Mélisse, he would know what to do. But he would not be driven away, as Gregson and Thorne had been driven. He was determined on that!

The gloom of night falls early in the northern midwinter, and it was already growing dusk when there came the sound of a voice outside, followed a moment later by a loud knock at the door. At Howland's invitation, the door opened, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared.

"Something has gone wrong out at the north coyote, sir, and Mr. Macdonald wants you just as fast as you can get out

there," he said. "He sent me down for you with a sledge."

"Macdonald told me the thing was ready for firing," said Howland, putting on his hat and coat. "What's the matter?"

"Bad packing, I guess. Heard him swearing about it. He's in a terrible sweat to see you."

Half an hour later, the sledge drew up close to the place where Howland had seen a score of men packing bags of powder and dynamite earlier in the day. Half a dozen lanterns were burning among the rocks, but there was no sign of movement or life. The engineer's companion gave a sudden sharp crack of his long whip, and in response to it there came a muffled call from out of the gloom.

"That's Macdonald, sir. You'll find him right up there, near that second light, where the coyote opens up. He's grilling the life out of half a dozen men back in the chamber, where he found the dynamite on top of the powder instead of under it."

"All right!" Howland called back, starting up among the rocks.

Hardly had he taken a dozen steps when a dark object shot out behind him and fell with crushing force upon his head. With a groaning cry he fell forward upon his face. For a few moments he was conscious of voices about him; he knew that he was being lifted in the arms of men, and that after a time they were carrying him so that his feet dragged upon the ground. After that he seemed to be sinking down—down—down—until he lost all sense of existence in a chaos of inky blackness.

X

A RED, unwinking eye staring at him fixedly from out of impenetrable gloom—an ogreish, gleaming thing that brought life back into him with a thrill of horror—was Howland's first vision of returning consciousness. It was in front of him, on a level with his face, apparently—a ball of yellow fire that seemed to burn into his very soul.

He tried to cry out, but no sound fell from his lips; he strove to move, to fight himself away, but there was no power of movement in his limbs. The eye grew

larger. He saw that it was so bright that it cast a halo, and the halo widened before his staring eyes until the dense gloom about it seemed to be melting away.

Then he knew. It was a lantern in front of him, not more than ten feet away.

Consciousness flooded upon him, and he made another effort to cry out—to free his arms from an invisible clutch that held him powerless. At first he thought this was the clutch of human hands; then, as the lantern-light revealed his immediate surroundings, he saw that it was a rope; and he knew that he was unable to cry out because of something tight and suffocating about his mouth.

The truth came to him swiftly. He had come up to the coyote on a sledge. Some one had struck him. He remembered that men had half dragged him over the rocks; and those men had bound and gagged him, and left him here, with the lantern staring him in the face.

But where was he? He shifted his eyes, straining to penetrate the gloom. Ahead of him, just beyond the light, there was a black wall. He could not move his head, but he saw where that same wall closed in on the left. He strained his vision upward—and it ended with that same imprisoning barrier of rock. Then he looked down, and the cry of horror that rose in his throat died in a muffled groan. The light fell dimly upon a sack—two of them—three—a tightly packed wall of them!

He knew now what had happened. He was imprisoned in the coyote, and the sacks about him were filled with powder. He was sitting on something hard—a box—fifty pounds of dynamite! The cold sweat stood out in beads upon his face, glistening in the lantern-glow. From between his feet a thin, white, ghostly line ran out until it lost itself in the blackness under the lantern. It was the fuse—leading to the box of dynamite on which he was sitting!

Insanely he struggled at the thongs that bound him until he sank exhausted against the row of powder-sacks at his back. Like words of fire the last warning of *Mélisse* burned in his brain:

"You must go, to-morrow—to-morrow—or they will kill you!"

And this was the way in which he was to die! There flamed before his eyes the

terrible spectacle which he had witnessed a few hours before—the volcano of fire and smoke and thunder that had disrupted a mountain, a chaos of writhing, twisting fury; and in that moment his heart seemed to cease its beating.

He closed his eyes and tried to calm himself. Was it possible that there lived men so fiendish as to condemn him to such a death? Why had not his enemies killed him out among the rocks? That would have been easier—quicker—less troublesome. Why did they wish to torture him? What terrible thing had he done? Was he mad—mad—and was this all a terrible nightmare, a raving and unreal contortion of things in his brain?

In this hour of death question after question raced through his head, and he answered no one of them. He sat still for a time, scarcely breathing. There was no sound—save the beating of his own heart. Then there came another, almost unheard at first—faint, thrilling, maddening—*tick, tick, tick!*

It was the beating of his watch. A spasm of horror shot through him again. What time was it?

The coyote was to be fired at nine o'clock. It was four when he left his cabin. How long had he been unconscious? Was it time now—now? Was Macdonald's finger already reaching out to that little white button which would send him into eternity?

He struggled again, gnashing furiously at the thing that covered his mouth, tearing the flesh of his wrists as he twisted at the ropes that bound him, choking himself with his efforts to loosen the thong about his neck. Exhausted again, he sank back, panting, half dead.

As he lay with closed eyes, a little of his reason asserted itself. After all, was he such a coward as to go mad?

Tick, tick, tick! His watch was beating at a furious rate. Was something wrong with it? Was it going too fast? He tried to count the seconds, but they raced away from him.

When he looked again, his gaze fell upon the little yellow tongue of flame in the lantern-globe. It was not the steady, unwinking eye of a few minutes before. There was a sputtering weakness about it now, and as he watched the light grew fainter and fainter. The lantern was go-

ing out. A few minutes more, and he would be in darkness.

At first the significance of it did not come to him; then he straightened himself with a jerk that tightened the thong about his neck until it choked him. Hours must have passed since the lantern had been placed on that rock, else the oil would not be burned out of it now!

For the first time Howland realized that it was becoming more and more difficult for him to get breath. The thing about his neck was tightening, slowly, inexorably, like a hot band of steel. Suddenly—perhaps because of this tightening—he found that he had recovered his voice. Whatever had been about his mouth had slipped down.

"This rawhide—is pinching—my throat!"

His words sounded hollow and choking in the rock-bound chamber. He tried to raise his voice in a shout, though he knew how futile his loudest shrieks would be. The effort only choked him the more.

His suffering was becoming excruciating. Sharp pains darted like red-hot needles through his limbs; his back tortured him, and his head ached as if a knife had cloven the base of his skull. The strength of his limbs was leaving him. He no longer felt any sensation in his cramped feet. He measured the paralysis creeping up his legs inch by inch, driving the sharp pains before it—and then a groan of horror rose to his lips.

The lantern had gone out!

As if the dying of that little yellow flame were the signal for his death, there came to his ears a sharp hissing sound. A spark leaped up into the blackness before his eyes, and a slow, creeping glow came toward him over the rock at his feet.

The hour—the minute—the second had come. Macdonald had pressed the little white button that was to send him into eternity!

He did not cry out now. He knew that the end was very near, and in its nearness he found new strength. Once he had seen a man walk to his death on the scaffold, and as the condemned had spoken his last farewell, with the noose about his neck, Howland had marveled at the clearness of his voice, at the fearlessness of this creature in his last moment on earth. Now he understood.

Inch by inch the fuse burned toward him—a fifth of the distance, a quarter—now a third. At last it reached a half—it was almost under his feet. Two minutes more of life!

He put his whole strength once more into an attempt to free his hands. This time his attempt was cool, steady, masterful—with death one hundred seconds away. His heart gave a sudden bursting leap into his throat when he felt something give. Another effort, and in the powder-choked vault there rang out a thrilling cry of triumph. His hands were free!

He reached forward to the fuse, and this time a moaning, wordless sob fell from him, faint, terrifying, with all the horror that might fill a human soul in its inarticulate note. He found that he could not reach the fuse because of the thong about his neck!

He felt for his knife. He had left it in his room. Sixty seconds more—forty—thirty! He could see the fiery end of the fuse almost at his feet.

Suddenly his groping fingers came in contact with the cold steel of his pocket revolver. With a last hope, he snatched the weapon forth, stretching down his pistol arm until the muzzle of the weapon was within a dozen inches of the deadly spark. At his first shot the spark leaped, but did not go out. After the second, there was no longer the fiery, creeping thing upon the floor!

Crushing his head back against the sacks, Howland sat for many minutes as if death had in reality come to him in the moment of his deliverance. After a time, with tedious slowness, he worked a hand into his trousers-pocket, where he carried a penknife. It took him a long time to saw through the rawhide thong about his neck. After that he cut the rope that bound his ankles. He made an effort to rise, but no sooner had he gained his feet than his paralyzed limbs gave way under him, and he dropped in a heap upon the floor.

Very slowly the blood began finding its way through his choked veins again, and with the change there came over Howland a feeling of infinite restfulness. He stretched himself out, with his face turned to the black wall above, realizing only that he was saved, that he had again

foiled his mysterious enemies, and that he was comfortable.

He made no effort to think—to scheme out his further deliverance. He was with the powder and the dynamite, and the powder and the dynamite could not be exploded until human hands came in to attach a new fuse. Macdonald would attend to that very soon; so he went off into a doze that was almost sleep.

In his half-consciousness there came to him but one sound—that dreadful ticking of his watch. He seemed to have listened to it for hours when there came another sound—was it the ticking of another watch? He sat up, startled, wondering, and then he laughed happily as he heard the sound more distinctly. It was the beating of picks in the rock outside!

Already Macdonald's men were at work clearing out the mouth of the coyote. In half an hour he would be out in the big, breathing world again! The thought brought him to his feet. The numbness was gone from his limbs, and he could move about. His first move was to strike a match and look at his watch.

"Half past ten!"

He spoke the words aloud, thinking of Mélisse. In an hour and a half he was to meet her on the trail. Would he be released in time to keep the tryst? How could he explain his imprisonment in the coyote so that he could leave Macdonald without further loss of time?

As the sound of the picks came nearer, his brain began working faster. If he could only evade explanations until morning, and then reveal the whole dastardly business to Macdonald! There would be time then for those explanations, for the running down of his murderous assailants—and at the same time he would be able to keep his appointment with Mélisse.

Gathering up the severed ropes and rawhide, he concealed them between two of the powder-sacks, so that those who entered the coyote would discover no signs of his terrible imprisonment. Close to the mouth of the tunnel there was a black rent in the wall of rock, made by a bursting charge of dynamite, in which he could conceal himself. While the men were busy examining the broken fuse, he would step out and join them. It would look as if he had crawled through the tunnel after them.

Half an hour later, a mass of rock rolled down close to his feet, and after a few moments he saw a shadowy human form crawling through the hole that it had left. A second followed, and then a third—and the first voice that he heard was that of Macdonald.

"Give us the lantern, Bucky!" the little superintendent called back, and a gleam of light shot into the black chamber. The men walked cautiously toward the fuse, and Howland saw Macdonald fall upon his knees.

"What in thunder!" he heard him exclaim, and then there was a silence.

As quietly as a cat, the engineer worked himself to the entrance. It was he who responded to the voice.

"What's up, Macdonald?"

He joined the little group. Macdonald looked up; and when he saw the new chief bending over him, his eyes stared in unbounded wonder.

"Howland!" he gasped.

It was all he said, but in that one word, and in the strange excitement in the superintendent's face, Howland read a thing which made him turn quickly to the men, giving them his first command as general-in-chief of the road.

"Get out of the coyote, boys," he said. "We won't do anything more until morning."

To Macdonald, as the men went out ahead of them, he added in a low voice:

"Guard the entrance to this tunnel with half a dozen of your best men to-night, Macdonald. I know things which will lead me to investigate this to-morrow. I'm going to leave you as soon as I get outside. Spread the report that it was simply a bad fuse—understand?"

He crawled out ahead of the superintendent, and before Macdonald had emerged from the coyote Howland had already lost himself in the starlit gloom of the night. The engineer was hastening to his tryst with the beautiful girl who, he believed, would this night reveal to him at least a part of one of the strangest and most diabolical plots that had ever originated in the brains of men.

XI

It still lacked nearly an hour of the appointed time when Howland came to the secluded spot in the trail where he was

to meet Mélisse. Concealed in the deep shadows of the bushes, he seated himself upon the end of a fallen spruce and loaded his pipe, taking care to light it with the flare of the match hidden in the hollow of his hands.

For the first time since his terrible experience in the coyote, he found himself free to think; and more than ever he began to see the necessity of coolness and of judgment in what he was about to do. Gradually, too, he fought himself back into his old faith in Mélisse. His blood was tingling at fever-heat in his desire for vengeance, for the punishment of the human fiends who had attempted to blow him to atoms; and yet there was no bitterness in him toward the girl. He was sure that she was an unwilling factor in the plot, and that she was doing all in her power to save him.

At the same time, he began to realize that he could no longer be influenced by her pleading. He had promised—in return for her confidence this night—to leave unpunished those whom she wished to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed anything to him, he would warn her that he was determined to run down those who had twice sought to kill him.

It was nearly midnight when he looked at his watch again. Was it possible that Mélisse would not come? He could not bring himself to believe that she knew of his imprisonment in the coyote—of this second attempt upon his life. And yet, if she did—

He rose from the log and began pacing quickly back and forth in the gloom, his thoughts racing through his brain with increasing apprehension. Those who had imprisoned him had learned of his escape two hours ago. Many things might have happened in that time. Perhaps they were fleeing from the camp. Frightened by their failure, and fearing the punishment which would be theirs if discovered, it was not improbable that even now they were many miles from the Wekusko, hurrying deeper into the unknown wilderness to the north. And Mélisse would be with them!

Suddenly he heard a step—a light, running step—and with a recognizing cry he sprang out into the starlight to meet the slender, panting, white-faced figure that

ran to meet him from between the thick walls of forest trees.

"Mélisse!" he exclaimed softly.

He held out his arms, and the girl ran straight into them, thrusting her hands against his breast, throwing back her head so that she looked up into his face with great, staring, horror-filled eyes.

"Now—now!" she sobbed. "Now, will you go?"

Her hands left his breast and crept to his shoulders. Slowly they slipped over, and as Howland pressed her closer, his lips silent, she gave an agonized cry and dropped her head against him, her whole body torn in a convulsion of grief and terror that startled him.

"You will go?" she sobbed again and again. "You will go—you will go—you will go?"

He ran his fingers through her soft hair, crushing his face close to hers.

"No, I am not going, dear," he replied in a low, firm voice. "Not after what happened to-night!"

She drew away from him as quickly as if he had struck her, freeing herself even from the touch of his hands.

"I heard—what happened—an hour ago," she said, her voice choking her. "I overheard—they talking." She struggled hard to calm herself. "You must leave the camp—to-night!"

In the gloom she saw Howland's teeth gleaming at her. There was no fear in his smile; he laughed gently down into her eyes as he took her face between his hands again.

"I want to take back the promise that I gave you last night, Mélisse. I want to give you a chance to warn any whom you may wish to warn. I shall not return into the south. From this hour begins the hunt for the cowardly fiends who have tried to murder me. Before dawn every man on the Wekusko will be in the search, and if we find them there will be no mercy. Will you help me, or—"

Before he finished, she struck his hands from her, and sprang back. He saw a sudden change come over her face; her lips grew tense and firm; there faded slowly away the look of soft pleading, the quivering lines of fear. There was a strangeness in her voice when she spoke—something of the hard determination which Howland had put into his own,

though the tone of it lacked his gentleness and love.

"Will you please tell me the time?"

The question was startling. Howland held the dial of his watch to the light of the stars.

"It is a quarter past midnight."

The faintest shadow of a smile passed over the girl's lips.

"Are you certain that your watch is not fast?" she asked.

In speechless bewilderment Howland stared at her.

"Because it will mean a great deal to you and to me if it is not a quarter past midnight," continued Mélisse, a growing glow in her eyes. Suddenly she approached him and put both of her warm hands to his face, holding down his arms with her own. "Listen!" she whispered. "Is there nothing—nothing—that will take you back again into the south at once—to-night?"

The nearness of the sweet face, the gentle touch of the girl's hands, the soft breath of her lips, sent through Howland a maddening impulse to surrender everything to her. For an instant he wavered.

"There might be one—just *one* thing that would take me away to-night," he replied, his voice trembling with the love that thrilled him. "For you, Mélisse, I would give up everything—ambition, fortune, the building of this road. If I go to-night, will you go with me? Will you promise to be my wife when we reach Le Pas?"

A look of ineffable tenderness came into the beautiful eyes so near to his own.

"That is impossible! You will not love me when you know what I am—what I have done—"

He stopped her.

"Have you done wrong—a great wrong?"

For a moment her eyes faltered; then, hesitatingly, there fell from her lips:

"I—don't know. I believe I have."

A thrill of fear shot through him.

"Do you mean that—that I have no right to tell you that I love you?" he asked. "Do you mean that it is wrong for you to listen to me? I took it for granted that you were a girl who—"

"No, no, it is not that!" she cried quickly, catching his meaning. "It is not wrong for you to love me!" Suddenly

she asked again: "Will you please tell me what time it is—now?"

He looked again.

"Twenty-five minutes after midnight."

"Let us go farther up the trail," she whispered. "I am afraid here!"

She led the way, passing swiftly beyond the path that branched out to Howland's cabin. Two hundred yards beyond this a tree had fallen beside the trail. Seating herself upon the trunk, Mélisse motioned him to sit down beside her. Howland's back was to the thick bushes behind them. He looked at the girl, but she had turned away her face. Suddenly she sprang from the log and stood in front of him.

"Now!" she cried. "Now!"

At the signal, Howland's hands were seized from behind, and in another instant he was struggling feebly in the grip of powerful arms which had fastened themselves about him like wire cable. The yell that rose to his lips was throttled by a hand over his mouth. For an instant he caught a glimpse of the girl's white face as she stood before him in the trail; then strong hands pulled him back, while others bound his wrists and still others held his legs.

Everything had passed in a few seconds. Helplessly bound and gagged, he lay upon his back in the snow, listening to the low voices that came faintly to him from beyond the bushes. He could understand nothing that they said—and yet he was sure that he recognized among them the voice of Mélisse.

The voices became fainter; he heard retreating footsteps, and at last they died away entirely. Through a rift in the trees straight above him, the white, cold stars of the night gleamed down, and Howland stared up at them fixedly until they seemed to be dancing about in the skies.

In these moments, while he lay upon his back in the freezing snow, a million demons were born in his blood. The girl had betrayed him again!

This time he could find no excuse—no pardon for her. She had accepted his love—had allowed him to kiss her, to hold her in his arms—while beneath that treachery she had plotted his downfall a second time. Deliberately she had given the signal for attack, and now—

He heard again the quick, running step

that he had recognized upon the trail. The bushes behind him parted, and in the white starlight Mélisse fell upon her knees at his side, her glorious face bending over him in a grief that he had never seen in it before, her eyes shining upon him with a great love. Without speaking, she lifted his head in the hollow of her arm and crushed her own close against it, kissing him, and softly sobbing his name.

"Good-by!" he heard her breathe. "Good-by!"

As she lowered his head back upon the snow, he struggled to cry out, to free his hands, to hold her with him—but he saw her face only once more, bending over him; felt the warm pressure of her lips upon his forehead, and then again he could hear her footsteps hurrying away from him through the forest.

XII

THAT Mélisse loved him, that she had taken his head in her arms, and had kissed him, was the one consuming thought in Howland's brain for many minutes after she had left him bound and gagged upon the snow. That she had made no effort to free him did not at first strike him as significant. He still felt the sweet, warm touch of her lips, the pressure of her arms, the smothering softness of her hair.

It was not until he again heard approaching sounds that he returned once more to a full consciousness of the mysterious thing that had happened. He heard, first of all, the creaking of a toboggan on the hard crust, then the pattering of dogs' feet, and after that the voices of men. The sounds stopped on the trail a dozen feet away from him.

With a strange thrill he recognized Croisset's voice.

"You must be sure that you make no mistake," he heard the half-breed say. "Go to the waterfall at the head of the lake, and heave down a big rock where the ice is open and the water boiling. Track up the snow with a pair of M's'eur Howland's high-heeled boots, and leave his hat tangled in the bushes. Then tell the superintendent that he stepped on the stone and that it rolled down and toppled him into the chasm. They could never find his body, and they will send down for a new engineer in place of the lost *m's'eur*."

Stupefied with horror, Howland strained his ears to catch the rest of the cold-blooded scheme; but the voices grew lower, and he understood no more that was said until Croisset, coming nearer, called out:

"Help me with the *m's'eur* before you go, Jackpine! He is a dead weight with all those rawhides about him."

As coolly as if he were no more than a chunk of stove-wood, Croisset and the Indian came through the bushes, seized him by the head and feet, carried him out into the trail, and laid him lengthwise upon the sledge.

"I hope you have not caught cold lying in the snow, *m's'eur*," said Croisset, bolstering up the engineer's head and shoulders and covering him with heavy furs. "We should have been back sooner, but it was impossible. Hoo-la, Woon-ga!" he called softly to his lead-dog. "Get up there, you wolf-hound!"

As the sledge started, with Croisset running close to the leader, Howland heard the low snapping of a whip behind him and another voice urging on other dogs. With an effort that almost dislocated his neck, he twisted himself so that he could look behind him. A hundred yards away he discerned a second team following in their trail; he saw a shadowy figure running at the head of the dogs; but what there was upon the sledge, or what it meant, he could not see or understand.

Mile after mile the two sledges continued without a stop. Croisset did not turn his head; no word fell from his lips, except an occasional signal to the dogs. The trail had turned now straight into the north. Soon Howland could make out no signs of it, but knew only that they were twisting through the most open places in the forests, and that the play of the polar lights was never over his left shoulder or his right, but always in his face.

They had traveled for several hours when Croisset gave a sudden shrill shout to the rearmost sledge, and halted his own. The dogs fell in a panting group upon the snow. While they were resting, the half-breed relieved his prisoner of the soft piece of buckskin that had been used as a gag.

"It will be perfectly safe for you to talk now, *m's'eur*, and to shout as loudly

as you please," he said. "After I have looked into your pockets, I will free your hands, so that you can smoke. Are you comfortable?"

"Comfortable!" Howland's blood boiled at the sociable way in which Croisset grinned down into his face. "So you're in it, too, eh? And that lying girl—"

The smile left Croisset's face.

"Do you mean Mélisse, *M's'eur* Howland?"

"Yes!"

Croisset leaned down with his black eyes gleaming like coals.

"Do you know what I would do if I was she, *m's'eur*?" he said in a low voice, and yet one filled with a threat that stilled the words of passion which the engineer was on the point of speaking. "Do you know what I would do? I would kill you—kill you inch by inch—torture you! That is what I would do."

"For Heaven's sake, Croisset, tell me why—why—"

Croisset had found his pistol and freed his hands, and Howland stretched them out to him entreatingly.

"I would give my life for that girl, Croisset! I told her so back there, and she came to me when I was in the snow, and—" He caught himself, adding to what he had left incomplete: "There is a mistake, Croisset. I am not the man they want to kill!"

Croisset was smiling at him again.

"Smoke—and think, *m's'eur*. It is impossible for me to tell you why you should be dead—but you ought to know, unless your memory is shorter than a child's."

He went to the dogs, stirring them up with the cracking of his whip; and when Howland turned to look back, he saw a bright flare of light where the other sledge had stopped. A man's voice came from the farther gloom, calling to Croisset in French.

"He says I am to take you on alone," said Croisset, after he had answered to the call, which Howland could not understand. "They will join us again very soon."

"They!" exclaimed Howland. "How many will it take to kill me, my dear Croisset?"

The half-breed smiled down into his face again.

"You may thank the saints that they

are with us," he replied softly. "If you have any hope outside of Heaven, *m's'eur*, it is on that sledge behind!"

As he went again to the dogs, straightening the leader in his traces, Howland stared back at the firelit space in the forest gloom. He could see a man adding fuel to the blaze, and beyond, shrouded in the deep shadows of the trees, an indistinct tangle of dogs and sledge.

As he strained his eyes to discover more, there was a movement beyond the figure over the fire, and the young engineer's heart leaped with a sudden thrill. Croisset's voice sounded in a shrill shout behind him, and at that warning cry in French the second figure sprang back into the gloom. But Howland had recognized it, and the chilled blood in his veins leaped into warm life again at the knowledge that it was Mélisse who was trailing behind them on the second sledge!

"When you yell like that, give me a little warning, if you please, Jean," he said, speaking as coolly as if he had not recognized the figure that had come for an instant into the firelight. "It is enough to startle the life out of one!"

"It is our way of saying good - by, *m's'eur*," replied Croisset, with a fierce snap of his whip. "Hoo - la, get you along there!" he cried to the dogs, and in half a dozen breaths the fire was lost to view.

XIII

DAWN comes at about eight o'clock in the northern midwinter. Beyond the fiftieth degree, the first ruddy haze of the sun begins to warm the southeastern skies at nine—and its glow had already risen above the forests before Croisset stopped his team again. For two hours he had not spoken a word to his prisoner; and after several unavailing efforts to break the other's taciturnity, Howland lapsed into a silence of his own.

When he had brought his tired dogs to a halt, Croisset spoke for the first time.

"We are going to camp here for a while," he explained. "If you will pledge me your word of honor that you will make no attempt to escape, I will give you the use of your legs until after breakfast, *m's'eur*. What do you say?"

"Have you a Bible, Croisset?"

"No, *m's'eur*—but I have the cross of

our Virgin, given to me by the missionary at York Factory."

"Then I will swear by it—I will swear by all the crosses and all the Bibles in the world that I will make no effort to escape. I am paralyzed, Croisset! I sha'n't be able to run for a week!"

Croisset was searching in his pockets.

"I have lost it!" he cried excitedly.

"Ah, come to think, *m's'eur*, I gave the cross to my Mariane before I went into the south. But I will take your word."

"And who is Mariane, Jean?"

"Mariane is my wife, *m's'eur*. Ah, *ma belle Mariane—ma chérie*—the daughter of an Indian princess, and the granddaughter of a *chef de bataillon*! Could there be better than that? And she is be-eautiful, *m's'eur*, with hair like the top side of a raven's wing with the sun shining upon it, and—"

"You love her a great deal, Jean?"

"Next to the Virgin, and—it may be—a little better!"

He had severed the rope about the engineer's legs. As he raised his glowing eyes, Howland reached out and put both hands upon his shoulders.

"And in just that way I love Mélisse," he said softly. "Jean, won't you be my friend? I don't want to escape. I'm not a coward. Won't you think of what your Mariane might do—and be a friend to me? You would die for Mariane if it was necessary. And I would die for the girl back on that sledge!"

He staggered to his feet, and pointed into the forests through which they had come.

"I saw her in the firelight, Jean. Why is she following us? Why do they want to kill me? If you would only give me a chance to prove that it is all a mistake—that I—"

Croisset reached out and took his hand.

"*M's'eur*, I would like to help you," he interrupted. "I liked you that night when we came in together from the fight on the trail. I have liked you since. And yet, if I was in their place, I would kill you even though I like you. It is a great duty to kill you. They did not do wrong when they tied you in the coyote. They did not do wrong when they tried to kill you on the trail. But I have taken a solemn oath to tell you nothing; nothing beyond this—so long as you are with me,

and that sledge is behind us, your life is not in danger. I will tell you nothing more. Are you hungry, *m's'eur*?"

"Starved!" said Howland.

He stumbled a few steps out into the snow, the numbness in his limbs forcing him to catch at trees and saplings to save himself from falling. He was astonished at Croisset's words, and more confused than ever at the half-breed's assurance that his life was no longer in immediate peril. To him it meant that Mélisse not only had given him timely warning, but was now playing an active part in preserving his life.

This conclusion added to his perplexity. Who was this girl, who, a few hours before, had deliberately lured him among his enemies, and who was now fighting to save him? The question held a deeper significance for him now than when he had asked himself the same question at Prince Albert.

When Croisset called for him to return to the camp-fire and breakfast, he trod once more upon the forbidden ground.

"Jean, I don't want to hurt your feelings," he said, seating himself on the sledge, "but I've got to get a few things out of my system. I believe this Mélisse of yours is a bad woman!"

Like a flash Croisset struck at the bait which Howland threw out to him. He leaned a little forward, a hand quivering on his knife, his eyes flashing fire. Involuntarily the engineer recoiled from that animal-like crouch; from the black rage which was growing each instant in the half-breed's face. Yet Croisset spoke softly and without excitement, even while his shoulders and arms were twitching like a forest cat about to spring.

"*M's'eur*, no one in the world must say that about my Mariane, and next to her they must not say it about Mélisse. Up there"—and he pointed still farther into the north—"I know of a hundred men between the Athabasca and the Bay who would kill you for what you have said; and it is not for Jean Croisset to listen to it here. I will kill you unless you take it back!"

Howland looked straight into Croisset's face.

"I'm glad—it's so—Jean," he breathed slowly. "Don't you understand, man? I love her! I didn't mean what I said.

I would kill for her, too, Jean. I said that to find out what you would do—"

Slowly Croisset relaxed, a faint smile curling his thin lips.

"If it was a joke, *m's'eur*, it was a bad one."

"It wasn't a joke," cried Howland.

"It was a serious effort to make you tell me something about Mélisse. Listen, Jean—she told me back there that it was not wrong for me to love her; and when I lay bound and gagged in the snow she came to me and—and kissed me. I don't understand—"

Croisset interrupted him.

"Did she do that, *m's'eur*?"

"I swear it!"

"Then you are fortunate," smiled Jean softly, "for I will stake my hope in the blessed hereafter that she has never done that to another man, *m's'eur*. But it will never happen again."

"I believe that it will—unless you kill me."

"And I shall not hesitate to kill you if I think that it is likely to happen again. There are others who would kill you, knowing that it has happened but once. But you must stop this talk, *m's'eur*. If you persist, I shall put the rawhide over your mouth again."

"And if I object—fight?"

"You have given me your word of honor. Up here in the big snows the keeping of that word is our first law. If you break it, I will kill you."

"You're a cheerful companion!" exclaimed Howland, laughing in spite of himself. "Do you know, Croisset, this whole situation has a good deal of humor as well as tragedy about it. I must be a most important person, whoever I am. Ask me who I am, Croisset!"

"And who are you, *m's'eur*?"

"I don't know, Jean. Fact, I don't! I used to think that I was a most ambitious young cub in a big engineering establishment down in Chicago; but I guess I was dreaming. Funny dream, wasn't it? Thought I came up here to build a road somewhere—but my mind must have been wandering again. Ever hear of an insane asylum, Croisset? Am I in a big stone building with iron bars at the windows, and are you my keeper, just come in to amuse me for a time? It's kind of you, Croisset, and I hope that some day

I shall get my mind back so that I can thank you decently. Perhaps you'll go mad some day, Jean, and dream about pretty girls, and railroads, and forests, and snows—and then I'll volunteer to be your keeper. Have a cigar? I've got just two left."

"Yes, I will smoke, *m's'eur*. Is that moose steak good?"

"Fine. I haven't eaten a mouthful since years ago, when I dreamed that I sat on a case of dynamite just about to blow up. Ever sit on a case of dynamite just about to blow up, Jean?"

"No, *m's'eur*. It must be unpleasant."

"That dream was what turned my hair white, Jean. See how white it is—whiter than the snow!"

Croisset looked at him a little anxiously as he ate his meat, and at the gathering unrest in his eyes Howland burst into a laugh.

"Don't be frightened, Jean!" He spoke soothingly. "I'm harmless. But I promise you that I will become violent unless something reasonable occurs pretty soon. Hello, are you going to start so soon?"

"Right away, *m's'eur*," said Croisset, who was stirring up the dogs. "Will you walk and run, or ride?"

"Walk and run, with your permission."

"You have it, *m's'eur*—but if you attempt to escape I must shoot you. Run on the right of the dogs—even with me. I will take this side."

Until Croisset stopped again, in the middle of the afternoon, Howland watched the backward trail for the appearance of the second sledge, but there was no sign of it. Once he ventured to bring up the subject, but the half-breed did no more than reply with a hunch of his shoul-

ders and a quick look that warned the engineer to keep his silence.

After their second meal the journey was resumed, and by referring occasionally to his compass Howland observed that the trail was swinging gradually to the eastward. Long before dusk, exhaustion compelled him to ride once more upon the sledge. Croisset seemed tireless, and under the early glow of the stars and the red moon he still led on the worn pack until at last it stopped on the summit of a mountainous ridge, with a vast plain stretching into the north as far as the eyes could see through the white gloom.

The half-breed came back to where Howland was seated upon the sledge.

"We are going but a little farther, *m's'eur*," he said. "I am sorry, but I must replace the rawhide over your mouth and the thongs about your wrists. I will leave your legs free."

"Thanks," said Howland. "But, really, it is unnecessary, Croisset. I am properly subdued to the fact that fate is determined to play out this interesting game of ball with me; and no longer knowing where I am at, I promise you to do nothing more exciting than smoke my pipe, if you will allow me to go along peaceably at your side."

Croisset hesitated.

"You will not attempt to escape—and you will hold your tongue?" he asked.

"Yes."

Jean drew forth his revolver and deliberately cocked it.

"Bear in mind, *m's'eur*, that I will kill you if you break your word. You may go ahead!"

And he pointed down the side of the mountain.

(To be continued)

ETERNAL SPRING

WITHOUT the wind doth bitter blow.
And icy is the air;
The meadows lie encased in snow,
And all the trees are bare.

Midwinter? Aye, that's what they say
Who reckon by the chart;
Yet love within with songs of May
Brings springtime to the heart!

John Kendrick Bangs

WESTERNERS IN WALL STREET

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN Colonel Robert C. Clowry came to New York from Chicago to assume the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company, a friend gave him a luncheon at the Lawyers' Club. He wanted the colonel to know some New Yorkers, and not be lonely during the first period of his residence in the great city. Twenty-four men sat down to the table. Instead of finding himself among strangers, Colonel Clowry met a great many old-time friends. A poll was taken to find out where the guests hailed from. Only one man was born in New York. All the rest, and the list was a miniature "Directory of Directors," were Westerners, part of the vast human toll that New York takes of the rest of the country.

That luncheon was typical of similar gatherings in New York. The one-time stranger within the gates is the rule; the native son is the exception.

While all sections have poured their tribute of youth, brains, and energy into the hungry maw of New York, the West has done so to a remarkable degree. The rich blood of a free young region has mingled with the Knickerbocker blue, affording a much-needed replenishment for broken-down strains. To Eastern conservatism the West has brought the quickening and broadening sense of real democracy.

Turn where you will in the swift march of metropolitan events, and you will find the hardy impress of the Westerner. Although he has successfully invaded all callings, perhaps nowhere has he made so much of his opportunities as in the glittering market-place where the golden fetters of money-power are forged. The hazard of large chance has drawn him irresistibly, and the game of million-making has found in him a consistent and steady player. When you look for the

financial captains of to-morrow, you find him leading all the rest.

THE OLD GUARD FROM THE WEST

To-day the average Westerner comes to New York to make his fortune; a generation ago, like his contemporary colleague, the Pittsburgh millionaire, he came to New York to spend it. The first Westerners who invaded the money precincts had about them the glamour of the gold discovery on the Pacific coast. They had wrested out of the rocks what in those days seemed to be enormous fortunes. They were a hardy and masterful lot. Bonanza finds had lifted them from poverty to affluence.

From the land of gold, in that early era, came men of the type of Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, John W. Mackay, Darius O. Mills, and James R. Keene. Few of them were actually born in the West, but they went there as young men, and became so thoroughly Westernized in character and method that they came to typify the qualities of the region.

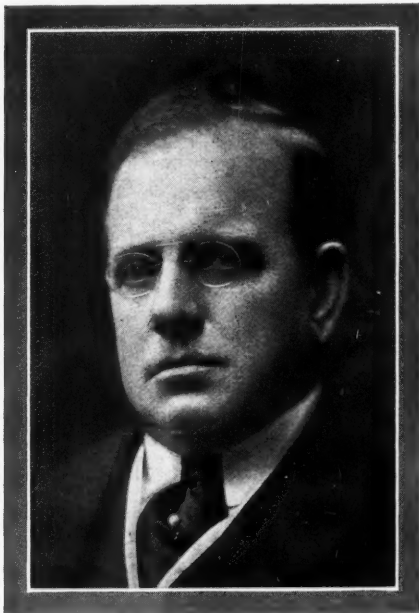
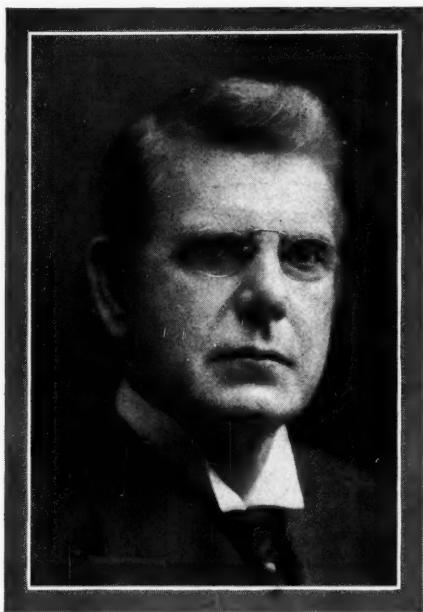
There are now but two prominent survivors of that strenuous day in New York—Mr. Mills and Mr. Keene. It is an interesting commentary on his Western experience that to-day, at the somewhat remarkable age of eighty-seven, Mr. Mills is able to take daily part in the grinding Wall Street game. He was born up the Hudson River in New York State, but the early California gold excitement lured him westward. He sailed for the Golden Gate by way of the Horn, with a shipload of miners' commodities. Out of these he made the stake that started him millionward.

He came back to New York with a few millions; they have become many millions. He built the first real sky-scraper in Wall Street, and is said to have paid for it out of the proceeds of a tip on Lake

Shore given him by his friend William H. Vanderbilt. To-day his interests extend from ocean to ocean, from office-buildings in San Francisco to the directorate of the New York Central Railroad. He dominates the power trust at Niagara Falls, and he is a factor in New York's chain of great trust companies.

was caught up in the whirl of the fascinating pursuit, and he has not stopped since. He started on a trip to Europe by way of New York; he heard the siren call of Wall Street, and he heeded it. He gave up his foreign travels to tread the more precarious path of manipulation.

He was a born trader, and it was nat-



WILLIAM H. MOORE AND JAMES H. MOORE—BORN IN NEW YORK STATE, THE MOORE BROTHERS WERE LAWYERS IN CHICAGO WHEN THEY BEGAN THEIR REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS PROMOTERS OF INDUSTRIAL AND RAILROAD CORPORATIONS

From copyrighted photographs by Mishkin, New York

The most picturesque survivor of the good old Western school, however, is James R. Keene. Though he has been enmeshed in the tape of the Wall Street ticker for many decades, he is still Western in his method and conversation. The master market-maker of his time, he has borne the brunt of more speculative conflict than any other operator in the game.

As a young man, he practised law and journalism in San Francisco. Out of a haphazard investment of a few hundred dollars in a mining property, he suddenly found himself the possessor of what seemed to be a fortune. It was a time when the coast was mining mad; cooks, maids, and waiters—master and man—were in a frenzy of speculation. Keene

was not a destructive bear. It was he who "planted" Amalgamated Copper for the Standard Oil crowd; it was he who was hurled into the panic-ridden tumult of the market when Hill and Harriman were lined up for the mastery of the Northern Pacific. He saved that indigo day for the Hill forces, too.

Mr. Keene is lithe, nervous, and a

furnace of energy. To see him watch the tape unfold its fateful record is to see the Spirit of Speculation incarnate. When he passes from the Street, the West will

come to New York. Anxious to stamp themselves as old New Yorkers, it may be, or because they yield more easily to environment than the rugged Westerner



PAUL MORTON, BORN IN NEBRASKA, FORMERLY A WESTERN RAILROAD MAN
NOW PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

From a copyrighted photograph by Clineinst. Washington

have lost its most distinctive and forceful figure among the great speculators.

OUR MOST WESTERN WESTERNER

Many men drop their Western ways, as they would throw off a coat, when they

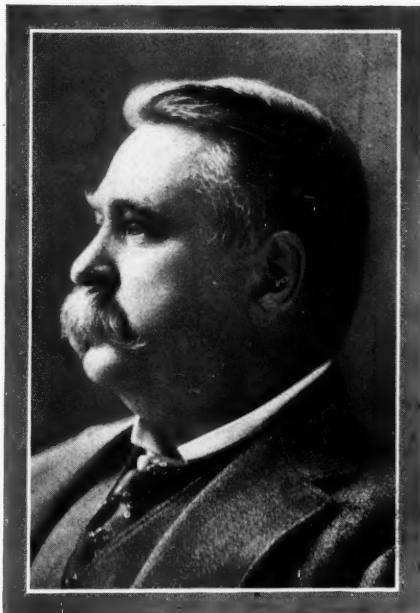
is supposed to do, they abandon the traits of speech and manner that would distinguish them among their associates, and allow themselves to be merged into Wall Street's composite mass.

A striking exception to this general

rule is Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He is one of the most conspicuous Western men in New York, and the one who is most a Westerner. Born in Nebraska ten years before it became a State, and spending many of his later years in Colorado and along the old Santa Fé trail, after steel rails had converted it into the Atchison Railroad, he has all of the candor, courage, vigor, and democracy of the old frontiersman, with the culture of the born gentleman.

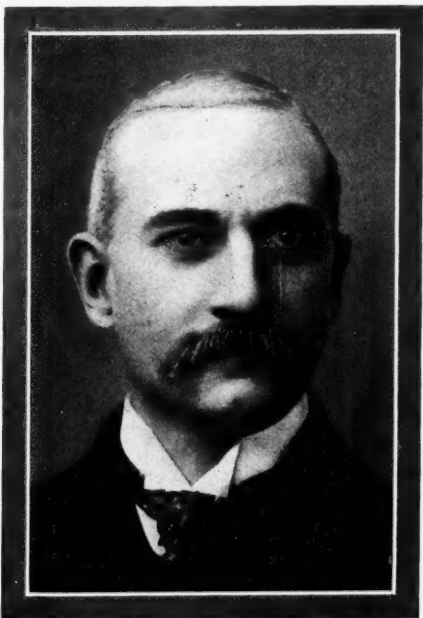
He ranks men above money, and his ambition runs to the accomplishment of big things rather than to the mere accumulation of millions. His Americanism is intense, but his heart is in the great West, and he never tires of telling of its resources and its wonders. In Wall Street he is known as a "missionary from the West," because of his constant effort to bring about a better understanding between the East and the West and to wipe out all sectional feeling. He is so modest that he dislikes to see his name in print, but he has the easy confidence in himself of the true Westerner.

A tremendous worker during long hours, he is one of the most accessible



JOHN W. GATES, WHO WAS A BARBED-WIRE SALESMAN IN TEXAS BEFORE HE BEGAN HIS SPECTACULAR CAREER IN FINANCE

From a photograph by Falk New York



JAMES STILLMAN, THE NEW YORK BANKER AND FINANCIER, WHO IS A TEXAN BY BIRTH

men in the financial district. He sees every man who calls at his office with any reasonable demand on his time. He is recognized as one of the best judges of railroad investments in the country, and he earns his salary many times a year by knowing when to buy and when to sell the securities in which more than two hundred million dollars of the Equitable's assets are invested.

The underlying motive of Mr. Morton's life is to be of real service in the world, and, without ostentation, he has already accomplished much for the public good. No other man has been so viciously or so unjustly accused with reference to railroad rebates, yet it is known by transportation men and shippers that he was very largely responsible for the abolition of these secret discriminations. He always recognized that rebates were iniquitous—unjust alike to the railroad, to the shipper, and to the consumer. For years he fought them in private and contended against them in railroad meetings.

He even suggested to the Interstate Commerce Commission how the Elkins



THEODORE P. SHONTS, THE WESTERN RAILROADER
WHO CAME TO NEW YORK TO BECOME HEAD
OF THE RAPID TRANSIT SYSTEM

From a photograph by Bell, Washington

law, which up to that time had been a dead letter, could be made effective by an injunction restraining the roads from departing from their published tariffs. It was his testimony before the commission that developed what was going on in the way of preferential rates for the packers. It was he who first called President Roosevelt's attention to the rebate practices, with the suggestion that they be stopped by executive intervention. It was partly because of his firm stand for fair dealing between the railroads and the public that Mr. Roosevelt repeatedly urged him to enter the Cabinet. He accepted the fourth invitation, and became Secretary of the Navy.

It was to gratify his governing ambition that Mr. Morton accepted the presidency of the Equitable Life. To project himself into the turmoil of the insurance scandals, he rejected at least one offer which would have given him a larger income, but which presented no opportunity for constructive work. He came into the situation at a time when the newspaper men who were working on the greatest story of years were suspicious of every

one; and it was not surprising that they questioned his motives. They tried him out in many ways and for many days, but they never could get him to distort the truth in any degree.

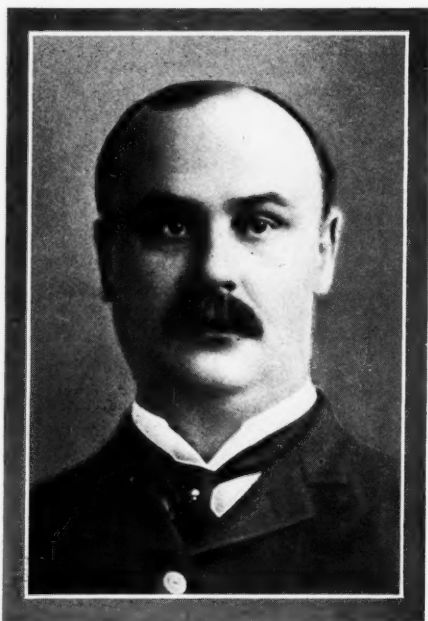
Long afterward, one of his newspaper friends was telling him how one of the biggest men in Wall Street had lied to him about an important deal.

"He was in a difficult position," said Mr. Morton thoughtfully. "If he had told you the truth, he would have jeopardized not only his own interests, but a lot of other interests that were entrusted to him. I don't know what I would have done if I had been in his place."

"I know what you wouldn't have done," spoke up the reporter quickly. "You wouldn't have lied about it."

"No, I wouldn't have lied about it," assented Mr. Morton. "I probably would have said I couldn't talk about it. A man needs a long memory to be a good liar, and my memory is very bad."

As a matter of fact, he has a marvelous memory. It used to be said of him that he was the only man on the Atchison road who could quote the rate on any



DANIEL G. REID, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A BANK-
CLERK IN INDIANA, AND WHO IS NOW AN
IMPORTANT FIGURE IN FINANCE

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

commodity from any given point to another without consulting the tariff-sheets. Once, on a tour of inspection over the system, he gave offhand the gross receipts

ods of square dealing were being adopted by many men in the financial district, simply because they had become convinced that he had profited by them.



GEORGE W. PERKINS, WHO BEGAN LIFE IN THE CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, AND WHO IS NOW A MEMBER OF THE FIRM OF J. P. MORGAN & CO.

From a copyrighted photograph by Alman, New York

of each station for the previous year, and in no case was he a thousand dollars out of the way.

Not long ago one of his admirers expressed to him the belief that his meth-

"Bosh!" was his brusque reply. And then he added: "Any man who is honest because it pays won't be honest very long, and he won't be very honest at any time."

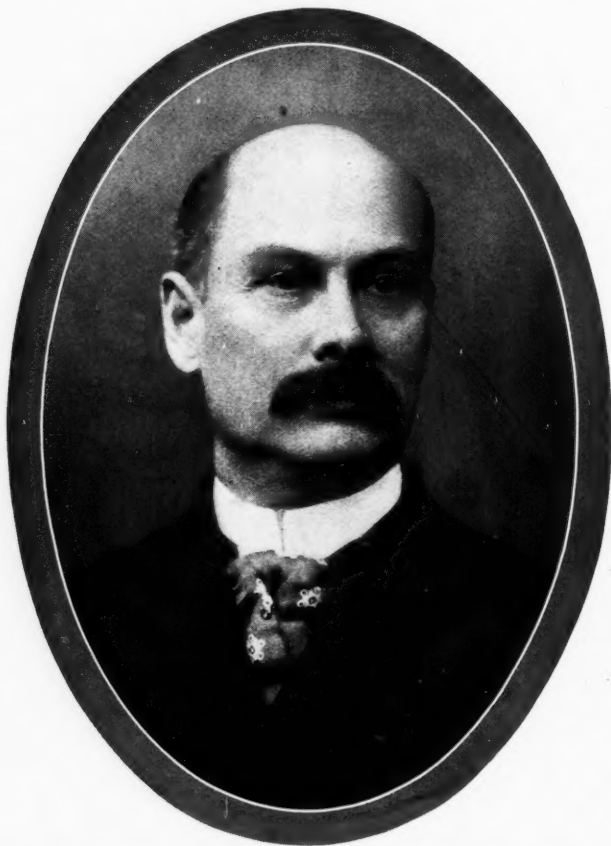
Briefly this sums up a big man who is constantly looming larger in the field of wide achievement.

GATES THE PLUNGER

A different sort of Westerner is John W. Gates, because he represents the

who are willing to attest to the fact that he is still, on occasion, selling some sort of barbed thing.

Mr. Gates bears the scars of many Wall Street battles. He has been head of a big stock-exchange house; he has financed every possible project, from the New



ELBERT H. GARY, WHO PRACTISED LAW IN CHICAGO FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE HE CAME TO NEW YORK TO BECOME CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

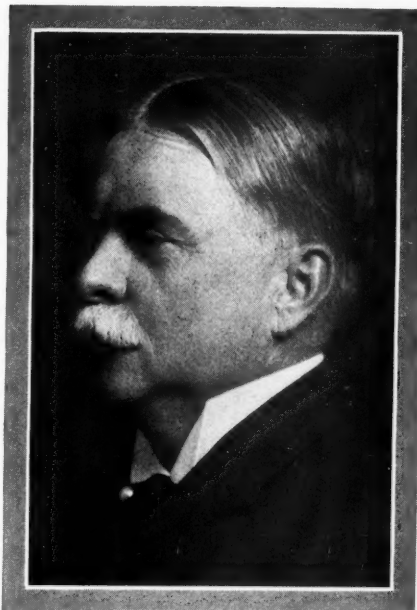
plunging contingent. In his celebrated phrase "I'll bet you a million," he sums up the sort of attitude he has taken in Wall Street. He has never been happy unless he had a few millions suspended in mid air. Mr. Gates was born on a farm in what is now West Chicago. His first job was as clerk in a hardware-store; as a young man he sold barbed wire in Texas, and there are a good many people

who are willing to attest to the fact that he is still, on occasion, selling some sort of barbed thing. Unlike Mr. Keene, he hunts with a brass band, but his strategy is interesting.

The story of how he acquired control of the Louisville and Nashville is typical. Once upon a time, a certain director of this road, who lived in Louisville, came to New York to a board-meeting. At the Waldorf he met Mr. Gates, who invited him to dinner. The Kentuckian

was pleased and flattered. Under the strenuous influence of his host he became confidential, and among other things he told that there was enough Louisville and Nashville stock in the open market to secure control of the road. Mr. Gates said nothing, but the next day he unloosed his batteries, and before the day was over he had bought enough of the stock to snatch the control of it from the Belmonts, for whom he had a distinguished animosity.

When Mr. J. P.



WILLIAM H. TRUESDALE, PRESIDENT OF THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD

From a photograph by Pach, New York

Morgan heard of this coup, he sent for Mr. Gates, and said:

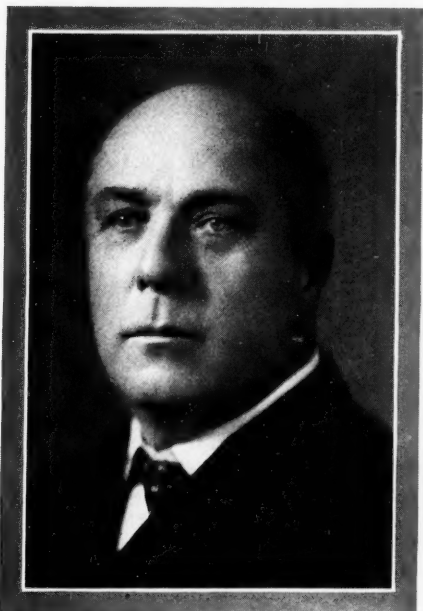
"Gates, you are not the kind of a man to control the L. and N."

"All right!" replied Gates. "Get some one better — with the price!"

Mr. Morgan did get some one else, and Gates is said to have cleared four million dollars on the deal. That is the way he works. He is the type of the aggressive speculator.

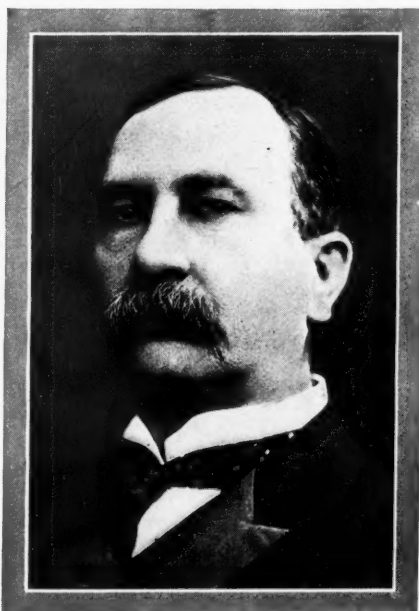
THE "ROCK ISLAND CROWD"

Ten years ago Wall Street knew



FREDERICK D. UNDERWOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE ERIE RAILROAD AND ITS ALLIED COMPANIES

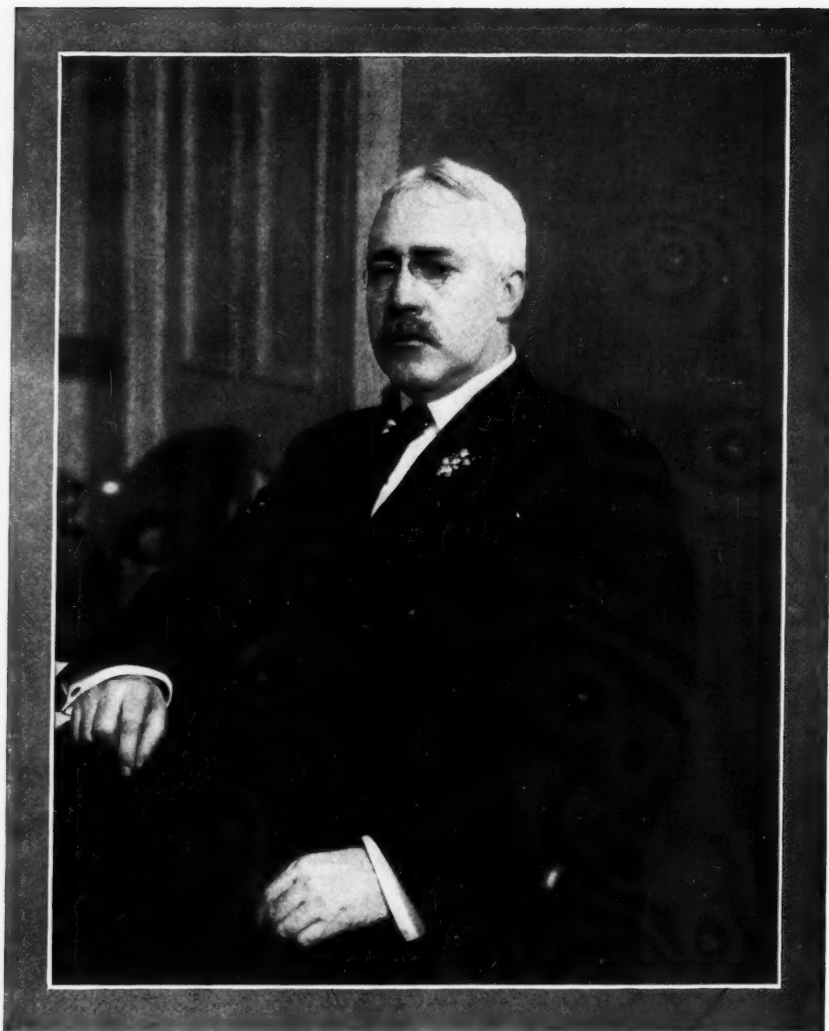
From a photograph by MacDonald, New York



B. F. YOAKUM, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ROCK ISLAND RAILWAY

From a photograph

THREE LEADING RAILROAD MEN WHO CAME TO NEW YORK FROM THE WEST



FRANK A. VANDERLIP, FORMERLY A NEWSPAPER MAN IN CHICAGO, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK IN NEW YORK, AND A POWER IN THE WORLD OF FINANCE

scarcely anything about the "Rock Island crowd"; to-day it comprises one of the most powerful groups of financiers in the country. They made their way by characteristic Western methods. Originally the "crowd" consisted of Judge W. H. Moore; his brother, J. H. Moore; Daniel G. Reid, and W. B. Leeds. Mr. Leeds died a year ago.

The Moores were Chicago corporation lawyers. In 1896 they carried on a big speculation in Diamond Match, and went

down in the collapse of that enterprise. Then they took in hand the National Biscuit Company, and became interested in tin-plate. Mr. Reid started in life as messenger in a small national bank at Richmond, Indiana; became vice-president, and then gradually widened his activities. With Mr. Leeds, he saw the immense opportunity afforded by the protection of the McKinley tariff laws to build up a tin-plate industry that would seriously rival that of Wales.

Having made large profits out of the new industry, the four men merged their interests and pooled their ambitions. They determined to get control of the Rock Island Railroad, which was so strategically placed as to make it a power in Western and Southwestern traffic, and in 1901 they started to buy the stock of the road in the open market.

Wall Street thought they were a set of Western gamblers speculating in Rock Island securities; but in nine months, and before the rest of the world realized what they were doing, they had in their hands enough stock to control the system.

Then began their remarkable career as railroad-builders. Road after road fell under their grasp. Their achievement is best summed up by this statement—it took James J. Hill twenty-two years to bring nine thousand miles of road under his control; it took the Rock Island crowd exactly four years to build up an empire of fifteen thousand miles. To-day you find the impress of this group of Westerners all over Wall Street, and that means all over the country. They touch the steel corporations, a dozen railroads, and many great industrial enterprises. In some respects they are still Westerners, as is summed up in a remark once made by Judge Moore:

"If Christopher Columbus had landed in California, Maine would not yet have been discovered."

YOAKUM THE RAILROAD-BUILDER

Through the Rock Islanders, another stalwart Westerner found his way to Wall Street. Repeatedly, in the development of their railroad ambitions, when they aimed at a certain point, they found one man who had got there just ahead of them. When they had made their way into St. Louis, for example, and wanted a line running southward to connect with the Choctaw, they learned that this man had the only connection—the St. Louis, Memphis and Southwestern. When they decided to go into New Orleans, once more they discovered that this same man had preceded them, because his own road, the St. Louis and San Francisco, had made an alliance with the Southern for this very purpose.

"We shall have to get this man," they

said, and thus it followed that B. F. Yoakum tied up with the Rock Island crowd and became one of them.

This sturdy, broad-shouldered, plain-talking Texan has built more actual miles of railroad than any other man in the United States. He has not forgotten, and he does not want to forget, that he once punched tickets on a jerkwater Texas line. When he goes up and down the mighty steel path of the Rock Island, he often rides in the day-coach, so that he can keep in touch with the employees and the people he serves.

He knows more of his constituents than any other big railroad official in the country. Bill Jones, the conductor on a local out of Brownsville, writes to Mr. Yoakum about the county fair, and gets an answer. Because he regards himself as one of the people, he has the affection of the Texans. He would rather be Governor of that State than hold any other public office.

He brought to the mysterious circles of Wall Street a desire for publicity in railroad affairs. He is now chairman of the executive committee of the whole Rock Island system, and he will tell you, if you ask, that he is still a Texan in feeling and faith, and only a New Yorker by association.

THE FORCEFUL SHONTS

Theodore P. Shonts, president of the Interborough - Metropolitan Company, which controls the underground and elevated railways of New York and owns a majority of stock in the bankrupt surface lines, is another Westerner who has made a deep impression on the golden giants of Wall Street. He and Paul Morton are intimate friends, and they are much alike in their independence of thought and action.

Shonts seeks difficult positions for the pleasure of mastering them. When the work they involve becomes routine, they lose all interest for him. He regards impossibilities as opportunities, and when he needs a rest he tackles a new and harder job.

As chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, he did a work whose magnitude is not yet appreciated except by engineers. In a space of time far below the most optimistic estimate, he cleaned

up the Isthmus and converted it from a death-trap into a place so healthy that its mortality is below that of most American cities; built homes and hotels for the thousands of workmen who were put to work on the canal as soon as they could live there decently and safely and be operated efficiently; established a line of refrigeration from New York across the Isthmus to Panama, so that the workers could be supplied with fresh meat and vegetables at cost prices; bought many millions of dollars' worth of machinery without so much as a whisper of favoritism or graft; and planned the whole construction of the canal, whether it should be built by the government or by contract. After that, it was simply a question of "digging a ditch," and he resigned, as he had told the President he would prefer to do as soon as he had carried the work "from chaos to construction."

"I'll make it possible for some one else to dig the canal," he said when he accepted the chairmanship, "but I won't build it. I'm no ditch-digger!"

With his work at Panama completed, the management of New York's traction-lines, with all the alluring difficulties that had proved the despair of others, was held out to Shonts, and he accepted. Those who knew him smiled at the oft-expressed suggestion that he would prove merely a tool for Thomas F. Ryan or August Belmont, who were then the dominant factors in New York's transportation affairs. They had not long to wait for proof of their judgment, for it was soon made evident that T. P. Shonts was the real as well as the titular head of the company. It has become a habit with him to dominate any situation in which he is interested.

"Shonts forcefulness" quickly began to be talked about. The vitality which he put into the English language, and the manner in which he made it sizzle, when occasion demanded, fairly took away the breath of some of those who considered themselves partly responsible for the direction of affairs, but who were not always willing, at first, to follow the lead of the president. They said they thought some one had smuggled a rapid-fire gun into the board-room and turned it loose on them.

His new responsibilities, he found, greatly exceeded his expectations, but that only increased his pleasure as he set himself to working out the difficulties involved in handling more than a million people every day in the year, all demanding speed and more speed, and most of them traveling in one direction during two hours in the morning, and in the opposite direction during two hours in the evening.

In addition to his duties in New York, he is president of the Chicago and Alton, the Minneapolis and St. Louis, the Iowa Central, and the Toledo, St. Louis and Western, all of which railroads have been greatly improved and put on a dividend-paying basis under his skilful management. If he did not have to sleep, he probably would be president of several other lines in which he and his friends are interested. Knowing this, one of his friends said to him, during a particularly trying time:

"If I were you, I would go out West, take the presidency of those roads, consolidate them, and build them up and develop the country. You would be a big man out there—as big as you are here—and you would escape all the troubles that go with this job."

His prompt reply illustrated his point of view.

"There are other railroad consolidations," answered Mr. Shonts, "but there is only one New York transit problem, and I have an ambition to be the man who will solve it."

THE STEEL MILLIONAIRES

When you stop to realize that the United States Steel Corporation is a billion-dollar concern; that it is the very throne of a dominant industry, and that the sun never sets on some activity in its securities, you begin to get an idea of the large authority that is vested in the chairmanship of its executive board and of its finance committee. This is the post held by Judge Elbert H. Gary, another Westerner who has made his impress on Wall Street.

It has not been a lifetime since Judge Gary was a young and unknown lawyer in Wheaton, Illinois. After he had got all the honors that his native town could give him, he went to Chicago to practise.

He was caught up in large corporate affairs, and helped to organize the Federal Steel Company. When Mr. Morgan had his marvelous dream of steel empire, it was natural that his choice should fall on Judge Gary for a leading place in its government. The board over which he presides could buy up half a dozen minor kingdoms.

In this empire of steel there is a group of notable figures—such men as Andrew Carnegie, Henry Phipps, Henry C. Frick, Charles M. Schwab, and William E. Corey—who stand somewhat outside the scope of the present article. They are scarcely Westerners, though they might be called near-Westerners. In New York they represent the millions that were won from the profits of the great iron industries centering in Pittsburgh, and from the financial coups that brought about the formation of the United States Steel Corporation.

THE MAN OF THE CITY BANK

No less imposing, in a different way than Judge Gary's, is the authority wielded by a fellow Illinoisan, Frank A. Vanderlip, for behind Vanderlip to-day is the far-reaching power of New York's mightiest financial institution, the National City Bank, with a capital of twenty-five millions and resources of more than half a billion.

Twenty years ago, Vanderlip was a reporter in Chicago. Once he went to interview Lyman J. Gage. He asked so many intelligent questions that the old banker inquired:

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No," replied Vanderlip, "but I have been looking up this matter."

Herein is the key-note of his success. When Mr. Gage became Secretary of the Treasury, he remembered this question-asking reporter, and made him an assistant. Then James Stillman discovered him and brought him into the City Bank. He showed him a desk, and said, "Be vice-president."

He came into a perfectly organized institution, and he had to make a place for himself. More than this, he had invaded the stronghold of silence, for the City Bank was the Harriman-Standard Oil bank, and it was the day before the sphinxes of Wall Street had found their

tongues. Mr. Vanderlip had the Western spirit; he believed in free speech, and it was largely due to his efforts that publicity lighted one hitherto dark part of the citadel of finance.

With the exception of Paul Morton and J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., no one of the younger financial chieftains of the Street is entrenched behind so much power as Mr. Vanderlip.

OTHER BIG MEN FROM THE WEST

No less spectacular has been the rise of George W. Perkins, who was a life-insurance rustler at twenty-one and a vice-president of the New York Life at thirty-one. He, too, was born in Illinois, and is part of the group of Western men who lift a significant voice in the money councils. For eight years he has been an active member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. His position in the United States Steel Corporation is one of importance and power, and through his connection with Mr. Morgan he is in a dozen railroad and industrial directorates.

To revert to Texas for a moment, it is interesting to note that one of the kings of Wall Street first saw the light of day in the Lone Star State, although he spent little of his time within its boundaries. I refer to James Stillman, former president of the National City Bank, now chairman of its board; one of the best-known and most feared figures in Wall Street for many years. He was the late E. H. Harriman's close ally, offensively and defensively, and he has long occupied a financial position of extraordinary strength.

To continue the list of Westerners in Wall Street is simply to prolong a gallery of achievement. I might cite a good many more—men of the type of W. H. Truesdale, president of the Lackawanna Railroad, who was born in Youngstown, Ohio, who was a messenger-boy earning five dollars a week when he was fifteen, and who is now worth five millions; or of F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie, who hails from Wisconsin, and who started his railroad career as brakeman on a branch line.

Here, indeed, in these and other sons of the great West, is a strain that has added blood, brains, and sinew to our financial forces.

THE PARASITE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HOPPS," "THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY," ETC.

"DON'T you think you are making a mistake?" she asked.

"In making love to such a wonderful creature as you?" I replied.

"I should say not!"

"But papa—"

"Have you been telling him about me?"

"He has been asking."

"That shows that I am making an impression even upon him!"

"I am afraid—"

"Look here, dear," I said, inadvertently and yet positively taking her hand.

"What is the matter? Do you doubt that I can take care of you?"

"That isn't it. Papa is such a martinet. He declares that I shall never marry a man who has not some regular business."

"But I have a regular business."

She opened her eyes.

"What is it?"

"Making love to you."

"Don't be silly! He will never consent. Really, it is quite serious. Besides, you must know that I never, under any circumstances, would marry anybody that he did not approve of."

I reflected.

"Have you said anything about me?"

"He has inquired slightly, but I have not told him—everything."

"I hope not. Does he know that I am an idle person?"

"He suspects it. What else could you be? Why, you couldn't stay on here if you were not. Besides, you look like one."

"Thank you kindly. And why, pray, couldn't I be here? This is a pleasure-resort. Isn't it the hardest work in the world to be two weeks at any American pleasure-resort?"

"Well, yes—but you know what I mean."

At this point in the conversation I sud-

denly thought of Tom Brinton. I don't know why I thought of Tom Brinton. Strange, isn't it, how an idea like that will come floating aimlessly across one's consciousness at a critical moment! Perhaps it was by contrast; perhaps because Tom had always been such a tremendous worker. I wondered if by any possibility he could help me; and I promised myself, there and then, that I would take up the idea again the instant I had the time.

"Of course I know what you mean," I replied; "but how do you know that I haven't a work of my own?"

"You've never spoken of it."

"Men don't always speak of the thing that is closest to them." I lied so glibly that it seemed like second nature.

"Are you really a working man?" she asked curiously. "If you are, you have concealed it admirably."

I went right on following my lead.

"Why not? I have been here only two weeks. Business men often get away for that length of time. But if you doubt it," I went on, with a higher voice—a voice into which I managed to infuse a measure of injured innocence—"if you doubt it, you should see me at home in the city!"

"You never told me this before. I supposed that you did nothing. Why, you talk of Europe as if it were your regular playground. And—oh, you couldn't—you wouldn't have had time!"

I had struck an idea, and it was life or death for me to carry it out. We are all gamblers in this world. It is the man who obeys his impulse, and who has the courage to carry it out, who wins.

"Believe me," I said, "it is true. Now your father—I judge from what you say that he is on the point of making an inquiry—"

"Well, yes."

"Did he say that he was going to look me up?"

"Do you want to know what he really said?"

"I most certainly do."

She turned her wonderful eyes upon me. It is all very well to say, friends, that those little moments in life in which a man and a woman stand together, and talk idly about love, are not freighted with destiny. Why, many a time, an empire has turned on the uplift of a woman's eyes. And here we were disposing of our combined futures as if the matter were of no more consequence than an engagement for a dance.

"He said," she went on, "that he had noticed you were having an effect upon me. You couldn't delude him, at his age, he declared. He had been through the mill. He said there was one thing that he wouldn't tolerate in his family—an idle young man. It didn't make any difference how much money you had; you were a parasite on the body politic—those were the very words he used. They made a terrible impression on me. Think of calling you a parasite!"

"No doubt I deserved it," I replied humbly. "Go on!"

"He said he knew you meant to get me if you could. He could see it in your eye; but he wouldn't stand for it. He said you were a young man of determination, whatever else could be said of you, and he thought the thing had gone far enough. He would take me away instantly, and shut off the whole affair, unless you could satisfy him. He was going to write to some one in the city, I believe, and find out about you."

My mind was made up. I saw that something desperate must be done at once. I remembered Tom Brinton's letter, reposing in my pocket—the letter in which he said that he thought he might have to quit for a week or so.

"Very well, my dear," I said, "I understand. Now, let me tell you that I am only too eager to have your father look me up. Here is my address." I tore off the top of Tom's business letter. "He will find me there any time he wants me. I am going back there at once—by the first train. And if your father wants to look me up there, I shall only be too happy to have him. But I warn him that if he doesn't show up within a reasonable length of time, I shall consider that silence gives

consent, and that I have a perfect right to continue our—our—"

I put my arms around her sternly, and kissed her before she could prevent me.

"Our love-story!" I whispered.

Then, leaving the dear girl, all amazement, with Tom's address in her hand, I marched off to pack up. I was certainly much interested in her—more so than I had thought possible.

II

I ENTERED Tom's office promptly the next morning at nine o'clock. He whistled when he saw me.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, holding out his hand.

I explained briefly.

"And now I have a proposition to make to you," I said. "It's a matter of life or death to me. You let me run your business for you, and you go away and rest up. The old gentleman is bound to come in. I want to show him that I am a working man. If he sees me sitting here in your place, he will have to believe me. He won't know the difference."

"But, my dear Jack, what do you know about this business?"

"Nothing. I don't have to. I've got common sense, haven't I? I am a gentleman, am I not? I can read and write. You have clerks. I have tact. Why, my dear fellow, you can run any business on earth if you have tact enough!"

"And nerve," added Tom, smiling.

"Well, yes. What do you say?"

Tom, in reply, touched a bell. A boy appeared.

"Ask Mr. Smith to come here. Smith is my right-hand man, Jack."

Smith appeared. Tom got up.

"Smith, this is my confidential friend, Mr. Trayne. He will run this business until I return, and you are to give him all the help he needs. I will have a power of attorney made out at once, and leave him in entire charge."

"Very well, sir," said Smith.

"And Mr. Smith," I said, lighting a cigarette, "if, within the next week or so, a fine old gentleman calls and asks for me, please give him to understand that I am the whole thing—and have always been here."

"You understand, Smith?" supplemented Tom.

"I understand," repeated Smith, departing.

Tom turned to me.

"Old man," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if you ruined me—but I suppose I'll have to see you through."

"I'll never forget it, old chap!" I replied, with difficulty restraining my tears.

III

I HAD to wait a week; but at length the important moment arrived. The old gentleman dropped in to see me.

"So this is where you hang out," he said, dropping into a chair. "Well, young man, I had no idea that you were doing work like this."

"Never can tell—never can tell," I repeated, rustling a handful of mail. "Modern young man, you know, very versatile chap. Excuse me a moment, must get this wire off." I rang a bell, and Smith appeared. Smith was a wizard of intuition. "How are the collections, Mr. Smith?"

"Fair, sir—fair. Sixty thousand so far to-day."

"Well, drop a line to Pinger & Co., and tell them we will consider their offer. I want this mail to catch to-day's steamer. Send a wireless to this London house. Better start suit against that Chicago concern. That's all for the present—oh, Smith, I forgot. You might ring up the First National and ask them for the exact amount of the collateral deposited there last month. I can't remember whether it is a thousand or twelve hundred shares of Reading. And now, sir, I am with you"—turning to her father. "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

"That's all right, young man. Business is business. How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

I smiled.

"Oh, for years. We move fast in these days, sir. I manage to run off every once in a while to freshen up a bit; but it keeps me pretty well tied down. You see"—I grew confidential—"the trouble is that you never can get anybody else to do it for you. Smith is an excellent man, but I can't get very far away for any length of time."

"No, sir! You are right. Nobody else can do one's own work." The old gentleman got up. "I won't detain you."

"Nonsense! I am delighted to see you.

Take luncheon with me. I will drop in and see you this evening, if you say so. By the way—" I found myself growing nervous, in spite of an excellent control which I usually manage to exercise over myself. "By the way, sir, is—er—your daughter in town?"

"No, sir. I left her down at the Springs. Just ran up for a day or so. Sorry that I can't accept your invitation; but I'm going right back."

He held out his hand. There was a new note of cordiality in his voice. I saw that I had won. I began, even then, to plan all the details of the wedding in my mind.

"If you can get away," he said, "I would like to see you there again. Possibly you can run down for a week-end?"

"Thanks, sir, I—"

He put the tips of both hands on the desk and leaned over.

"My boy," he said, "it does me good to see a young fellow like you making good. No parasites on the body politic for me! A man must be doing something to make the world move. And so I say that I shall always be glad to welcome you; and Helen will be glad to see you, I am sure."

Once more he held out a hand. I took it with a feeling—well, I can't say just how I felt, but it wasn't altogether pleasant. Yet the stake was so great that I felt justified.

"I hope to see you soon, sir," I said, as he went out.

Then I called in Smith.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "do you think it would be wise for me to get away over Sunday—on a matter of considerable importance?"

"Business, sir?"

"Well, perhaps not strictly business, but rather necessary."

Smith shook his head. I headed him off before he could speak.

"Would Mr. Brinton go, as things look now?" I asked.

"Never, sir! He wouldn't dare leave—no, sir, not for one hour. And besides, sir"—Smith looked at me admiringly—"perhaps I ought not to say it, but you are doing so well—why, you have taken right hold! Really, you run things right up to Mr. Brinton's mark, sir—and he's a wonder. I shouldn't like to have you

break away now. I wouldn't dare do anything without you, sir."

Smith was one of those timid, faithful souls that you can't do without, but who never rise above a certain level.

"I'll stay," I said briefly.

I wouldn't have disappointed Smith for worlds. Besides, I was obliged to confess that, in spite of myself, I was becoming absorbed in the work. I had never known before the supreme delight of actually working—of doing important things. I found, to my amazement, that I could do them well. My idle life had really been a benefit to me—it was an asset of no mean proportions. It enabled me to handle the various men with whom I came in contact; and, after all, is not that the great secret of business success? I have come to believe so.

I sat down and wrote her a letter—told her the situation—that I wanted to come more than ever I could say—but duty held me.

In the meantime, where was Tom? I had been so busy that I hadn't even stopped to inquire. But would it not be advisable for me to drop him a line, and—

I stopped and thought. The moment he came back, I should have to give it all up.

There was the girl on the one side, and on the other side this tremendous new idea, which somehow had aroused all the latent energy in me. I was between two fires. The moment Tom appeared, I could go to her. I longed for her, in flashes, between the stresses of business, so to speak; but when I thought of going back to that world of idleness, it was intolerable. I hated myself for it.

And so I put off the fatal day until one morning, a week later, Smith appeared with a yellow paper in his hand.

"Wire from Mr. Brinton, sir. He'll be here this morning."

I started. So the end had come! The matter was being decided for me by the fates.

Suddenly, behind Smith, appeared two figures. One was Tom, and the other—could it be possible?—the old gentleman.

Smith withdrew.

"Well, old chap!" said Tom, greeting me cordially, and yet with a slight show of embarrassment. "What do you suppose I have been up to? Quite by accident, I went down to the place you left—the Springs—and I met her, and here's her father, and I am going to marry her!"

The old gentleman advanced.

"Young man," he said, "you lied to me. But in view of the way this little matter has turned out, I am going to forgive you."

"I am afraid you will never forgive me," said Tom humbly. "I couldn't help it, old chap. How is it?"

"I'll forgive you on one condition," I said sternly. "Kindly get out of this office, go off on your old honeymoon, and for the rest of your natural lives leave me to run this business. My dear boy, I have been making love to pretty girls all my life at pleasure-resorts, and I am glad to have an occupation that is really interesting!"

"Will you be my best man, Jack?" pleaded Tom.

I rang the bell for Smith.

"Sorry, old fellow," I replied, "but I can't spare the time. Here, Smith, get this wireless off at once!"

FACE THE LIGHT

THE man who turns his back upon the light
Finds shadows in his path in fullest sight;
But those who turn their faces toward it find
That gloomy shades at once are left behind.

Hence, day or night,

Face thou the light—

That way achievement lies,

And the content that speaks of Paradise,

Unvexed by shadows cold and dark and gray,

That dog our earthly way.

Blakeney Gray

JUDGE LOVETT, SUCCESSOR TO E. H. HARRIMAN

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

A YEAR ago the question, "What would happen if Edward H. Harriman should die?" would have sent a shiver down the ticker and fear and apprehension to the heart of finance. The Little Wizard of the Pacific seemed so inseparably a part of the vast fabric he had created that the very thought of it without him seemed to be the outpost of panic. Yet when the inexorable circumstance that respects neither men nor millions swept him away, there was no tumult or disorder; the fateful wheels of corporate destiny, and especially those that whirled within his empire, kept on moving without confusion and without slackening their speed.

How was it made possible? Simply because a man stepped swiftly and surely into the vacant place, and was large enough to fill it. Scarcely had the fitful fever of life ended for the tired financier up at Arden when Judge Lovett stood in supreme command of the dead general's forces. The world of railroads and of stocks realized what had happened, and felt that the accession of the new leader bespoke confidence and spelled authority. There could have been no greater tribute to the ability of the man who was projected into eminence under such dramatic conditions.

The world has become familiar with the main facts about this hardy Texan who, when he was a boy, cut railroad-ties with horny hands; who made up his mind to be a lawyer when he did not have a penny in his pocket; who slaved by day and toiled by night that he might save enough money for an education; who went through the drudgery of practical railroading that he might know all about it; and who early impressed his sagacity and forcefulness in his practise as a rail-

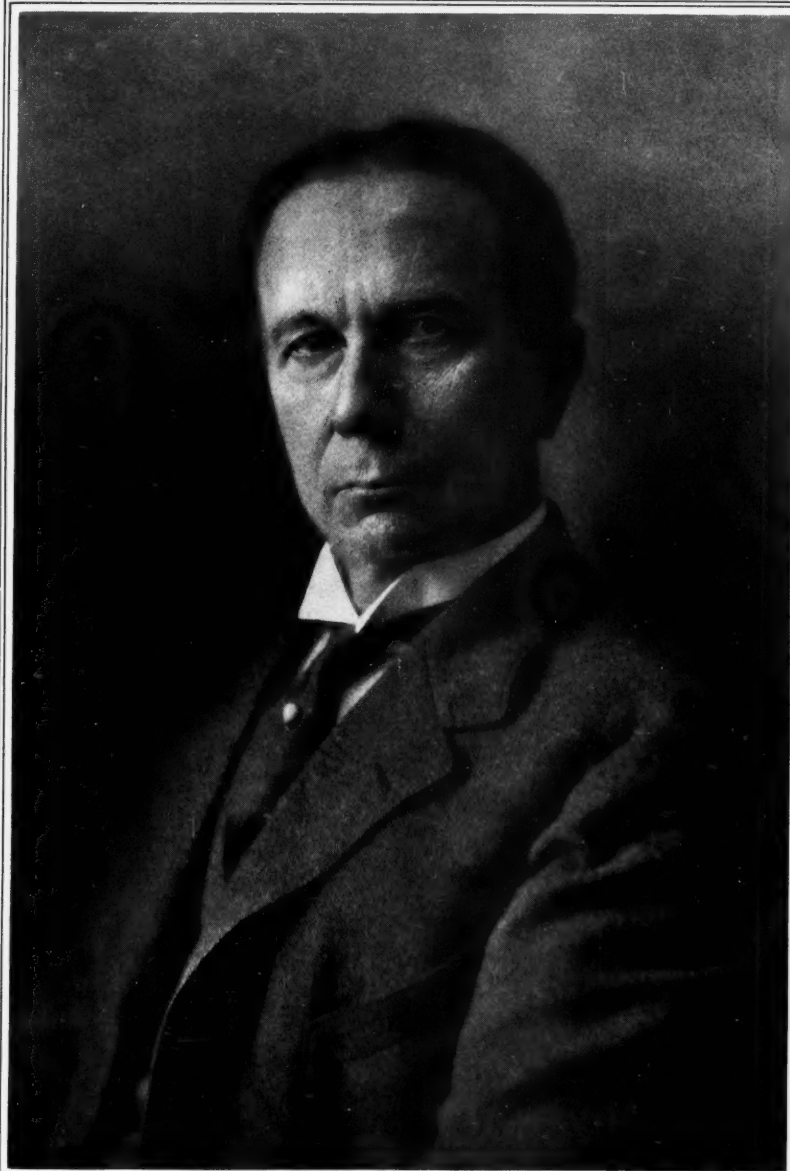
road lawyer. One by one the great captains came to him for advice. Among them were Jay Gould, Collis P. Huntington, and, finally, the spectacled little man who was the wonder and admiration of his time—Edward H. Harriman.

These straight biographical details are merely mile-points in a very significant journey. Linking and welding them are the personal qualities that have made him a leader of big forces, and it is with these that we are concerned.

The very first impression of Judge Lovett, at close range, is that he is no ordinary man. His handclasp is warm and human; his manner quiet and unobtrusive. If you saw him in a crowd, you might size him up for a country lawyer; for, despite his long association with the very rich, he has not affected smart clothes or speech. The chances are that you will find his trousers baggy and his coat wrinkled. He may not wear the latest kind of collar, and his plain necktie is barren of pin. He will probably have his spectacles down over his nose, after the fashion of a rural justice of the peace.

But when he rises to his feet, he is invested with a fine if homely dignity. He pierces you with an alert eye; and when his seamed, Lincoln-like face breaks into a smile, you feel a real presence. The simple attire seems to fall away from him, and he takes on an almost heroic proportion, which commands respect and compels admiration for the deep and masterful personality that now asserts itself. Then you realize that Mr. Harriman was a keen judge of men; that this tall Texan on whom he leaned during the latter years of his life was worthy of that confidence.

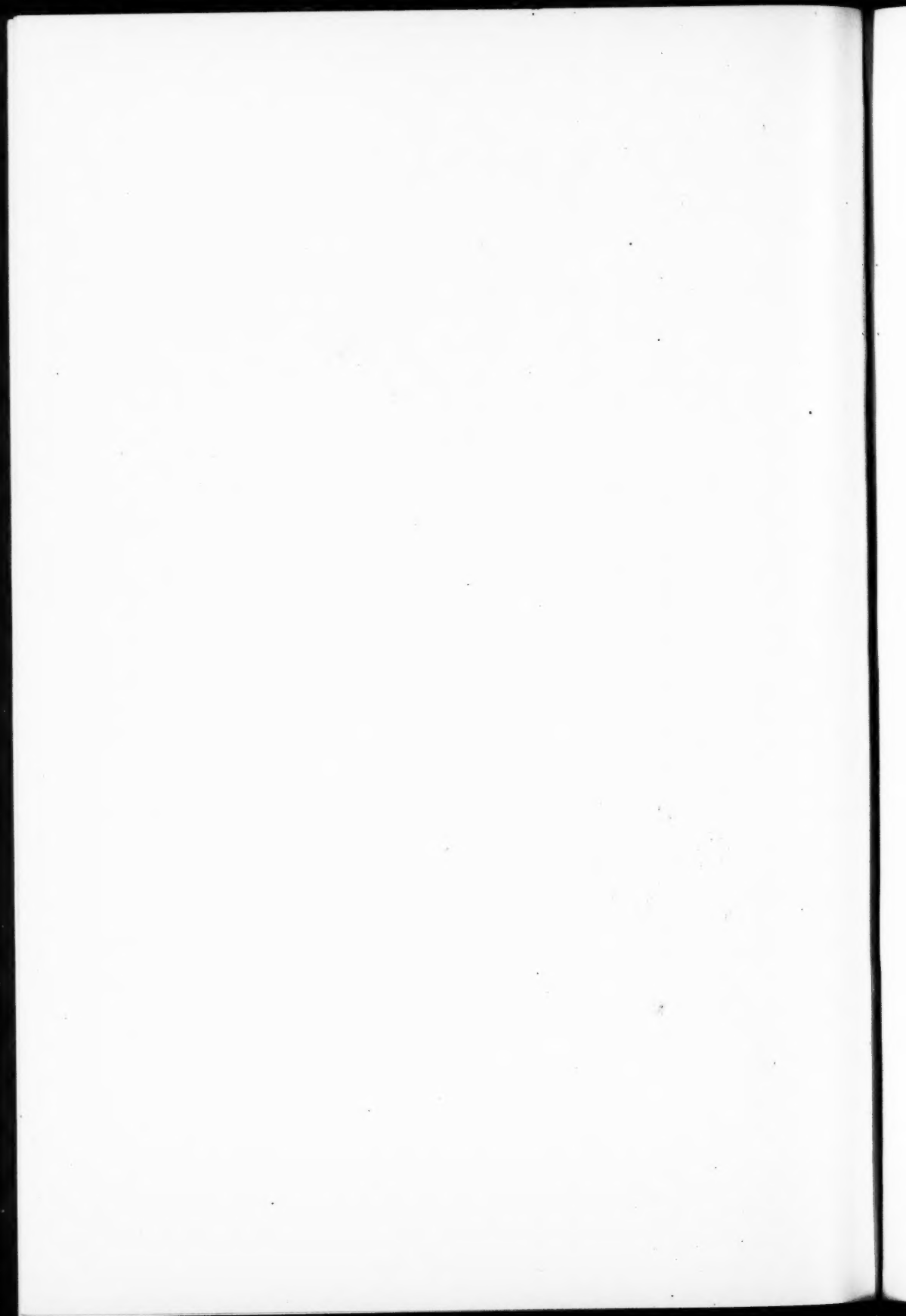
As you sit by Judge Lovett's big oak desk in that little office on the fourth floor of the Equitable Building, at 120 Broad-



JUDGE ROBERT SCOTT LOVETT,

WHO HAS SUCCEEDED THE LATE EDWARD H. HARRIMAN AS PRESIDENT OF THE
UNION PACIFIC AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROADS

From his latest photograph—copyright, 1900, by Gessford, New York



way, where Mr. Harriman so long held sway, and as you watch him in action, you will see that his methods are different from those of his late chief. Mr. Harriman was small, wiry, nervous, and—to use the homely phrase—he often talked a blue streak. He had moods when he galvanized everything and everybody about him, and the air became charged with electricity. Those were the times when things happened around the Harriman offices. But Judge Lovett never gets excited, never is flurried; and herein lies one of the secrets of his marvelous progress and of his invaluable service to Mr. Harriman.

But perhaps the most salient fact about Judge Lovett is that he is always cocksure before he lets go. As a young man, in Texas, he made it a point to learn every detail of railroading. It was no academic knowledge that he acquired, but the kind of training in a subject that you get when you eat, live, and sleep with it. There was no finer example of the value of this than in 1906, during the Alton-Union Pacific investigation in New York.

Mr. Harriman had summoned the judge up from Texas, and had installed him in his office. The case had brought together a notable array of lawyers. Some of them, in examining the witnesses for Mr. Harriman, blundered and hurt their case. Why? Simply because they did not know the technique of the railroad game; they did not know, for example, the names of those little stations along the winding way of the Union Pacific; they were not familiar with freight rates, or with the little wrinkles in the Interstate Commerce Law. When Judge Lovett took the witnesses in hand, he guided them adroitly and accurately along their course. A single question from him brought forth an answer worth fifty replies to queries that were not backed up with knowledge.

In the great fight a year later, when Mr. Harriman was struggling for the control of the Illinois Central, Judge Lovett made one or two leading lights of the metropolitan bar look like kindergarten lawyers, because he had behind his arguments the intimate, unassailable knowledge that is next kin to the law. In fact, all up and down his career you find this luminous quality in evidence. He never speaks without having something

to say, and when he argues a matter he knows all about it.

Despite his active life, you search in vain for stories and anecdotes about Judge Lovett. If you ask him, he will tell you that he has simply worked hard and kept at his job. Human-interest historians find him a hard nut to crack, for he will say nothing about himself and not much about other things. But now and then something happens that gives a hint of the man. Such an instance came when, as president of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, he received a petition signed by a great many big shippers and members of the Texas Legislature, asking him to replace negro switchmen and trackmen with white men whenever a vacancy occurred. In his reply the judge said:

I have given to the communication and petition that thorough consideration which the importance of the subject deserves, and which the character and the position of those presenting it command. The request is that white men be employed to replace negro switchmen and brakemen in the yards at Houston, "whenever a vacancy occurs." True, the discharge of the negroes now working is not asked, but you and I know that, as a practical matter, that is what the request amounts to. How long would a negro switchman working with hostile white men be able to hold his position under an arrangement giving his place, when vacant, to a white man rather than another negro?

Not only did he impress his sense of fairness to the negro, but in a single sentence he let go his whole creed:

None of the reasons suggested, and none that I have been able to think of, justifies me in committing this company in any way to a policy so much opposed to my own sense of justice to faithful servants.

This, then, is the type of man who, at the age of fifty, has come to the actual control of twenty-five thousand miles of railroad, and to influence over twice as much more; who stands at the head of interests having a total capitalization of more than five billions of dollars. To this seat of power he brings what neither Mr. Harriman, nor Mr. Hill, nor Mr. Gould, nor Mr. Morgan brought to their high positions—a legal training. In an age when the law and the corporation are intimately bound together this is an asset almost beyond measure.

HOW WE CALCIMINED THE KITCHEN

BY JOSEPHINE DIXON

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN UNREASONABLE," ETC.,

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

ANNE stopped at my flat on her way down-town to select damask for the walls of her morning room. Anne buys Aubussons with less thought than I give to a marked-down foot-mat. When she came, I was getting ready to calcimine the kitchen.

Jerry and I did our own tiny drawing-room walls ourselves. We put up the burlap, Jerry painted it, I helped to cut the stencils, and it was a beauty; but you can't ask a man who gets four hundred dollars for a picture—sometimes—to calcimine a kitchen. With the children needing winter flannels, and the gas-bills getting longer as the days got shorter, it wasn't any use talking about having a man come in to do the work; so I got the stuff and some brushes, and I had my head wrapped up and was just mounting the ladder when Anne drove up.

I suppose some people wonder what right a small and insignificant person such as I am has to such a magnificent and altogether incomparable being as Anne for a friend. Two people more unlike than Anne and myself don't grow in the same race. Anne is beautiful—regally beautiful—in a dazzling, unique way. She lives in a palace on the other side of



town. She moves in a whirl of things and among people I never hear of except through the society columns. But we were friends as children, and if Anne is your friend for a minute she is your friend for life.

She has carriages and automobiles and park-wagons and a stable of her own, while I ride in the trolley-cars, and push the baby-carriage for exercise. She says she only clings to me on account of the children, for sometimes we quarrel over the presents she gives me. Last Christmas, for instance, she gave me sable furs. You may have seen me in that coat that comes to my heels, and you've

doubtless wondered where I looted it. Well, when she came down after it had been sent in, I said:

"See here, Anne, I can't take a thing like that. Fancy me going out in my short black serge skirt that has been washed and turned three times, and a cotton shirt-waist, and a sable coat!"

She was riding the baby to Banbury Cross at the time, and she didn't pay any attention for a while. Presently she looked up and nodded.

"That's all right," she said. "I thought of the skirt. That's why I got

the coat long. Wear your kimono under it, and if you're obliged to be smart, make a little train and pin it on the bottom. That's the kind of thing we used to do in the days when we were coming up in the world."

Then she went on riding the baby. One never gets any satisfaction with Anne when there's a baby in sight. I don't remember ever having seen any one as fond of babies as she is. She comes to my flat occasionally in the evening; and puts the children to bed. She ties my cooking-apron over her dinner-gown, and gives them their baths, and tells them stories, and joins in their pillow-fights; and I have to drive her off to her engagements. After the dances, she comes by and stuffs the mail-box full of her favors, so that the children may have them early in the morning; and though I don't know much about fashionable dances, I have a strong suspicion she places things in the box that were never distributed as cotillion-favors.

But then I started to tell you how we calcimined the kitchen. When she saw me taking off my mummy-wrappings to sit down with her, she declared that if I didn't let her go into the kitchen and watch she was going straight home. The children raised such a howl at this that I had to consent, though it's no exaggeration to say there wasn't a spot as big as a dollar in the kitchen that was not already occupied by a pot or a pan.

Our landlord, you know, is the worst ever. When I asked him to have the kitchen painted, he acted like an early Christian martyr. He said he couldn't see anything the matter with the kitchen. I do believe he is color-blind, for you know yourself that drab walls hurt one's feelings as badly as tight shoes hurt one's feet. I told him so, but I believe he thought I was a mild lunatic, and he refused plump to do it over.

I waited for a day when Jerry had to spend an afternoon with Mrs. Martin, who is having herself painted for the D. A. R.'s, or the Y. M. C. A.'s, or something that won't mind it, and, as I've said I don't know how many times, I made up my mind to have the stuff all ready and slap it on myself. Anne said she thought it was a jolly idea. She rolled up the skirt of her pearl broad-

cloth, and cleared the pans off a wooden chair; and I climbed up on the table and began the work.

From where I stood I could see the footman patiently holding the carriage-rugs at the door, and exchanging anything but patient glances with the coachman on the box. Anne had a baby on each arm. Paul had her chinchilla muff over his fat legs and feet, and was scrambling over the floor with it. I called to him to stop, of course, but Anne would not let it be taken from him.

"If that beast of a landlord won't let you keep a cat, or a dog, or a goat, or anything for the kiddies to play with, I'm not going to spoil their pleasure in the next best thing to it."

As I painted, she made suggestions, telling me where it was too thin, and where the laps came. Suddenly she put the two babies down.

"I can't stand it!" she said. "What will you take to let me do it myself?"

It was just like *Tom Sawyer* whitewashing the fence, and collecting apples and other treasures for the privilege of giving over his job.

"Don't be silly, Anne!" I said, but by that time she had half of her dress off.

"Tell me where I'll find some old thing to put on," she said.

She didn't take time to wait for an answer. She flew into my bedroom, and I could hear her dragging my rag-trunk out from under the bed. Presently she came back in a rig similar to mine.

Now, Anne is one of the sort that's gorgeous in anything; but it's only on a rare occasion like this that she gives your imagination a chance. At all other times she is simply the *dernier cri*; but, as Jerry says, her beauty is like that of some pictures that don't depend at all on a harmonious frame. She's twenty-six, a year older than I am, and she looks it, just as a full-blown rose looks its glorious prime. She's all luscious curves and contours and glowing color, and when she comes into a room it's like a breeze from a sunny, wind-blown field.

Her muscles are like steel springs, too, and I've seen her carry the three babies, one swinging on her back and the others under her arms, right up from the front door to our fourth story, while she sang, "The Campbells Are Coming" in a voice

that makes all our flat-dwellers rush to their doors. In an old blue wrapper, and with a faded green scarf tied over her hair, she'd have made an artist's soul leap right out of his body. There wasn't any use expostulating with her, for she picked out a brush, opened a fresh can of calcimine, and mounted right to the top of Jerry's "heaven ladder."

"I'm going to do the ceiling," she announced. "You always hear of artists doing ceilings. You can do the side walls, but I'm an artist, and I'm going to paint this ceiling. Then I'm going to put 'MARY ANNE ARLISS' in big letters in one corner, and in future ages guides will be bringing bunches of tourists here to see my ceiling."

She talked as she splashed, admonishing the children, ordering me about, praising her own work, and leaning back at a perilous angle to admire it. I reminded her of the carriage, and she sent Paul to order it home. She was going to stay until the work was done, she said, if it took all summer. I asked her about her engagements, and she said she was to go somewhere with Lord Chillingham that day, she believed, but she couldn't remember where it was.

Lord Chillingham is visiting at the British Embassy in Washington, but he comes up to New York every day or two, and everybody has been saying that Anne has refused him. Jerry met him at the art exhibition, last month, and he has come up here to the studio half a dozen times. Anybody can see he's quite mad about Jerry's portrait of Anne, though he pretends he isn't interested in that at all; but he buys Jerry's sketches at quite appalling prices, and suggests that if he will come over to London or Paris he can get him commissions to paint a whole bunch of portraits.

I've been wanting to talk to Anne about him, but the only time I tried she snubbed me so quickly that I hadn't the courage to go on. With her on the top of a ladder, I thought I'd try it again at that safe distance.

"Are you going to marry Lord Chillingham, Anne?" I began, thinking I'd break it gently.

She wiped a long streak of calcimine that had run the length of her arm, and looked at me sadly.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" she said reproachfully.

She was splashed from head to foot with the creamy stuff. There was a bright smudge over her left eye, and her green cap had a weird rainbow effect, soaked as it was in various blends of the smeary calcimine. She stopped her painting, and, emphasizing her words with occasional flourishes of the brush, she said rapidly:

"No, I'm not going to marry Lord Chillingham. I'm not going to marry any one. I'm going to be an old maid and help to bring up the kiddies in the straight and narrow path. I don't mind telling you that if I were not I, and Lord Chillingham were not Lord Chillingham, but if we were just two ordinary people whose doings did not interest the newspapers, I would do what I could to—well, you know—but when a whole city is in league to make a helpless man loathe the day he ever heard of me, I simply haven't any chance at all. You can't think how dreadful it is, Cat! If his father had not been a leader in Parliament and his mother a descendant of William the Conqueror, or Cromwell, or some one—I never did get it straight, for I won't listen to any one who talks about it; but if it hadn't been for his fighting blood he would have skulked back to London before this.

"My mother is the worst," she went on. "She has never been satisfied with being merely rich. It's nailed in her brain that nothing can wipe the glue off our family honor until we've married a title, and the way she tries to entrap that poor man makes me blush in the middle of the night. I do the best I can for him. I never speak to him if I can help it. I leave the house whenever I hear he is coming. At dances, I always refuse to dance with him, and the number of times I've gone home when I was pining for another waltz should pave me a whole block of good intentions in heaven. It's a horrid insult to him, too, for he isn't a common little adventurer. He has almost as much money as I have, and farms and houses and everything. He is a big, ugly, rather forbidding Britisher, and I don't doubt that he would rather die than marry a common little parvenu like me!"

I protested again, but she waved the objection aside, sending a stream of paint spinning over the kitchen-range.

"Oh, you need not say we aren't parvenus! Everybody knows that father made a fortune in glue. *I'm* not ashamed of the glue. It's a very good sort of

you've made me throw a whole lot of paint right into Anne Arliss Montgomery's curls!"

She got down, led little Anne to the sink, and scrubbed her hair out; and just because it was Anne Arliss who did it, little Anne never made a single howl



PAUL CAME BACK LEADING BY THE HAND THE ONE AND ONLY LORD CHILLINGHAM

glue, and I owe it heaps of happiness and clothes and things. I never try to hide it. I keep a big, screaming bottle of it, with the original label, showing how you could hang a millstone to a plate that has been mended with it, right in the center of the library table. Mother fairly weeps over it, but I won't let the servants remove it, for I don't believe in kicking a ladder from under you while you're on the top of it; but fancy the product of Arliss's Magic Glue being thrown at the head of an Englishman whose castles were old when my progenitors came over in the steerage of a sailing vessel! Bah, it makes me sick, and now

during the process, while if I had done it there would have been screeching to be heard round the block.

II

WE had more than half finished our work. I had three walls well covered, and Anne had only a corner of the ceiling left uncolored, when some one rang. I sent Paul to the door, for neither of us was fit, you know. Next minute he came back leading by the hand not my beloved Jerry, as I expected, but—would you believe it?—the one and only Lord Chillingham.

Fortunately I was painting at the foot-

board, so I didn't have a chance to fall off the ladder, but I looked to see Anne come rumbling down. She didn't. She turned and saw him, and bowed as stiffly as her more or less precarious position would admit. Then she went on with her painting.

I am afraid I gasped and sputtered as I tried to push him out toward the studio, but he stood like the statue of William Tell after he has shot the apple off the youngster's head. Then he laughed. I wish you could hear Lord Chillingham laugh. He doesn't cackle like an American man, or boom like a German, but his laugh seems to start somewhere in his chest and come dancing out in the most enchanting bass chorus that you ever heard. It seems so odd to see such a grave-looking person enjoying himself that you just can't help joining in. Even Anne stopped her painting and turned around.

"I'm so glad you enjoy it, Lord Chillingham. I was afraid it wouldn't amuse you; but I assure you it's great fun."

"I declare it looks it!" he said, still laughing. "Do you do it often?"

"Unfortunately I don't often get a chance," she replied. "Would you like to help?"

"Would I like to?" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't I, though! May I really help you? You are not trifling with me, are you?"

I think Anne was a bit taken aback, but she was game.

"You'll find Jerry's painting-clothes in the closet in the studio," she volunteered.

I thought the joke had gone a little too far, and I told her so while Lord Chillingham was gone, but she mumbled something about not every one being able to say their kitchen had been painted by a lineal descendant of William the Conqueror.

Pretty soon he came back in Jerry's most disreputable painting-clothes, which were four sizes too small; and he plunged into the work like a boy let out of a reform-school. I don't think I ever saw a person so enchanted with work—for the reason, I suppose, that he had never done anything at once beautiful and useful in all his life.

While he splashed, he asked Anne why she hadn't kept her engagement with him, but she said she couldn't talk while she was painting, and he had to turn to me. He had come, he said, to look over some more of Jerry's sketches, never dreaming that anything so exciting was going on. He knew that something good was going to happen that day, for a black cat ran in front of him the night before as he was turning in; but he hadn't dreamed it would be so enchanting as this.

Well, we all painted as if we were being paid by the job, and we were just putting on the finishing touches when Jerry got home. When he saw who was at work on our humble walls, he fairly collapsed, and I dread to think what would have happened to his best suit if he had fallen into any of the chairs. You see, there was more calcimine on the chairs and the floor than on the walls, for amateurs always do that way; but I repeated what Anne had said about having a descendant of William the Conqueror do one's kitchen, and he laughed as if his heart would break.

After it was all done, we put back the pots and pans, and wiped off the chairs and tables; and while I made some tea, Jerry ran round to the corner bakery and bought some hot buns. We ate them in the kitchen, for Anne couldn't be dragged away until she saw how the walls would look after they were dry. Lord Chillingham was a dear, and Anne was a darling. They laughed and talked in the most human fashion, and all the ice seemed to melt and flow away.

When the conversation began to be personal, I saw Jerry flying distress-signals, but I ignored them. One doesn't get many chances, in a fourth-story flat, to participate in romances, and you couldn't have moved me with a derrick.

"It's the whitest day I have had in America!" said Lord Chillingham.

"You will probably read all about it in the newspapers to-morrow, and see a picture of yourself in a painter's smock," said Anne.

Lord Chillingham looked pleased.

"Do you think so?" he said hopefully. "How nice of the reporters! I'll send the clippings home. My family will have to admit I've done something worth while at last!"

"Perhaps they'll disinherit you," she answered.

"I'm afraid there's no such good luck for me. When a man's got anything like a title against him, he can never live it down."

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked.

"Quite," he said gloomily. "If I'd had the royal luck to be born Bill Smith, I'd have had a chance in the world. The only woman I ever wanted to please wouldn't have thought me a money-hunting cad trying to build up the family fortune. Would she, Mrs. Montgomery?"

"Don't pity yourself exclusively," replied Anne. "It's not so dreadful to be called a fortune-hunter as a title-mad American girl. Could you fancy yourself the sole heir of a fortune made in glue and of an imperishable and unsatisfied desire to be a duchess? You couldn't, I know. It would put too great a strain on your imagination. Every man with a title who has come to the States during the last ten years has had to bear the accusation of resisting my mother's match-making tendencies. Mind, I don't say she did pursue them—at least, not all of them; but every one thinks she did, and I've been jilted, according to a newspaper estimate, by at least half a dozen peers. They *will* assume, you see, that I am a party to all my friends' schemes for buying me a title out of the proceeds of the glue."

"They haven't seen you painting a kitchen ceiling, have they, Miss Arliss?" Lord Chillingham suggested.

"No, they haven't. Will you make a portrait of me doing it, Jerry? I'd like one to show to our visitors, to prove that an atavistic tendency will crop out. It would be a crushing blow to the psychologists who do not believe in inherited tendencies. There is a diary of my grandmother that we keep hidden with the rest of our family skeletons. I found it one time, and read it through. My grandfather had begun to get on in the world a bit, and he moved out of an East Side tenement into the country. The house they took was an old, ramshackle affair that had not been painted since the War of the Revolution, and my grandmother, who loved it like one of her babies, worried for weeks because it looked

so dirty. Finally she had the inspiration to wash it. She got a scrub-brush and a ladder, began at the eaves, and scrubbed every square foot of it with her own hands. You see, Lord Chillingham, when one's ancestors do things like that, you may look for all sorts of low tendencies in the descendants. You wouldn't believe it, but my mother has the very same taint in her blood. Once she refused to let me into her room. The doors were barred and locked. But I peeped through the keyhole, and what do you suppose she was doing? She had her skirts rolled up, and she was making up her bed. I don't think I was ever so near falling in love with my mother before.

"What made you do it?" I asked her afterward, and she began to cry. I never saw any one cry so easily as mother. She's always crying because I'm getting old, and because I'm still unmarried, and all that sort of thing; but that day she made a confession.

"Anne," she said, "I've got to work sometimes. My arms ache to sweep and make up beds and wash dishes. Sometimes I think that all this money is a mistake. It cuts one off so from useful things!"

"And so, you see, I'm just following along in her blind instincts. I have horribly low tastes. I'd rather scrub a baby than anything else in the world. I've long since given up any intention of marrying a title in accordance with my mother's wishes. Fancy a duke coming home and finding his wife washing out her handkerchiefs! There would be another international scandal, wouldn't there?"

It isn't nice to say it of such a darling as Lord Chillingham, but I have to admit that his jaw seemed to have dropped out of place. He might have just seen a ghost pass by.

"Are you like that, Miss Arliss?" he said.

She nodded vigorously.

"Awful, isn't it?" she inquired.

"I think it's the divinest thing I ever heard!" he said, getting red all over. "It makes the whole world another color. I—I thought—" He seemed to be fumbling all around in his mind for some way to say it. I—I thought it was so different.

I've been so afraid of you, you know. Some people make you feel that way. You seemed such a—such a queen, you know. It seemed as if you lived above the world, as it were. One couldn't think that you knew anything about—well, plain things. You know what it is that some poet or other says about the 'lilies and roses of life.' That's what I mean. It seemed as if you had the lilies and roses of life, and didn't know anything about the soil they come up out of. I've had a chill whenever I've thought of you meeting my mother and sisters. You see, they are the plain sort. They have large feet, and wear low-heeled shoes and tweed skirts. My mother works in her garden every morning before breakfast, and my sisters are always buzzing round the horses and coming into luncheon smelling like stable-boys. They don't mind walking ten or fifteen miles in the rain, but they hate to go to functions. I've never told any one else about them. I've been afraid I might get thrown out of Newport if I confessed to such things; but

you've been so jolly frank about things I had to tell you."

I thought it was just about time for me to follow Jerry into the studio, and so I left them alone. I didn't come back into the kitchen until it was time to make the lights, and I found them still hanging over the teacups. They were both pale, but Anne is glorious when she's pale, and Lord Chillingham looked like a man who has been pardoned at the gallows.

"I want to tell you first of all, Mrs. Montgomery," he said, "for I owe everything worth while in the world to you—I want to tell you that Anne says she will marry me."

Anne got up and hugged me.

"If it hadn't been for you, Cat!" she said.

I kissed her, Jerry came out and kissed her, and the babies scrambled all over her and kissed her, and I do believe I kissed the English lord square on the lips!

And that's how we calcimined the kitchen.

THE LITTLE RIVER ROAD

THE springs of Little River shine
Deep in the hollow woods of pine,
And issuing, slip between
Long, level pastures green.

But soft and shifting is their change;
No headlong falls, no vistas strange
Disturb with startling views
My brown and pleasant muse.

Hills creep between the road and town
As westward far the way runs down,
Fathoms the valley deep,
Then skirts the windy steep;

But though it climb, or though it fall,
As back I gaze from every knoll,
Still into sight they loom—
The poplars round my home.

When in the great lake, hushed and deep,
The Little River sinks to sleep,
A hundred by-paths run
Out toward the setting sun;

But not of these one golden way
Can pale my memories of the May
When first I wandered here
With thee, oh, lost and dear!

Sarah N. Cleghorn

ON SHARK'S FIN REEF

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE GIRL AT GUN-FLINT LAKE," "KING SULLIVAN," ETC.

PRESCOTT BLAIR was hard as nails and hadn't a nerve in his body; but when the laboring motor-dory stuttered and broke down, late that November afternoon, he was afraid. For his boat lay three miles outside of Meeting-House Ledge.

He berated the engine bitterly as he wrenched the fly-wheel round in vain attempts to start it. The dory veered broad on into the broken swirl of off-shore breakers, and shipped a barrel or two of icy water. Blair jumped up, peeled off his coat, and hustled the sweeps overboard.

"Got to row for that assignment, and row hard!" he grunted, slinging the heft of a big shoulder upon the starboard oar. Unwillingly the dory's nose circled into the wind, but not before a salty smother had flirted the man's sou'wester overboard.

"Fool business, this is!" puffed Blair, drenched and half strangling. "They warned me at Duxboro that I'd get caught if I tried to cross the bay; and now I *am* caught for fair, with a rising gale—serves me right!"

A vision of head-lines flashed to him, with the bitter thought:

"Wonder if *she* will see 'em! If she does, they may remind her—but what would be the use, anyhow?" His teeth bared themselves an instant in a mocking grimace. "She'd be jolly well scared *now*, I guess! No sand in an artistic temperament like hers!"

The boat, heavy with its crippled engine and the water it had taken, hung loby as a balk of timber. It hardly lifted at all to the gouging breakers, but hogged right through them, and at every surge swallowed a fresh dose of brine.

"Three miles to Meeting-House," Blair gasped, "and four beyond that to

the Downs. Seven miles against *this*—with night closing in!"

Half rising from the thwart, he ringed the horizon with a hasty glance. Off to southwestward a glimpse of glow-lights, filmed by flying spray, told him that comfortable lamps were being lit in the fisher-cottages along the cliff at Yarmport. To north and east lay nothing but the infinitude of hungering Atlantic, ridged to its vague horizon with white-fanged combers, all racing out to sea under the drive of the autumnal storm.

A slatch of icy wind buffeted him down again. Once more he dug the sweeps in, and pulled for all that was in him. Long lines of froth, churned out by the dory's slapping bow, danced aft with torn shreds of kelp on the chaotic crests.

Crack!

Blair found himself on the broad of his shoulders in the sloshing sea-water at the bottom of the dory. Before he could scramble up again with the splintered oar-shaft in his hand, the mad seas were wreaking their will upon his helpless craft. His face, dripping with the sharp salt spray, was white and writhen; his coatless body shook with the chill of the open sea; his tight-pressed lips were bloodless. There came a singing and a hammering in his ears.

Once more he steadied himself on his feet and shot a glance to seaward through the murk.

"Shark's Fin Light!" cried he. "I never thought of that!"

From far across the tortured waters a red stab of fire pierced the twilight. A wild hope was born in Blair—a hope, a plan.

Stooping, he grappled with both hands at the middle thwart. It resisted. He held fast while the dory slewed crabwise

over a thrashing crest. Then, as it swooped down sickeningly, he stamped upon the board with his heavy boot, twice, thrice. It gave. He wrenched at it with bruised hands; the tough wood splintered. He found in his grasp a rough paddle nearly four feet long.

"With *this*—!" he exulted, louder than the threnody of gale and sea.

Another vicious breaker, its summit all fringed with spume, heaved the dory high. Blair got sight again of the distant beacon, strangely flaming.

His bearings taken on the instant, he plunged his paddle overboard and wrought like a fiend.

II

SHARK'S FIN REEF lies more than ten miles right out at sea as the gulls fly—a sullen splinter of granite, straight up and down out of the hoar Atlantic.

Black it is, and ugly, despite its mosses and festooning seaweeds. Even at midsummer noontide, when the green depths cradle themselves to sleep with league-long rollers, the Fin wears its perpetual collar of snowy foam; breakers run slapping along the base of its crags and thunder in its sea-caves, or swirl among the iron stanchions of its landing-pier. When storm and winter scourge the waters, no living soul goes thither or comes thence. The heavy planking of the lighthouse platform reeks and runs with brine raked off the boiling surf by the gales. Down the windows of the lantern, two hundred feet in air, spray often trickles in rivulets to the copper gutters. And the dwelling of Uncle Mel Hathaway—ribbed as it is safe inside the oaken buttresses of the light-shaft—often booms and shudders with the impact of the hurricane.

Thus, that tempestuous night, did it shudder, till uncle's dishes clinked on his dresser. The hanging lamp over his red-covered table flared smoky protest against the sudden drafts that beat down through the open door of the shaft stairway.

Its unsteady light showed the room quite deserted. It glinted on the little thick-paned windows, against which a fine, incessant sleet was beginning to drive. It revealed, too, small feminine touches here and there. The braided

oval of rag-carpet, the window-boxes with their blithe geraniums, and the paper bags inverted over the lamp-chimneys on uncle's shelf—all these betrayed the hand of Aunt Minerva Hathaway.

Other forces were at work there, too. The plaid cloak flung across the sofa was not Aunt Minerva's, neither was the soft felt hat with a broad band, which lay upon the cloak. One connected them at a glance with the paints and brushes on the table, and with the water-color sketch thumb-tacked to the pantry-door—a spirited view of the surf breaking at the eastern spur of the reef.

Just so much of the room one might have noted while uncle's chronometer ticked off a long minute. Then, quite suddenly, a woman's voice called from somewhere up the stairway:

"Mel! You, Mel! Say, ain't you a comin' down?"

The voice hailed again, vibrant with anxiety above the brawl of the tempest; and after it had ceased another cried: "Uncle! Uncle!"

Presently the iron stair echoed under descending footsteps. Aunt Minerva appeared in the door of the tower, an angular figure of a woman, clad in a polka-dotted blue flannel wrapper. Behind her came another woman, vigorous and tall, with a certain fine simplicity of bearing—a woman verging toward her five-and-twentieth year, and more than ordinarily dowered with that subtly winsome thing called femininity.

"My land o' livin'!" Aunt Minerva cried, as she sat down by the stove, folded her strong arms, and began to rock as women will when they lack other means to inhibit emotion.

Her companion paused by the sofa, picked up the big plaid cloak, and slipped it on, tying its cords beneath her chin.

"There's not the slightest use in worrying, you know," said she with soothing inflections. "The thing to do—"

"He's ben up thar in that 'tarnal lantern sence half past six, an' here 'tis nine! Won't come down—won't answer—but only tinker round like he was plumb crazed. Men! Nice lot, ain't they? Best thing ever *you* done in yer life, Jess, was breakin' off with—"

"There, there, aunty!" the girl interrupted.

Aunt Minerva got up from her rocker with agitation.

"Oh, my, my!" she groaned. "Mel's ben talkin' so queer, o' late, that I don't rightly know what I'm sayin', myself. Talkin' so queer!" She looked about her in helpless apprehension. Ocean and storm meant nothing to Aunt Minerva, but any hint of insanity filled her with nameless dread. "Talkin' wild, he's ben, off an' on—'bout this here Fin Light not bein' strong enough—'bout his wantin' a first-classer, an' all. Now this here storm has went an' finished him, I know it has! My Lordy massy, but it strikes a dread to me, though!"

The other made no answer, but drew the hood of the cape up over her coiled masses of hair, and laid a hand on the door which gave upon the downward stairway.

"Y'ain't a goin' out, be ye?" shrilled Aunt Minerva. "Not out into *that*?"

The girl nodded.

"Why not, aunty? Maybe from the far edge of the platform I might be able to get some idea of how things are up in the lantern. It's just barely possible."

"Mebbe," assented the elder woman. "But—" She flung her hands outward. "But ye hadn't *oughter* go! Yer ma wouldn't never ha' let ye come out here to visit me from the city an' paint them purty pitchers o' yourn, ef I hadn't promised—"

"I know!" the girl answered with a forced laugh. "But never mind; you sit down and rest! I'll be back in two minutes."

She pushed the door and was gone.

Aunt Minerva suddenly made up her distracted mind. Without stopping even for her knitted shawl, she crossed the room with hasty steps and followed Jessica out into the roistering storm.

III

It was a wild and awesome place, the platform, ringed round with darkness, drenched with icy brine, snatched at by ravening winds that ripped the freezing storm. From its seaward edge the gray tower-shaft gloomed up vastly into the

hurricane, a tremendous hub around which the single spoke of light swung very slowly, steadily, in a gigantic circle, reaching out to the horizon of mystery and night.

Far brighter than it should the lantern blazed, flaming red and lurid as Uncle Mel—his wits unstrung by overmuch brooding on the dangers of fog and storm—turned the huge "eight-thousand" lamps higher, ever higher, till here and there the crystals of the lens began to crack with heat and the lamp-room to fill itself with stifling, sooty vapors.

Jessica, standing at the western extremity of the platform, held tightly to a stanchion. The gale, swooping down on her, whipped the long hair round her face and flailed her cloak wide into the night. She heard the roaring swells as they boomed up against the granite, which hurled them in a wild abandon, hissing, churning, back again. Far below her she perceived the inky shroud of ocean, white-capped and furious; far above she saw the blur of light reflected against the sea-wraiths of flying scud by the great tortured flames of the lantern.

Something—she knew not what—was wrong up yonder. The enormous lamps, she knew, ought never to be forced like *that*; but she did not understand that, even burning at their proper height, they should be changed every three hours, lest they should overheat and generate explosive gases. All that she realized, just then, was that Uncle Mel must in some way be coaxing or driven down from his fastness.

A swift little form, high in air, dashed itself through the spray-drive against the lantern; then fell, reeling over and over with a broken flutter of wings, and disappeared. It was one of the myriad coots and gannets which of a tempestuous night rush to a blinding death against the hard brilliance of the lantern-windows.

As Jessica still stood there watching it, she became aware of her aunt's presence beside her in the dark and violent storm. She heard a voice calling to her through the uproar:

"Jess! Jess! What's he doin' up thar? What d'you cal'late Uncle Mel's up to?"

Without answering, Jessica passed an arm about the elder woman. The great cloak enveloped them both. Minerva was trembling with the chill of a superstitious dread.

"We've got to get him down, some way!" cried Jessica, ignoring the question. "Can't we manage to break in the lamp-room door?"

"Land, yes!" the other shouted. "There's a maul in the ile-room, fer broachin' the barrels. You an' me can bust the lock in half a jiffy—an' trust me, then, to handle Mel! Come on!"

"Hark! What's *that*?"

The girl's strong hand tightened on Aunt Minerva's arm.

"What's *what*?"

"That noise—sounded like a shout—somewhere!"

Breathless, they stood there in the inky blackness an instant, while the storm lashed in at them like a mad thing.

"There it goes again—it *is* a shout! Somebody's calling us!" Jessica faced round and peered out across the limitless depth and menace of that terrible sea-caldron. The wind lashed her face; the sleet stung like tiny whips of flame. "Somebody must be out there, wrecked, drowning!"

"My soul an' senses! Mel—"

"You go on up," the girl directed swiftly. "Every second's valuable! Try to get him down—tell him there's a wreck!"

"That'd only make him wuss!"

"You're right. Well, coax him the best you can."

"Y'ain't a comin'?"

"What? And leave somebody out there to drive on the rocks?"

"You can't do no good!"

"I can shout. Maybe I can help—a little!"

Aunt Minerva gasped for breath as fiercer blasts assailed her. Another baffled cry bore in from somewhere in the night.

"Wouldn't ha' thought it of ye, Jess—wouldn't never ha' thought it!" she managed to articulate. "Yer jedgment's better'n mine, I vowny. Ye're right to stay; but come as quick's ye can!"

"Don't waste time, aunty!" the girl interrupted. "Come!"

She gripped the woman's hand, and together they fought their way, wind-harried, toward the tower.

"I'm going down here," said Jess, when they had reached the wooden steps leading from the platform. "You go on in!"

Aunt Minerva obeyed her like a child. Even before the door had closed behind the light-keeper's wife, Jessica had struggled down the steps and was groping her way, foot by foot, over the icy reeking granite that sloped ever more and more steeply toward the lash of surf from beyond which had been whirled to her, as from the verge of death itself, those strangling cries for help.

IV

CLOSE to the water's edge she stopped, just above the carry of the cruel seas, at a spot where she judged the wreckage would come ashore. The tumult deafened her; the staggering weight of the wind bore her down upon hands and knees for safety. With widened eyes she stared out into the chaos of darkness and of storm.

As the great circling arrow of light from the lantern wheeled slowly westward, she caught dim vision of the place where she was. She found herself crouching near the bottom of a sort of runway which led off from the right of the landing-stage—a sluice in the solid rock where, on a calm day, a stout craft might possibly have landed without being stove in.

Beyond the stage, surf-beaten cliffs reared up savagely, glassed with ice, offering never a hand-hold or any chance for rescue. To east, a Niagara of water was boiling over rocks which bared their teeth, all slavered with foam—hungry wild beasts of the sea, watching, waiting. The landing-stage itself offered no chance. Among its iron piling, the strongest-ribbed boat ever launched would have shivered to matchwood in the twinkle of an eye.

The shaft of light swept overhead. A dull, reddish glare widened over the sea, glinting eerily from the streaked darkness of the crests.

Jessica saw something white that rose, fell, disappeared, came to view once more, fifty fathoms from the rock—

something that struggled, something that, beaten down by the brunt of the sweeping rollers, fought its way ever up again. She heard once more the cry, wild, strangling, inarticulate.

She shouted something in reply—what, she knew not—and staggered to her feet. She snatched up her cloak and waved it with all her might.

The cry that rang in to her across the racing liquid hills was one of answer. The white object out yonder was a man—and he had seen her by the blurred and fading lantern-light from aloft! He was struggling toward the reef! Jessica vaguely made out the dark mass of a boat, heaving, wallowing; then the circling beam of radiance overhead swept past, and in the leaden pall that settled down she once more lost sight of everything.

"The way he's driving ashore," she realized in a flash, "his boat will split like a melon when it strikes the reef! He'll be sucked down by the backwash—drowned like a rat!"

Her mind perceived it all with lightning prescience, yet never, save in dreams, had she felt so utterly, so numbingly helpless. It must be all a dream, she thought—her crazed uncle in his blazing lamp-room, this storm with its shrieking demons of wind and sleet and raging waters, the shipwrecked man driving on and onward to his death.

If only some one were with her, no matter who! The idea that she must stand there idle and see a human life ground out, battered into nothing, sickened her. The heart thrashed almost to bursting in her breast; her knees trembled under her, and her mouth grew parched.

She strained her eyes out at the gloom till blood-red circles seemed to spread and weave fantastically in the night. One moment the mad idea smote her brain that possibly she might be able to launch the spare boat hanging from its davits at the end of the landing-stage, but second thought vetoed any such attempt. The boat, she knew, could not have lived a second in that hurtling torrent of surf.

"What shall I do? Oh, what I shall I do?" she cried, twisting her hands together till the rings cut her flesh.

Suddenly she heard a dull thudding from somewhere high up in the tower; then a jumble of confused sounds, mingled with cries.

"The maul!" thought she. "Aunt Minerva—she's broken down the door!"

She turned and threw her gaze up, far up at the lantern, blazing so high above her in that world of flying spray. A moment she stood there; then out of the sea rose a broken hail:

"Light! Light ahoy!"

Her heart leaped, so close the cry seemed—almost at her feet.

The lance-light shaft of radiance, once more swinging overhead, showed what seemed to be a boat—a dory with a man crouched in it, his hands gripping the gunwales. Right under the backward swirl and toss from the rock it poised, with the flashing white crests heaving it aloft; then a great greasy comber piled in, its tongue all dripping froth, and the boat spun dizzily, hove down, vanished in a turgid maelstrom. Something crunched. Jess heard a bubbling cry. Shattered planks spewed themselves outward, backward from the savagery of eager granite.

Only a vague consciousness told the girl that she had thrown herself down the sluiceway, with wind and sea making mad work all about her; that she was shouting, "Here! Here!" and holding to a jut of rock with one bruised hand, while with the other grappled out furiously into those terrible waters. But full understanding rushed back when her hand touched a weltering something in the dark.

"Cloth!" she realized by the feel of it.

Her firm muscles tautened; the cloth ripped away. A sudden passionate energy filled the girl. She threw herself forward, right into the breakers, found another grip, and kept it while a creaming sea deluged fair over her. Then, as it hissed back, she struggled to her feet; and putting forth a strength unknown to her, she hauled the body of a man right away up the sluice, up, back, beyond the farthest sweep of sea.

Panting, she loosed her grip. The man fell prone. Jess heard his strangled coughing. All that she could see of him was a dull, whitish blur, vaguely

adumbrated in the night. His teeth were chattering violently. She realized all at once that he was coatless, and that he must be freezing cold.

"Here! My cloak!" she cried, fumbling with tremulous fingers at the knot beneath her chin.

"No!" he managed to refuse. His voice was raucous and broken with strange throaty gulplings. "No, couldn't take it! Engine—broke down. Oar broke. Board—to paddle with—lost overboard—"

He had to stop for breath. She sensed that he was lamely crawling a little higher up the icy steep.

"Overboard!" he repeated in a dazed manner. "And after that—"

"No matter!" she called to him through the wail and torment of the hurricane. "No matter, you're safe now!" She stooped close above him. "Much hurt, are you?"

"Be all right—in a few minutes," he managed to croak hoarsely. "Bully for—a woman! I'm 'way off. Used to say all women were—were—"

"Cowards?" she divined, with quick reversions of memory to a bitterness which she had long sought to banish from her heart.

The man winced.

"Fool that I was!" she heard him groan. After an instant's pause he added: "Who ever in the world—?" He did not finish. A sudden access of coughing interdicted him.

Jess saw that he was striving unsteadily to rise. She took hold upon his arm, to help him. It was bare. She perceived that the shirt-sleeve had been ripped quite away. The arm was powerful—not gross or very thick, but ridged with whip-cord muscles. Something in the all but unseen form, and in the voice, disguised and hampered as it was, woke sudden recrudescences of pain in her. She peered with a tense eagerness at the dim figure.

V

THEN, all at once, as they stood there in the darkness and the gale—she wondering, he still dazed and shaken by his foretaste of death—a sullen roar shuddered through the fabric of the light-house. A gush of flame and oily smoke

bellied skyward through jagged rents in the windows of the lantern—smoke and flame which the wind-devils whipped out into long, tortured streamers. The night grew crimson. The reef glittered splendidly in its carapace of glare-ice. Over the sling and tumult of the sea a ruddy flare diffused itself.

"Uncle Mel!" cried Jessica.

Turning, she ran with sure-footed strength up the sluiceway, reached the wooden steps, regained the platform. The man, breathless and battered as he was, had understood; now he was coming close behind.

"My God!" he stammered. "She? Here?"

Another concussion shook the tower to its base. The flames spurted higher as the lamp-room leaped into blazing fragments, which the wind sowed broadcast in seeds of fire, hissing far across the waters. Like cannon-shots, two other reports followed; then a third. The oil-barrels had exploded. The tower roared into conflagration like a monstrous torch.

Racked and shattered to its ruin, the whole top of the structure crumbled and caved outward, a chaos of beams, metal, and glass. The falling masses thundered upon the platform and the rocks below.

Just at the doorway of the keeper's dwelling, amid that perilous bombardment, Jessica met her distracted aunt. The girl saw at a glance, even by the uncertain light of the fire in mid air, that Minerva was scorched and blinded and beside herself with panic.

"Where's uncle?" cried Jess.

"You? That you?" wailed Aunt Minerva. "My land o' livin', ef here ain't trouble! I'm—"

"Where is he?" the girl repeated, pushing on up into the tower stair.

"He's half-way up! I got him out o' the lantern, jest in time afore it busted, an' part way down the stairs. Then he—he—"

"He what?"

"My Lordy massy, he balked on me! Wouldn't budge another step; he's crazy as a loon, Mel is! Got hisself barricaded on th' fourth landin'—I can't bust the door alone. Two could; but Mel, he swows he'll—"

"Jess! Wait! Come back! You mustn't go up there!"

It was the man's voice, still rough and broken, but resonant with strong command.

The girl turned in blank amaze.

"*You?*" she cried, and clutched the wooden railing for support.

All ragged and dripping as he was, and fresh from battle-royal with the sea, he caught her in his arms.

"Yes, *I!*" he answered. "I couldn't stay away—a wise fate wouldn't let me!"

He laughed and drew her to his heart.

"Mel! Mel! Come down, fer yer

life!" they heard the keeper's wife screaming in mortal terror.

"Uncle's up there still!" cried Jess, struggling to free herself. "Come, we've got to save him first—then the lower part of the building, if we can!"

Blair laughed again. He was hard as nails, and he had no nerves.

"That's easy!" he exulted. "Dead easy, compared to misunderstanding *you*—compared to trying to stay away from *you!*"

Full on the mouth he kissed her. And despite all that tumult and distress, the girl found it in her heart to laugh with him, as together they started up the narrow, winding stair.

THE CONCLAVE OF THE WINDS

THE NORTH POLE WIND

I WROUGHT them wo and terror,
I whelmed them with the floe;
Their feet I crazed with error,
Lest they should farther go;
But now my throne is shaken,
Its secret fronts the sun;
Mine ice-bound keep is taken—
Mine ancient might undone!

THE SOUTH POLE WIND

Ice-walls and peaks of thunder
Guard and encompass me,
My bergs pile up and sunder
The substance of the sea.
I smite the rash invader,
I strike his red heart cold;
Ice is my grim persuader
And Death my henchman bold!

THE EAST WIND OF EUROPE

I saw the Channel vaulted,
The thwarted currents prance,
When strange white hawks assaulted
Proud Albion's cliffs from France.
High where the bolts are blurring
The clouds with haggard glare,
Lo, winged bird-men whirring
As masters of the air!

THE WEST WIND OF AMERICA

Ye pole-winds rude and savage,
Give ear to East and West;
Cease from your lust, your ravage,
Gird up your fury—lest,
Pent in your bleak dominions,
Where storm-wind mates with wind,
Man seize you with his pinions,
And chart you for his kind!

Herman Schaffner

A ROMANTIC ROYAL MARRIAGE

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE INFANTA EULALIA'S SON FOR MARRYING
PRINCESS BEATRICE OF COBURG

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

A RATHER unusually romantic story is one that has lately excited a vast amount of gossip in every court in Europe. It has stirred kings and queens. It has attracted the attention of the Pope. It has been the talk of courtiers and diplomats. It is one of those affairs which have no real importance in the history of nations, but which, nevertheless, receive as much attention as do many able strokes of statecraft.

The real interest of it is a heart interest, complicated by many personal touches, some of which are quite beyond the ordinary course of palace affairs. The occurrence forms an interesting page in the annals of the house of Bourbon—that remarkable family of which it has so often been said that its members learn nothing and forget nothing.

From the tenth century the Bourbon family has been conspicuous in European history. It has won and lost several thrones. To-day its only regnant king is Alfonso of Spain, who is the head of the house; but there are many Bourbons who still figure in the "Almanach de Gotha" as royal personages and bear titles that are recognized wherever royalty exists. Furthermore, a good many of these princes have managed to retain estates and revenues which make them rich, even when in exile.

Many believe that the Austrian house of Hapsburg is the most rigidly and haughtily tradition-bound in Europe; yet recent history shows that the Bourbons surpass even the Hapsburgs in the inflexibility of their family pride. The Emperor Francis Joseph not very long ago allowed his daughter-in-law, the Princess Stéphanie, to marry a petty

Hungarian nobleman. No such permission would have been given by a Bourbon, as is shown by the matrimonial affair to which allusion has already been made.

Among the French-Spanish Bourbons is Prince Antoine of Orléans, who bears the title of *infante*—the Spanish equivalent of "royal prince," borne by all the descendants of Spanish royalty. Prince Antoine married the Infanta Eulalia, youngest sister of the late Alfonso XII, and aunt of the present Spanish king. She is remembered by Americans because she visited this country as a guest of the United States government at the time of the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Her marriage with Prince Antoine has proved by no means a happy one, and the two have lived apart for several years. It is around the person of their son, Prince Alfonso, that the present story centers.

This young prince, partly French and partly Spanish, long ago threw in his lot with the Spanish branch of his family. He became a student in the Military Academy of Toledo, from which he graduated as recently as last May, and received a lieutenant's commission in a Spanish regiment of infantry. Had everything gone on as usual, he would have been speedily promoted; and with his high connections, his rank and titles, and his personal gifts, he might have attained to a position truly royal. It was his love for a girl that has now changed the whole current of his life.

Some two years ago he met the Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg. This princess is the fourth daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was better known as the Duke of Edinburgh, brother to King Edward VII,

and during his early years in England popularly called the Sailor Prince. The Princess Beatrice is a very attractive girl, more English than German. In fact, she was born in England at Eastwell Park. Her elder sisters are the Crown Princess of Rumania, the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, and the Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Princess Beatrice herself was once sought in marriage by the present Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is a rather distant cousin of hers; but it is

understood that she declined to listen to his pleadings.

It is this princess with whom a young Alfonso of Bourbon fell indiscreetly but violently in love. There would have been no particular opposition to their marriage had it not been for the religion of the lady. She is a Protestant, and a member of a Protestant house. Even this might have been passed over had she consented to change her religion and to be received into the Catholic faith; but



PRINCE ALFONSO OF BOURBON, SON OF THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN, AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY PRINCESS BEATRICE OF COBURG, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND COBURG, AND NIECE OF KING EDWARD VII—
AS A PUNISHMENT FOR MARRYING WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF
THE KING OF SPAIN, PRINCE ALFONSO HAS BEEN
DEPRIVED OF HIS TITLES AND HONORS

From photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris, and Uhlenhuth, Coburg

she remained quite obstinate on this point. Her cousin, the Princess Victoria of Battenberg, had accepted a similar condition in order to become Queen of Spain—an arrangement which excited unpleasant comment in England, while the German Kaiser was also not wholly pleased with it. So the Princess Beatrice held fast to her religion, and told her Bourbon suitor that, if he married her, he must marry her precisely as she was.

Perhaps the fact that she was two years his senior in age made her more firm, and rendered him more willing to give in. At any rate, he declared publicly that he would marry her, no matter what the difficulties might be.

These difficulties were really very great. First of all, Prince Alfonso's father strictly forbade the match. In the second place, the Pope interposed a strong objection, and the papal representative at Madrid said some sharp things to Señor Maura, who was then prime minister of Spain, and who is himself an ardent clerical in politics. Finally, the prince's royal cousin, who is monarch of Spain and head of the house of Bourbon, told the youth that he could not marry his Protestant love without being placed under the most formidable ban. Moreover, the Spanish law made his wedding actually illegal unless he should receive the consent of both his father and his mother, and should have the notice of his marriage published on three Sundays in the town and parish where the prince resided.

Thus religious authority, family influence, royal commands, and the laws of his country stood between him and the marriage that he contemplated. One may add also that military law was equally against him, for he held a commission in the Spanish army, and could not leave his regiment without the permission of his colonel, or cross the frontier of Spain without the consent of the minister of war.

Nevertheless, love will have its way. The prince showed all the obstinacy of his Bourbon blood, all the daring of a youth of twenty-three, and all the rashness of an ardent lover. He left his regiment without leave of absence. He crossed the French frontier without a

passport. He proceeded straight to Coburg, which he reached on the evening of July 14, and was married to Princess Beatrice the next morning, after which the two went to the Italian lakes to spend their honeymoon.

In order that their wedding might be legal—at any rate, in Germany—three ceremonies were performed. First, there was a civil marriage in the ducal castle; second, there was a Catholic marriage in the Church of St. Augustin; and, third, the ceremony was again performed according to the Protestant rite in the English chapel attached to the palace of the late Duke of Edinburgh at Coburg.

It cannot be said that Prince Alfonso's position is altogether agreeable, from the public point of view. The King of Spain immediately published a decree depriving the disobedient youth of all his titles and honors. He is no longer a Bourbon prince. He is no longer a Spanish duke. Worst of all, it is understood that he is to be cashiered as an officer of the Spanish army.

It is this last punishment which contains the sharpest sting. One may throw away a principedom, which is nothing but a form, and a dukedom, which has no vital meaning; but no man of honor likes to be branded as a deserter from the colors, especially at the very moment when his regiment has been ordered to the front. For just as Alfonso crossed the French border-line, his command was receiving a telegraphic order to proceed to Morocco for the reenforcement of General Marina, the Spanish commander at Melilla, against the Moors.

If the military offense is punished rigorously, and if Alfonso is not permitted to resign in regular form, there will always rest upon him the shadow of disgrace. But his royal cousin, who is himself quite young, and who has been happy in his own marriage with an Anglo-German princess, will probably relent in the end, and will perhaps even allow the husband of the Princess Beatrice to resume his place in the Spanish army. But as for the rest, the laws of the house of Bourbon are so much more severe than those of kingdoms or of armies that the former prince will no more be known as an *infante* or as a recognized member of the family.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XIII—THE STORY OF THE HUGOS

BY LYNDON ORR

VICTOR HUGO, after all criticisms have been made, stands as a literary colossus. He had imaginative power which makes his finest passages fairly crash upon the reader's brain like blasting thunderbolts. His novels, even when translated, are read and reread by people of every degree of education. There is something vast, something almost Titanic, about the grandeur and gorgeousness of his fancy. His prose resembles the sonorous blare of an immense military band. Readers of English care less for his poetry; yet in his verse one can find another phase of his intellect. He could write charmingly, in exquisite cadences, poems for lovers and for little children. His gifts were varied, and he knew thoroughly the life and thought of his own countrymen; and, therefore, in his later days he was almost deified by them.

At the same time, there were defects in his intellect and character which are perceptible in what he wrote, as well as in what he did. He had the Gallic wit in great measure, but he was absolutely devoid of any sense of humor. This is why, in both his prose

and his poetry, his most tremendous pages often come perilously near to bombast; and this is why, again, as a man, his vanity was almost as great as his genius. He had good reason to be vain, and yet, if he had possessed a gleam of humor, he would never have allowed his egoism to make him arrogant. As it was, he felt himself exalted above other mortals. Whatever he did or said or wrote was right because he did it or said it or wrote it.

THE SELF-CONCEIT OF GENIUS

This often showed itself in rather whimsical ways. Thus, after he had published the first edition of his novel, "The Man Who Laughs," an English gentleman

called upon him, and, after some courteous compliments, suggested that in subsequent editions the name of an English peer who figures in the book should be changed from *Tom Jim-Jack*.

"For," said the Englishman, "*Tom Jim-Jack* is a name that could not possibly belong to an English noble, or, indeed, to any Englishman. The presence of it in your powerful story makes it seem to English readers a little grotesque."



VICTOR HUGO, THE GREAT FRENCH POET AND NOVELIST, AS A YOUNG MAN



MME. HUGO, WHO WAS ADELE FOUCHER BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO VICTOR HUGO IN OCTOBER, 1822

Drawn by Modest Stein from a photograph

Victor Hugo drew himself up with an air of high disdain.

"Who are you?" asked he.

"I am an Englishman," was the answer, "and naturally I know what names are possible in English."

Hugo drew himself up still higher, and on his face there was a smile of utter contempt.

"Yes," said he. "You are an Englishman; but I—I am Victor Hugo."

In another book Hugo had spoken of the Scottish bagpipes as "bugpipes." This gave some offense to his Scottish

admirers. A great many persons told him that the word was "bagpipes," and not "bugpipes." But he replied with irritable obstinacy:

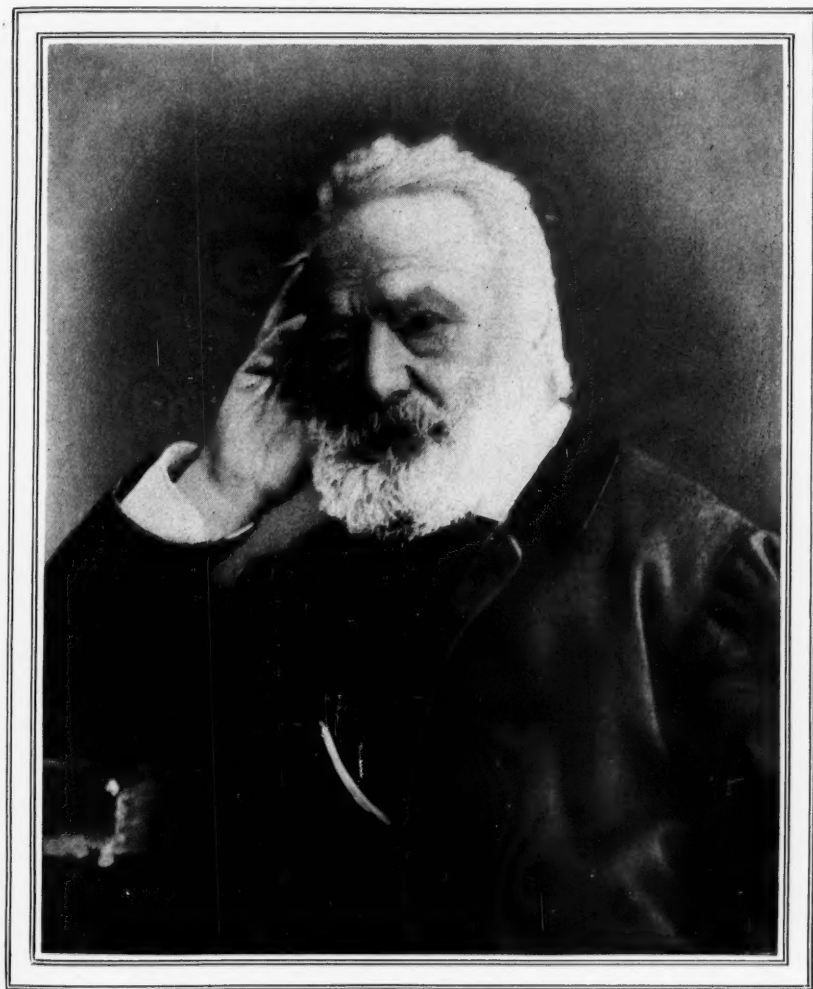
"I am Victor Hugo; and if I choose to write it 'bugpipes,' it *is* 'bugpipes.' It is anything that I prefer to make it. It is so, because I call it so!"

So, Victor Hugo became a violent republican, because he did not wish France to be an empire or a kingdom, in which an emperor or a king would be his superior in rank. He always spoke of Napoleon III as "M. Bonaparte." He re-

fused to call upon the gentle-mannered Emperor of Brazil, because he was an emperor; although Dom Pedro expressed an earnest desire to meet the poet.

When the German army was besieging Paris, Hugo proposed to fight a duel with

he styled himself "a peer of France;" and he and his family made frequent allusions to the knights and bishops and counselors of state with whom he claimed an ancestral relation. This was more than inconsistent. It was somewhat ludicrous;



VICTOR HUGO AS AN OLD MAN, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM EXILE IN 1870

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris

the King of Prussia, and to have the result of it settle the war; "for," said he, "the King of Prussia is a great king, but I am Victor Hugo, the great poet. We are, therefore, equal."

In spite, however, of his ardent republicanism, he was very fond of speaking of his own noble descent. Again and again

because Victor Hugo's ancestry was by no means noble. The Hugos of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were not in any way related to the poet's family, which was eminently honest and respectable, but by no means one of distinction. His grandfather was a carpenter. One of his aunts was the wife of a baker, another of a bar-

ber, while the third earned her living as a provincial dressmaker.

VICTOR HUGO'S BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

If the poet had been less vain and more sincerely democratic, he would have been proud to think that he sprang from good, sound, sturdy stock, and would have laughed at titles. As it was, he jeered at all pretensions of rank in other men, while he claimed for himself distinctions that were not really his. His father was a soldier who rose from the ranks until, under Napoleon, he reached the grade of general. His mother was the daughter of a ship owner in Nantes.

Victor Hugo was born in February, 1802, during the Napoleonic wars, and his early years were spent among the camps and within the sound of the cannon-thunder. It was fitting that he should have been born and reared in an age of upheaval, revolt, and battle. He was essentially the laureate of revolt; and in some of his novels—as in "Ninety-Three"—the drum and the trumpet roll and ring through every chapter.

The present paper has, of course, nothing to do with Hugo's public life; yet it is necessary to remember the complicated nature of the man—all his power, all his sweetness of disposition, and likewise all his vanity and his eccentricities. We must remember, also, that he was French, so that his story may be interpreted in the light of the French character.

At the age of fifteen he was domiciled in Paris, and though still a schoolboy and destined for the study of law, he dreamed only of poetry and of literature. He received honorable mention from the French Academy in 1817, and in the following year took prizes in a poetical competition. At seventeen he began the publication of a literary journal, which survived until 1821. His astonishing energy became evident in the many publications which he put forth in these boyish days. He began

to become known. Although poetry, then as now, was not very profitable even when it was admired, one of his slender volumes brought him the sum of seven hundred francs, which seemed to him not only a fortune in itself, but the forerunner of still greater prosperity.

VICTOR HUGO AND ADELE FOUCHER

It was at this time, while still only twenty years of age, that he met a young girl of eighteen with whom he fell rather tempestuously in love. Her name was Adèle Foucher, and she was the daughter of a clerk in the War Office. When one is very young and also a poet, it takes very little to feed the flame of passion. Victor Hugo was often a guest at the apartments of M. Foucher, where he was received by that gentleman and his family. French etiquette, of course, forbade any direct communication between the visitor and Adèle. She was still a very young girl, and was supposed to take no share in the conversation. Therefore, while the others talked, she sat demurely by the fire-side and sewed.

Her dark eyes and abundant hair, her grace of manner, and the picture which she made as the firelight played about her, kindled a flame in the susceptible heart of Victor Hugo. Though he could not speak to her, he at least could look at her; and, before long, his share in the conversation was very slight. This was set down, at first, to his absent-mindedness; but looks can be as eloquent as spoken words. Mme. Foucher, with a woman's keen intelligence, noted the adoring gaze of Victor Hugo as he silently watched her daughter. The young Adèle herself was no less intuitive than her mother. It was very well understood, in the course of a few months, that Victor Hugo was in love with Adèle Foucher.

Her father and mother took counsel about the matter, and Hugo himself, in a burst of lyrical eloquence, confessed that

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); and "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December).

he adored Adèle and wished to marry her. Her parents naturally objected. The girl was but a child. She had no dowry, nor had Victor Hugo any settled income. They were not to think of marriage. But when did a common-sense decision, such

quently, and by going about with hollow eyes and wistful looks.

The Foucher family removed from Paris to a country town. Victor Hugo immediately followed them. Fortunately for him, his poems had attracted the at-

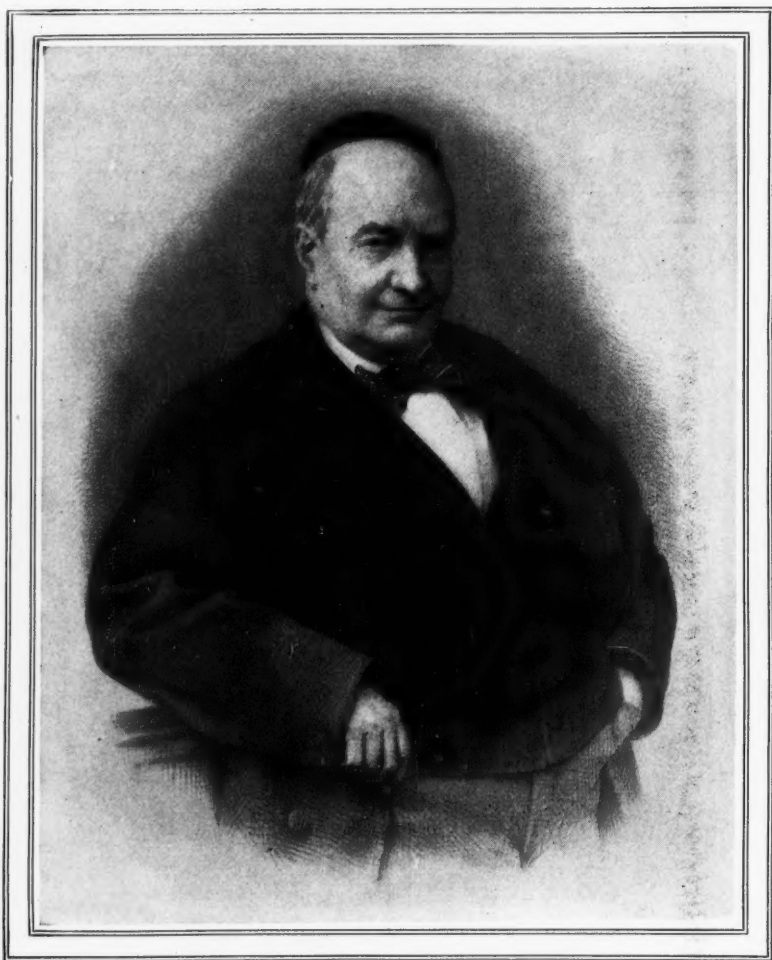


JULIENNE JOSEPHINE GAUVIN, KNOWN BY HER STAGE NAME OF JULIETTE DROUET, WHO WAS THE MODEL FOR THE FAMOUS STATUE OF STRASBURG IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

Drawn by Modest Stein from a photograph

as this, ever separate a man and a woman who have felt the thrill of first love? Victor Hugo was insistent. With his supreme self-confidence, he declared that he was bound to be successful, and that in a very short time he would be illustrious. Adèle, on her side, created "an atmosphere" at home by weeping fre-

tention of Louis XVIII, who was flattered by some of the verses. He sent Hugo five hundred francs for an ode, and soon afterward settled upon him a pension of a thousand francs. Here at least was an income—a very small one, to be sure, but still an income. Perhaps Adèle's father was impressed not so much



CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH CRITIC, WHO
PLAYED A SINISTER PART IN THE LIFE-STORY OF THE HUGOS

From a lithograph by Bornemann

by the actual money as by the evidence of the royal favor. At any rate, he withdrew his opposition, and the two young people were married in October, 1822—both of them being under age, unformed, and immature.

Their story is another warning against too early marriage. It is true that they lived together until Mme. Hugo's death—a married life of forty-six years—yet their story presents phases which would have made this impossible had they not been French.

For a time, Hugo devoted all his energies to work. The record of his steady

upward progress is a part of the history of literature, and need not be repeated here. The poet and his wife were soon able to leave the latter's family abode, and to set up their own household god in a home which was their own. Around them there were gathered, in a sort of salon, all the best-known writers of the day—dramatists, critics, poets, and romancers. The Hugos knew everybody.

Unfortunately, one of their visitors cast into their new life a drop of corroding bitterness. This intruder was Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, a man two years younger than Victor Hugo, and one who

blended learning, imagination, and a gift of critical analysis. Sainte-Beuve is to-day best remembered as a critic, and he was perhaps the greatest critic ever known in France. But in 1830 he was a slender, insinuating youth who cultivated a gift for sensuous and somewhat morbid poetry.

THE FALSE FRIENDSHIP OF SAINTE-BEUVE

He had won Victor Hugo's friendship by writing an enthusiastic notice of Hugo's dramatic works. Hugo, in turn, styled Sainte-Beuve "an eagle," "a blazing star," and paid him other compliments no less gorgeous and Hugoesque. But in truth, if Sainte-Beuve frequented the Hugo salon, it was less because of his admiration for the poet than from his desire to win the love of the poet's wife.

It is quite impossible to say how far he attracted the serious attention of Adèle Hugo. Sainte-Beuve represents a curious type, which is far more common in France and Italy than in the countries of the north. Human nature is not very different in cultivated circles anywhere. Man loves, and seeks to win the object of his love; or, as the old English proverb has it:

It's a man's part to try,
And a woman's to deny.

But only in the Latin countries do men who have tried make their attempts public, and seek to produce an impression that they have been successful, and that the woman has not denied. This sort of man, in English-speaking lands, is set down simply as a cad, and is excluded from people's houses; but in some other countries the thing is regarded with a certain amount of toleration. We see it in the two books written respectively by Alfred de Musset and George Sand. We have seen it still later in our own times, in that strange and half-repulsive story in which the Italian novelist and poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, under a very thin disguise, revealed his relations with the famous actress, Eleanora Duse. Anglo-Saxons thrust such books aside with a feeling of disgust for the man who could so betray a sacred confidence and perhaps exaggerate a simple indiscretion into actual guilt. But it is not so in France and Italy. And this is precisely what Sainte-Beuve attempted.

Dr. George McLean Harper, in his lately published study of Sainte-Beuve, has summed the matter up admirably, in speaking of "The Book of Love":

He had the vein of emotional self-disclosure, the vein of romantic or sentimental confession. This last was not a rich lode, and so he was at pains to charge it secretly with ore which he exhumed gloatingly, but which was really base metal. The impulse that led him along this false route was partly ambition, partly sensuality. Many a worse man would have been restrained by self-respect and good taste. And no man with a sense of honor would have permitted "The Book of Love" to see the light—a small collection of verses recording his passion for Mme. Hugo, and designed to implicate her.

He left two hundred and five printed copies of this book to be distributed after his death. A virulent enemy of Sainte-Beuve was not too expressive when he declared that its purpose was "to leave on the life of this woman the gleaming and slimy trace which the passage of a snail leaves on a rose." Abominable in either case, whether or not the implication was unfounded, Sainte-Beuve's numerous innuendoes in regard to Mme. Hugo are an indelible stain on his memory, and his infamy not only cost him his most precious friendships, but crippled him in every high endeavor.

How monstrous was this violation of both friendship and love may be seen in the following quotation from his writings:

In that inevitable hour, when the gloomy tempest and the jealous gulf shall roll over our heads, a sealed bottle, belched forth from the abyss, will render immortal our two names, their close alliance, and our double memory aspiring after union.

Whether or not Mme. Hugo's relations with Sainte-Beuve justified the latter even in thinking such thoughts as these, one need not inquire too minutely. Evidently, though, Victor Hugo could no longer be the friend of the man who almost openly boasted that he had dishonored him. There exist some sharp letters which passed between Hugo and Sainte-Beuve. Their intimacy was ended.

But there was something more serious than this. Sainte-Beuve had in fact succeeded in leaving a taint upon the name of Victor Hugo's wife. That Hugo did not repudiate her makes it fairly plain that she was innocent; yet a high-spirited,

sensitive soul like Hugo's could never forget that in the world's eye she was compromised. The two still lived together as before; but now the poet felt himself released from the strict obligations of the marriage-bond.

It may perhaps be doubted whether he would in any case have remained faithful all his life. He was, as Mr. H. W. Wackwell says, "a man of powerful sensations, physically as well as mentally. Hugo pursued every opportunity for new work, new sensations, fresh emotion. He desired to absorb as much on life's eager forward way as his great nature craved. His range in all things—mental, physical, and spiritual—was so far beyond the ordinary that the gage of average cannot be applied to him. The cavil of the moralist did not disturb him."

Hence, it is not improbable that Victor Hugo might have broken through the bonds of marital fidelity, even had Sainte-Beuve never written his abnormal poems; but certainly these poems hastened a result which may or may not have been otherwise inevitable. Hugo no longer turned wholly to the dark-haired, dark-eyed Adèle as summing up for him the whole of womanhood. A veil was drawn, as it were, from before his eyes, and he looked on other women and found them beautiful.

VICTOR HUGO AND JULIETTE DROUET

It was in 1833, soon after Hugo's play "Lucrèce Borgia" had been accepted for production, that a lady called one morning at Hugo's house in the Place Royale. She was then between twenty and thirty years of age, slight of figure, winsome in her bearing, and one who knew the arts which appeal to men. For she was no inexperienced *ingénue*. The name upon her visiting-card was "Mme. Drouet"; and by this name she had been known in Paris as a clever and somewhat gifted actress. Théophile Gautier, whose cult was the worship of physical beauty, wrote in almost lyric prose of her seductive charm.

At nineteen, after she had been cast upon the world, dowered with that terrible combination, poverty and beauty, she had lived openly with a sculptor named Pradier. This has a certain importance in the history of French art. Pradier

had received a commission to execute a statue representing Strasburg—the statue which stands to-day in the Place de la Concorde, and which patriotic Frenchmen and Frenchwomen drape in mourning and half bury in immortelles, in memory of that city of Alsace which so long was French, but which to-day is German—one of Germany's great prizes taken in the war of 1870.

Five years before her meeting with Hugo, Pradier had rather brutally severed his connection with her, and she had accepted the protection of a Russian nobleman. At this time she was known by her real name—Julienne Josephine Gauvin; but having gone upon the stage, she assumed the appellation by which she was thereafter known, that of Juliette Drouet.

Her visit to Hugo was for the purpose of asking him to secure for her a part in his forthcoming play. The dramatist was willing, but unfortunately all the major characters had been provided for, and he was able to offer her only the minor one of the *Princesse Negroni*. The charming deference with which she accepted the offered part attracted Hugo's attention. Such amiability is very rare in actresses who have had engagements at the best theaters. He resolved to see her again; and he did so, time after time, until he was thoroughly captivated by her.

She knew her value, and as yet was by no means infatuated with him. At first he was to her simply a means of getting on in her profession—simply another influential acquaintance. Yet she brought to bear upon him the arts at her command, her beauty and her sympathy, and, last of all, her passionate abandonment.

Hugo was overwhelmed by her. He found that she was in debt, and he managed to see that her debts were paid. He secured her other engagements at the theater, though she was less successful as an actress after she knew him. There came, for a time, a short break in their relations; for, partly out of need, she returned to her Russian nobleman, or at least admitted him to a *ménage à trois*. Hugo underwent for a second time a great disillusionment. Nevertheless, he was not too proud to return to her and to beg her not to be unfaithful any more. Touched by his tears, and perhaps foreseeing his future fame, she gave her promise, and she

kept it until her death, nearly half a century later.

Perhaps because she had deceived him once, Hugo never completely lost his prudence in his association with her. He was by no means lavish with money, and he installed her in a rather simple apartment only a short distance from his own home. He gave her an allowance that was relatively small, though later he provided for her amply in his will. But it was to her that he brought all his confidences, to her he entrusted all his interests. She became to him, thenceforth, much more than she appeared to the world at large; for she was his friend, and, as he said, his inspiration.

The fact of their intimate connection became gradually known through Paris. It was known even to Mme. Hugo; but she, remembering the affair of Sainte-Beuve, or knowing how difficult it is to check the will of a man like Hugo, made no sign, and even received Juliette Drouet in her own house and visited her in turn. When the poet's sons grew up to manhood, they, too, spent many hours with their father in the little salon of the former actress. It was a strange and, to an Anglo-Saxon mind, an almost impossible position; yet France forgives much to genius, and in time no one thought of commenting on Hugo's manner of life.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE

In 1851, when Napoleon III seized upon the government, and when Hugo was in danger of arrest, she assisted him to escape in disguise, and with a forged passport, across the Belgian frontier. During his long exile in Guernsey she lived in the same close relationship to him and to his family. Mme. Hugo died in 1868, having known for thirty-three years that she was only second in her husband's thoughts. Was she doing penance, or was she merely accepting the inevitable? In any case, her position was most pathetic, though she uttered no complaint.

A very curious and poignant picture of her just before her death has been given by the pen of a visitor in Guernsey. He had met Hugo and his sons; he had seen the great novelist eating enormous slices of roast beef and drinking great goblets of red wine at dinner, and he had also watched him early each morning, divested of all his clothing and splashing about in a bath-tub on the top of his house, in view of all the town. One evening he called and found only Mme. Hugo. She was reclining on a couch, and was evidently suffering great pain. Surprised, he asked where were her husband and her sons.

"Oh," she replied, "they've all gone to Mme. Drouet's to spend the evening and enjoy themselves. Go also; you'll not find it amusing here."

One ponders over this sad scene with conflicting thoughts. Was there really any truth in the story at which Sainte-Beuve more than hinted? If so, Adèle Hugo was more than punished. The other woman had sinned far more; and yet she had never been Hugo's wife; and hence perhaps it was right that she should suffer less. Suffer she did; for after her devotion to Hugo had become sincere and deep, he betrayed her confidence by an intrigue with a girl who is spoken of as "Claire." The knowledge of it caused her infinite anguish, but it all came to an end; and she lived past her eightieth year, long after the death of Mme. Hugo. She died only a short time before the poet himself was laid to rest in Paris with magnificent obsequies which an emperor might have envied. In her old age, Juliette Drouet became very white and very wan; yet she never quite lost the charm with which, as a girl, she had won the heart of Hugo.

The story has many aspects. One may see in it a retribution, or one may see in it only the cruelty of life. Perhaps it is best regarded simply as a chapter in the strange life-histories of men of genius.

LIFE'S GIFTS

THE boon of dawn after dark hours of pain;
The boon of daylight after day's tense strain;
The boon of beauty in created things,
The boon of love whence every beauty springs.

Clinton Scollard

LIGHT VERSE

THE SMILE

THAT set grimace we call a smile—
That queer contortion of the face—
'Tis said, has had its present place
In manners not so long a while.

Vienna made it first the style,
On meeting friends, those lines to trace—
That set grimace we call a smile—
That queer contortion of the face.

The Chinese, Arabs of the Nile,
Persians, and many a noble race,
In meeting, greet with serious grace;
We make—oh, custom senseless, vile—
That set grimace we call a smile—
That queer contortion of the face!

George Jay Smith

THE JOY OF RISKS

THE town! The town! Old New York
town!
So full of peril, up and down!
Balloons above you dropping sand,
Or aeroplanes that soon may land
Upon your head, from out the sky,
Without a single warning cry.

Then, too, the dangers of the pave
Outclass the perils of the wave;
You start to cross a quiet street,
Not counting it a clever feat—
A motor-cycle! Jump, oh, jump,
Or you will be a senseless lump!

But still I love the riskish town;
The speeding autos, red and brown,
And green and yellow, scare not me,
For I am where I long to be.
I take my life within my hand,
And trust to skill to safely land.

Perhaps a main will blow me up—
On life's great main one drinks his cup;
Perhaps I'll fall upon my back
Athead the Subway's sunken track;
The crowds *do* push, and flesh is frail—
What if I hit the electric rail?

I never sought for risks at sea;
The town has quite enough for me.
I push, I shove, I jump, I slide,
I try to stem the human tide;
The live wires writhe when ice-storms
come;
One touch—I'd be forever numb!

Let poets sing of ocean wild,
They cannot tempt this city child;
I do not care abroad to roam;
I'll take my chances here at home.
My blood leaps through my veins in glee,
For I was born in N. Y. C.!

Charles Battell Loomis

LOBELIA'S FAILURE

LOBELIA is my cousin—we'll call it
twice-removed;
A clever girl in many ways, and thoroughly
approved.
She's pretty, and she's bright enough—a
girl you'd not forget;
And still Lobelia failed to fill a high place
in our set.
She would not spend all waking hours in
talking about dress—
It's hardly strange Lobelia was not a great
success.

I introduced her all around, and launched
her faithfully
With tons of cake and bonbons, and gallons
of hot tea;
But poor Lobelia couldn't show absorbing
interest
In nerves, and rheumatism, and colds upon
the chest.
Lobelia changed the subject; and so, I
must confess,
It's hardly strange Lobelia was not a great
success.

She had no queer religion, her views were
orthodox;
She hated picture-puzzles made of wriggly
little blocks;
She didn't care for bridge enough to sit
up to all hours;
She doubted that mahatmas had queer,
supernal powers;
Lobelia did not wish to vote, and could not
win at chess—
It's hardly strange Lobelia was not a great
success.

When older folks were talking, Lobelia
would sit by
And never interrupt them; she didn't even
try
To prove they were old fogies, completely
out of date,

Though long-drawn reminiscences they'd
venture to relate.
Lobelia was not up in slang; she used puns
even less.
It's hardly strange Lobelia was not a great
success.

I found her rather quiet, though a very
charming girl;
She did not keep your faculties in one un-
ending whirl;
Her tone was low and modest, her talk had
something in it,
And, strange to say, she didn't giggle every
single minute!
She married well and early, though *why* I
cannot guess:
So, after all, it may be said, she had some
slight success.

Tudor Jenks

THE TRIAL OF CUPID

ONE day the chief gods on Olympus
decided
Dan Cupid to try for his sins and mis-
takes;
And all of the lovers whom he had derided
Were summoned to tell them just how a
heart breaks.

By millions they came, all burdened with
sadness
That Cupid had brought them through
long, weary years;
And the poor little god, overwhelmed by
his badness,
Turned from his accusers, dissolving in
tears.

Then up went a shout from this army of
foes:

"Our hearts you have pierced and our
souls you have seared,
And you've brought down upon us deep
sorrow and woes;

But we can't do without you—Dan Cupid,
you're cleared!"

Littell McClung

"I TOLD YOU SO"

SWEETHEART, our future is unknown;
We travel in untrodden ways;
Yet love shall ever reign, my own,
In sunlit or in shadowed days.
But should misfortune be in store,
Or adverse winds about us blow,
Forbear to utter, I implore,
The baneful words "I told you so!"

If I should place my hard-earned cash
In wildcat silver-mining stock,
Or buy gold-brick in moment rash,
Then do not my imprudence mock!
And when no promised twelve per cent
Can I for my investment show,
Then murmur not, with harsh intent,
The baneful words "I told you so!"

When I with frugal motive seek
To save a dreaded plumber's bill,
And try to mend the pipes that leak,
Untutored, but with earnest will;
Then, when, perchance, they burst again,
And torrents through the ceilings flow,
Regard, I pray, my efforts vain
And murmur not "I told you so!"

Though chambermaids and cooks may leave,
Though bank-accounts may dwindle down,
Our joyous hearts can never grieve,
But happiness our days shall crown.
And when, life's spring o'erpast, serene
Old age draws near with locks of snow,
A peaceful path shall ours have been,
If you forbear "I told you so!"

Elsie Duncan Yale

BALLADE OF SISTER'S BRASS

MOTHER looks about in wonder;
Father stammers in amaze,
As their modern parlor plunder
Vanishes before their gaze;
Bric-à-brac of recent days,
Statues of the tinted classes,
Have to clear the mantel-ways—
Sister's going in for brasses.

Where grim portraits used to blunder,
Now, on chastened walls we raise
Plaques and tablets dug from under
Butte's substrata—called Cathay's.
Candlesticks have won the bays
From electric lamps and gases;
Drippy grease and smoky haze!—
Sister's going in for brasses.

Sister's torn herself asunder
From her family; she strays
Through the streets of grime and thunder
Where on priceless junk she preys.
Sister, in her solemn craze,
Home from second-hand morasses
Brings us germs and tarnished trays—
Sister's going in for brasses.

ENVOY

Kinsfolk, wait until this phase
Of her soul's improvement passes;
Then we'll eat, and see some plays!—
Sister's going in for brasses.

Chester Firkins

THE GINHOULIAC HEIRLOOM

A ROMANCE OF THE TASSO SETTLEMENT

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

AUTHOR OF "MRS. BILLINGTON'S FIRST CASE," "FIRING MISS COHEN," ETC.

IT must be confessed that even as office-boys go, Bonfortunato Tagliatela was by no means of engaging personality. He was short for his fourteen years, and a tousled mop of hair hung low over his eyes, with which he squinted horribly. Moreover, down his broad upper lip the objective symptoms of an acute coryza coursed unchecked, save when he ministered to them by a process of noisy inhalation.

So irritating was the sound that it moved easy-going John Oakley to protestations of disgust.

"By George," he said to Freddy Furnival, "that office-boy of yours is a freak! May I ask what on earth induced you to hire him?"

"You may," Freddy replied. "The sole consideration was that he's a member of the Benvenuto Cellini Circle of the Tasso Settlement on Mott Street, at which your sister Mary is a worker."

"Quite so," Oakley commented; "but where's the connection?"

"Spoken like a brother!" said Freddy. "I suppose you don't know Mary is awfully down on me, and calls me one of the idle rich?"

"I do know it," Oakley replied. "Last night, at dinner, she said you were only playing at practising law."

"Precisely," said Furnival; "and Taylor shall be the means of disilluioning her. He is under strict injunction to inform her, first, what a large and lucrative practise I'm acquiring, and, second, how by precept and example I'm making a man out of him."

He felt in his pockets for some cigarettes, and found none there.

"Taylor!" he called, and when Tagli-

atela appeared in response he threw the lad a quarter. "Get some cigarettes," he said; "the kind we're both partial to."

"You don't mean to say you feed him cigarettes?" said Oakley, when the boy had gone.

"Not I!" Furnival answered. "He helps himself to 'em, together with what small change I may have, out of the pocket of my office-coat, when I'm not here. Last week he developed a new trick. I found my library dwindling volume by volume. He sells 'em at a book-shop on Ann Street. I followed him there last Thursday, and arranged to have him paid a quarter apiece for reports and thirty cents for digests. Very decent fellow, the proprietor. He turns 'em back to me at a nickel profit—and there you are."

"By Jove! What won't a fellow do when he's in love?" Oakley ejaculated.

"You're quite right," said Freddy; "but there are compensations. I've invited myself over to the Benvenuto Cellini Circle to-night, as Taylor's guest, and Mary will be there. Here he is now," he broke off suddenly. "Greetings, Taylor!"

The stunted youth entered, and, grinning sheepishly, deposited a package of cigarettes on the desk, from which Freddy took it.

"Cigarettes used to come ten in a box," he said, as he opened the package; "but—ha, as I thought, there are only nine here! The trusts again, Oakley—you can't beat 'em!"

II

THE Tasso Settlement on Mott Street accomplished two results, neither of which was important from the standpoint of

sociology. *Imprimis*, it provided Hector Ginhouliac, its founder and head worker, with a living; and, secondly, it catered to a laudable and charming taste for "social service" in various wealthy young spinsters. One of these Hector had marked for his own.

"What others have done I can do," he declared to himself; and when he reflected on the insignificant-looking noblemen who had procured financial independence on the strength of family connections no better than his own, he gave his generous brown mustache an extra upward impetus, and laid siege to the heart of Mary Oakley.

To that serious person there could be no comparison between Ginhouliac, the Milanese of French extraction, and Freddy Furnival, only heir-at-law of Furnival's dry soap and magic cleaner. Freddy's perennial flippancy served but to irritate Mary, who was nothing if not earnest of purpose, while the suave and polished Ginhouliac appealed strongly to her sense of dignity.

True, Ginhouliac had no money, and even made melancholy jest of his poverty to Mary.

"But you are rich in your life-work," she would say.

Ginhouliac would answer with a resigned smile, induced, no doubt, by the aptness of Mary's observation. He would indeed be rich if his plans matured as he hoped. Moreover, he sincerely admired Mary. Her face was lovely rather than beautiful, and her large brown eyes, surmounted by a wealth of chestnut hair, seemed to reflect not only her own innocence, but a consciousness of that of others toward her.

In most men, her glance might well provoke a sense of their own unworthiness, but in Ginhouliac it aroused only self-congratulation. The proposition seemed delightfully easy, save for one obstacle—namely, the cost of a suitable engagement-ring; and this difficulty, to a person of Hector's ingenuity, might be readily overcome.

When Freddy entered the settlement-house on the Tuesday in question, in Mary's company, Ginhouliac felt no qualm. He greeted Miss Oakley effusively, and acknowledged his introduction to Freddy with an obeisance that blended

grace and dignity in just the right proportion.

"Assuredly," thought Freddy, "this is something to be kicked!"

"How d'ye do?" he said aloud. "Cold, isn't it?"

Ginhouliac agreed that it was "cauld," and asked if Miss Oakley was to have the pleasure of demonstrating the settlement work to Mr. Furnival.

"Not exactly," Mary replied. "I met him by chance on the way over from the Subway. He's here as a guest of one of the clubs."

"The Benvenuto Cellini Circle," Freddy broke in.

"Ah, so!" said Ginhouliac. "You pronounce the Italian good."

"At the invitation of my friend Bonfortunato Tagliatela," said Freddy, enunciating all the liquid syllables with practised ease.

"Too badda!" Ginhouliac murmured. "Too badda!"

"He isn't sick, is he?" Mary asked sympathetically.

"Notta seek," said Ginhouliac. "A-oh, notta seek. I should to be seek. He take from my desk six of my cigars, and I find him smoking them in my office."

"I'm sorry to hear it," Freddy commented.

"It is no matter," Ginhouliac replied, with a smile and a shrug. "I keek him down to the street-corner. He notta come back, I promise you!"

"Then Mr. Furnival is deprived of his host," said Mary.

"Notta so, notta so!" Ginhouliac broke in hurriedly. "Mine shall be the pleasure to act as host." He turned to Furnival. "And to show you how it is we uplift the poor foreign boy," he said, with a fine sweep of his soft, white hand.

Freddy smiled at the involuntary humor of the head worker's phrase.

"Not with the foot," Ginhouliac hastened to add, "like that unfortunate Tagliatela. Bad manners we condone here, but dishonesty must be treated—must be treated, ah—"

"Summarily," Mary helped out.

Ginhouliac smiled his thanks, with a dazzling show of regular, white teeth.

"Just so," he murmured. "My English is a little difficult at times, but with Mees Oakley to help me, I become like—"

how shall I say it?—like another Shekspeer-a!"

At the compliment a faint shade of pink came over Mary's pale features, not unnoticed by Freddy, whose mental attitude at the time might well have been translated by a low whistle. For the rest of the evening he watched Miss Oakley and the head worker closely, with a net result of six hand-clasps, and six resulting blushes from Mary, intermingled with a multitude of dazzling smiles from Ginhouliac.

Altogether Freddy spent an evening fraught more with surprise than amusement; and at its close, when he escorted Mary to the Subway, he found his fund of small talk somewhat depleted.

"Ginhouliac's a pretty good sort," he said at length; "that is, for a dago."

"A dago!" Mary exclaimed. "Freddy Furnival, I beg of you—"

"That's all right," Freddy explained; "he is a dago, isn't he? That's the popular name for an Italian, just as Yank is for a Down-Easter. I'm a Yank, you know, and you can call me one if you want to."

"I might be justified in calling you any number of things," Mary rejoined coldly, "except a gentleman!"

This time the low whistle grew audible, and Mary stopped short.

"I can go the rest of the way alone," she said.

"I'll take you to the Subway station," Freddy murmured huskily.

"Thank you, no, Mr. Furnival!" Mary replied.

As she passed on, Freddy raised his hat with as good a flourish and bow as Ginhouliac himself might have made. He watched her till she disappeared down the Subway stairs; and once again his lips shaped themselves to a whistle, as he strode rapidly away.

III

ON a Wednesday morning three weeks later, John Oakley walked into the outer office of Furnival's suite, which he found entirely unguarded by office-boy or stenographer, and passed without hindrance to Freddy's room. As he entered, the young lawyer hastily thrust something into his waistcoat-pocket, and rose to greet his friend with rather forced cordiality.

"Congratulations, old chap!" Freddy cried. "I heard it this morning."

"It isn't generally known yet," said Oakley.

"Good news travels fast, you know," Freddy rejoined. "I had the pleasure of meeting Ginhouliac some weeks ago. He is a splendid fellow!"

"Indeed he is," Oakley agreed. "His people are great shakes in Italy. His father's a privy councilor."

"You don't say!" Freddy commented, a trifle incredulous.

"He's quite an athlete, too," Oakley went on admiringly.

"So Taylor was telling me," Freddy broke in. "He kicked Taylor down Mott Street for a block and a half."

"There surely must have been some provocation."

"There was. Taylor smoked six of his cigars."

"Six cigars oughtn't to disturb him like that," said Oakley. "He's the soul of generosity. Why, the ring he gave Mary is absolutely priceless. It's an heirloom in his family—a large ruby set with four brilliants. Perfectly stunning thing—you ought to see it!"

"I have seen it."

"What?" Oakley cried. "Impossible! He only gave it to Mary yesterday afternoon."

"As a matter of fact," Freddy went on calmly, "I believe I have it in my waistcoat pocket right now."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

For answer, Freddy took the ring from his waistcoat-pocket, and tossed it upon the desk-blotter.

"Large ruby and four diamonds," he said, "according to plans and specifications."

Oakley lay back in his chair and gasped like a landed trout.

"Perhaps," he said at length, "you'll be good enough to explain this—this—" He concluded the question with an eloquent gesture.

"By all means," Freddy replied. "This morning, when I came in, I found Taylor tossing a small object in the air and catching it again, with such rapidity that it looked like a lot of colored balls issuing from a Roman candle. As soon as he saw me, he pocketed it. My cu-

riosity being aroused, I proceeded to knuckle him."

"Knuckle him?"

"Precisely," Freddy went on. "A schoolboy trick. Hurts like thunder. Old Torquemada knew his business, Oakley, for it wasn't five minutes before I had it out of my worthy young friend, and there you see it."

"How did Taylor get hold of it?" asked Oakley.

"More knuckling made him tell," said Freddy. "He confessed that last night he attended the Benvenuto Cellini Circle, having made his peace with Ginhouliac. Of course, he noticed Mary wearing the ring, and when she went into the ante-room to wash her hands, and returned without it, he concluded that she must have left it on the lavatory. That's precisely what she had done, as he found out immediately—and there you are. Lucky I came in just when I did, or in all probability it would have disappeared entirely before this."

"And where is Taylor now?"

"I've fired him," said Freddy. "I've meant to do it every day for the past three weeks, but I've always forgotten about it until to-day."

"Why on earth didn't you have him arrested?"

"What's the use?" Freddy yawned. "We have the ring, and now let us go and take it back to Mary."

IV

THE Oakleys dwelt in an English-basement residence on West End Avenue. One glance at the white-leaded fanlight of the Colonial front door, and the curtailed elegance of the upper windows, established the Oakley respectability as firmly as did the family Bible and the "Social Register" beneath the big mahogany table in the library. It was to this chamber that Freddy had been ushered by Oakley on their arrival.

"Light up while I go and find Mary," he said, and started for the door.

Hardly had he reached it, however, when from the lower floor came a cry, half of rage, half of hysteria, which at once halted Oakley and brought Freddy to his feet.

"Now, what in the world is that?" Oakley ejaculated.

Another wail arose, and then followed the words:

"You lost eet, you lost eet."

"Ginhouliac!" Freddy whispered. "He's got 'em bad!"

"Ah, no, no, no, no!" reechoed through the house.

"By George, he has Duse and Bernhardt simply skinned to death!" Freddy chuckled.

"Give me the ring, Freddy," Oakley said. "I think I'll go down-stairs and kick him out."

Mingled with Mary's soothing contralto and Ginhouliac's shrill hysteria came an expostulatory growl.

"Confound it, sir, you're behaving like a fool!" it said.

"The governor!" Oakley exclaimed.

"When I was a kid he always said 'Confound it, sir,' just before he whaled the life out of me. Exertion's bad for him, too. I guess I'll go down."

He took the stairs four at a jump, while Freddy went back to the library and closed the door behind him. For ten minutes the muffled sound of voices came in faint waves from the ground floor, until a decisive bang of the front door brought the conference to a close.

Freddy had been standing by the library window, gazing idly into the street, and he saw Ginhouliac leave the house. For one brief moment the enraged Italian stood muttering on the curb. Between his thumb and finger he held the ring, which glittered and flashed in the afternoon sunlight; then, raising his hand above his head, he flung it far into the roadway.

As Freddy turned from the window, Oakley entered.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "but we've had the dickens of a row down-stairs."

"Only a lovers' quarrel, I hope?" Freddy suggested.

"A very violent one," Oakley replied.

"The fact is, when Mary said she didn't think his ring was valuable enough to make all that fuss about, Ginhouliac grew rabid, and actually swore at her. He apologized immediately, and said he thought she was calling his priceless old heirloom a valueless gift. After that, of course, Mary refused to have anything more to do with him, and when I gave

tory. Joy beamed from his face on beholding Evelyn. A second thought put out that lamp. He became the scholar-monk again, the wearied traveler from the East.

"Do I see Evelyn Vancourt?"

"And do I behold Spenser Craig-Lloyd, Esq.," she replied antiphonally, "returned from many wanderings, emerging from the mists of travel like a star?"

"Spare me!" he cried. "Ye heavenly powers, but it's good to behold you, Evelyn!"

She glanced about her. The three cronies had discreetly vanished.

"Is this an accumulated ecstasy, Spenser? Wouldn't it have been more judicious to have spread it over a few letters through these years?"

He hung his head. His dark lock slipped over his forehead in the old way, and he tossed it back in the familiar fashion. She felt a sudden throb of her pulses. How could she have missed him so much and not have realized it?

"You didn't marry Thomas Ward, then?" he gave back in enigmatical answer.

"I never intended to," she said coldly.

"Why—I heard abroad that you were engaged. I thought you were engaged when—I sailed."

Evelyn grew ten years younger. Her

eyes brightened, softened. The color wrought magic in her face.

"Thought!"

"I've always done too much thinking," he admitted.

"Tell me, what is it that brings you home again?" she challenged.

"Ah, that's the tragedy! Have you time to listen to a sad tale?"

"When did it happen?" she asked.

"That's the bitterest of all. It hasn't happened. It's still before me." He gazed at her—apology in his eyes.

"Evelyn?"

"Spenser?"

"Do you know that I am the legatee of two maiden aunts reduced to meager circumstances, within the past two years, a crippled cousin, and an orphan nephew? They explain my return to these shores. They also explain the hyphen."

His look of care was reflected in Evelyn's face.

"Poor old Spenser! What are you going to do about it?"

He sighed.

"Well, you know I never was a money-maker,

dear. I lack the trick, for I'm sure my good-will is strong enough. They say I was in India, running after heathen gods, but I took to monastic ways for economy's sake. Rice is cheap, and so are figs; but, somehow, you've got to be an Oriental to be nourished by such diet. I used to sit on the banks of the Ganges and



EVELYN GAVE HERSELF UP TO FINE FLIGHTS OF DECORATIVE FANCY

dream of beefsteak and porter, when they thought that I was escaping the illusory world by mystic brooding on ineffable things. I had a hard time!"

"Then the aunts—" Evelyn gently encouraged.

"Not aunts. The uncle came first—old Uncle Timothy Lloyd—eccentric and brilliant miser. You've surely seen him on Fifth Avenue, peering at the world through cynical, green eyes!"

"I remember him, I think."

"Well, he made a queer will. He has a niece by marriage, abroad, and he took it into his head that I, of all persons, was the man to marry her. He left half a million to her, half a million to me."

"Gracious!" Evelyn ejaculated.

"Wait, dear friend! He left it to each of us on the condition that we should marry each other. If we both refuse, we lose everything, and the money goes to an orphan asylum. If one refuses and the other consents, the refuser, so to speak, loses his or her share, and the other fellow gets the other half million. My language is mixed! If I should say no, and she should say yes, Miss Erda Flint would be then worth a million." He sighed deeply. "I'd give it to her. I'd love her to have it. I'd pay half a million to get out of marrying a woman I've never seen, but on top of the will comes this news about Aunt Maria and Aunt Jane, and the other dependents. I've got to help them out if I can."

He looked at Evelyn as if to ask for her comprehension and sympathy.

"Where is—Miss Flint?"

"Abroad. She's sailing for this side in about a month. I'm supposed to get Uncle Timothy's house in bridal array for her."

"Where is it?"

"Down near Washington Square."

They sat in silence for a moment. He broke it.

"Her last letter was ambiguous. I think she wants to see me before making up her mind—which is quite natural."

"Oh, she'll not refuse you," Evelyn said.

He had been only a friend, after all. She must hide from him that her own feeling had been touched with a finer light.

"You don't think there's a loophole?"

"I don't see one. I hope she's young and pretty, Spenser!"

"She's twenty-three."

Evelyn smiled.

"Twenty-three can't be very homely. Youth is the finest beautifier, after all."

He shook his head.

"Love is the only beauty-maker," he said. "If she doesn't love me—ah, what care I how fair she be, if she be not fair to me?"

They mused upon the quips and jokes of fortune. No matter how one's heart cried out, it was always easy, when with Spenser, to enter the abstract world, to say farewell to passionate realities. His strange, detached personality was like a gate to the realms of thought. Evelyn left her blushes behind, forgot herself, and entered into the problem.

"If she's sure to say yes, I might as well get the house ready. They tell me you understand houses. They tell me you can turn a house into a friend and companion. I may need friendly rooms after this outrage is perpetrated—this sacrifice to Mammon. Will you be extraordinarily good, and trim and prune my vine and fig-tree?"

II

EVELYN always worked more joyfully for love than for money. After she had brought herself to make the nest for Spenser's bride, she took a pleasure in her task for which she knew she would pay later in a rebellious heartache. But for the present she downed her resentment of a crisscross world, and gave herself up to fine flights of decorative fancy.

Uncle Timothy's aversion to change and his aversion to spending money had resulted in his preserving his old mahogany through a period wedded to black walnut. The house was full of good things. It was mellowed by time. Its browns and russets and dead ivory-whites invited tender color-schemes. Evelyn decided that it should be a haunted dwelling, a scholar's sanctuary, belonging to no "period," but the timeless period of a refined and gentle taste.

Spenser attended daily upon her labors, breathing gratitude, a subdued

melancholy, a faint hope that his future bride would be in physical harmony, at least, with these charming walls.

"Make it to suit yourself," he urged more than once, "untroubled by thought of the future chatelaine. If she doesn't like it, she must be trained to like it. Will you be good and come and see us sometimes, Evelyn?"

To which Evelyn made no definite reply. She was steeling herself to meet the newcomer with friendly welcome. She wondered if Miss Flint would have a sense of humor, and if she would be kind to Spenser and not mind his queer ways.

The house was almost finished when he came in one day with a cablegram.

"She has sailed," he announced. His eyes looked very dark in the pallor of his face. "I sent Aunt Maria and Aunt Jane their first remittances this morning," he added. "My bridges are burned!"

Evelyn gave a little sigh of relief. She was glad the gate was finally closed. From henceforth she must keep a watch upon her very thoughts. She would prove that a woman can transmute love into friendship.

As for Spenser, his hope seemed to ebb with the ebbing days. He grew taciturn. He once or twice displayed his manacles, complained of their weight, became silent again, gloomed through a long afternoon of final touches to the house.

"Cheer up!" Evelyn said. "She may be a miracle of charm and beauty. She may be the crowning glory."

"Bought and paid for!" he said bitterly.

He went down to the dock to meet Miss Flint and her mother, his heart beating wildly, more for what he had turned his back upon than for the sake of the lady of the legacy. Concerning Erda he felt a strange lethargy.

The steamer seemed an interminable time in docking. They had agreed by letter that she was to carry a little fan in her hand, and he was to wear a yellow rose in his buttonhole, for the sake of mutual identification. He spied her at last, in the care of a large, matronly woman with an anxious countenance. She was a slender, pretty girl, with rather a harassed expression, and troub-

led eyebrows perpetually in motion. She carried her fan languidly. She seemed afraid to see a yellow rose.

But he went forward at once, since the plunge must be made. He presented himself.

"I am Spenser Craig-Lloyd," he said. "Are you Miss Erda Flint?"

She gazed at him. He saw that her eyes were very lovely, but she looked as if she had been crying.

"I suppose we are betrothed," she said.

She paused as if she wanted him to deny it. He affirmed it.

"After our boxes are through the customs, you must tell me if you are glad," she said.

Mrs. Flint greeted him effusively.

"You poor children!" she exclaimed.

"But I know you'll like her. She's a dear girl—a little wilful, sometimes, but with such a good heart!"

She babbled on, as he attended to the luggage. She told him, very early in the proceedings, that she would not live with them.

"I don't believe in parents living with their children," she said. "You and Erda are starting with enough of a handicap in being cheated of your romance. But it will come—and how rare and beautiful it is when it comes after marriage!"

She sighed over this. She was clearly of a somewhat sentimental turn of mind. Erda said little, and Spenser was grateful to her.

In the carriage, on the way to the hotel, she challenged him perversely.

"Now you can tell me if you're glad!"

"I am—expectant."

She smiled and pouted.

"Of a miracle?"

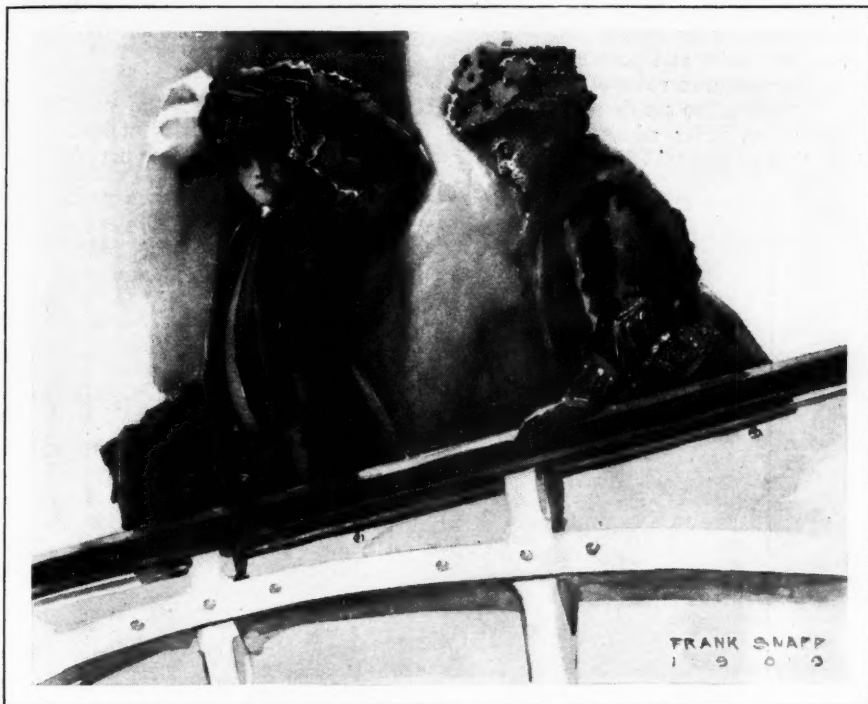
"Perhaps! Your house is ready for you," he added, after a silence. "A dear friend of mine attended to the furniture and decoration."

"What is her name?" she asked.

"Evelyn Vancourt."

"I've heard of her."

She relapsed into silence then. He was beginning to like her frankness. He did not realize that he was seeking desperately to like everything that he could about her. It was a great relief to find that she was not many of the things he had feared.



THEY HAD AGREED THAT SHE WAS TO CARRY A LITTLE FAN

He came for her that afternoon, to take her for a drive in the park. She seemed neither glad nor reluctant to go. When they were on their way, she suggested that each should tell the other their particular tastes and fancies, and such events of family history as might be of common interest.

He seconded her brave effort. He was emboldened at last to ask her:

"Why are you consenting to this outrageous will?"

"We are poor," she answered simply. "Why are you?"

"Several of us are poor," he replied. "Nobody in the family had any money, apparently, but Uncle Timothy."

"I wonder why he picked us out!" she said dreamily. "I was very happy on nothing certain a year. Mother wasn't."

"Well, we'll do the best we can to make them all contented."

"You can't make people contented unless you are contented yourself," she said sagely.

He looked apprehensive.

"Aren't you going to be contented?"

"I'm not sure. Are you?"

His involuntary sigh answered her.

Some obstruction in the road brought their hansom to a standstill for a moment. They were very near the sidewalk, and Spenser became aware that a young man strolling there was bowing low to Erda. He had the dark, Byronic air of a youth who sets his teeth above a carking wo. Spenser, turning to his companion, saw that her face was crimson.

"I knew him in Europe," she explained. "He is poor."

During the remainder of the ride they were very silent. A few days later, Spenser proposed that his bride-to-be should inspect the house. She requested, very sensibly, not to meet Evelyn upon this occasion.

"If I didn't like it, how embarrassing it would be!" she explained.

Spenser admired her honesty. He thought she would make a delightful

friend, but he had to confess to himself that he was not the least in love with her.

She was quiet and preoccupied as she went from room to room of the dwelling. He was pleased to see that not one detail escaped her. Her admiration was evident, though she said little.

she answered in a rather casual tone. "We can have tea here some day."

III

THE stern realities were soon to be faced. Erda set the day at last. Ten days before, he reminded her that she



"EVELYN, ISN'T IT JUST LIKE MY BLUNDERING SELF? I'VE CARED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS!"

"She did it all?" she asked once.

"Every bit of it."

"These are eloquent rooms," she commented.

He was puzzled, but he said nothing. He asked her when she would like to meet Evelyn.

"Oh, some time before I'm married,"

had not met the lady who had done so much to make their future abode beautiful. She promptly named a date. It was arranged that they should have tea together in the house.

Spenser went delightedly to Evelyn's office after the note of invitation had been despatched.

"You will come, won't you?" he said.
 "She is really very nice."

Evelyn felt a throb of jealousy, but she rose bravely to meet the occasion.

"Of course, I'll come and meet the little lady. I'm glad things are turning out so well, Spenser."

He nodded, but said nothing.

He arrived at the house that afternoon. The shining silver tea-service was already placed before the open wood-fire. The air of the room was very sweet with the odor of white lilacs that he had extravagantly ordered for the occasion.

Evelyn came at the appointed hour, but the bride-to-be was late—regrettably late, for neither the host nor his guest found it easy to converse under these unusual circumstances. The great, silent house seemed to both of them full of footsteps and voices. Their eyes wandered continually to the front windows. Whenever the sound of wheels was heard, they paused and listened.

Suddenly there was a sharp ring at the bell. A moment later, a servant entered, bearing a note. She said there was no reply and withdrew. The envelope bore Erda's handwriting.

"She is probably detained," Spenser said. "Strange she didn't telephone!"

He broke the seal and read the note slowly, a look of amazement gradually dawning in his face. At last he handed the written sheet to Evelyn. It read:

When you receive this, I shall be already married to Peter, the only man in the world I could ever love. We met him in the park that day, you remember. I didn't tell you beforehand, because I wanted you to keep on being willing to marry me until the last minute, so that you could claim all the

money under the terms of the will. I knew you'd be willing to provide for mother until Peter can.

I want the lady who decorated the house to live in it. She must love you very much to have made it so beautiful. I seemed to be reading her story the other day as I walked through those rooms. I somehow think you care for her, too.

Please comfort mother till Peter and I get back from our trip. We can only go to Far Rockaway for a week, but we're so happy. You'll forgive my deception, won't you, when you know I practised it for your benefit? There was no use of a perfectly good million going to waste. Please give my love to the Lady of the House.

The letter dropped from Evelyn's hand. Spenser rose and came over to her.

"Tell me," he demanded, "is it true?"

"What?" she faltered.

"Evelyn, isn't it just like my blundering self? I've cared for fifteen years! I couldn't dream that you—I began to suspect on my return, but it was too late then. Those thankful letters from my maiden aunts—my orphan nephew whom I had sent to Harvard—were prison walls! This child sees and acts. Evelyn, is it true that this place is so beautiful because—"

She smiled.

"I don't want to endanger your fortune, Spenser. The other half-million depends on your sighs for a lost bride."

He looked at her adoringly.

"I shall give the other half-million back to Erda," he said. "I owe her more than that for what she has done. But, please, pour me a cup of tea, Evelyn. You are the lady of the house!"

TRIUMPHANT

I LOVE that face the best,
 That, lined and seared and scarred
 After the journey hard,
 Shows in each token of life's awful test
 A sign of victory from the fields of pain;
 Tracings that proved it braved the stinging rain
 Undaunted, undismayed,
 Valiantly unafraid,
 Glad of its grief, yet glad now of its rest.
 I love that face the best!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE PURSUIT*

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY

BY FRANK SAVILE

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE story opens in the old Moorish city of Tangier, where Lieutenant Aylmer, a young English officer from Gibraltar, accidentally encounters an Arab who is attempting to abduct a little fair-haired boy. Aylmer rescues the child and returns it to its guardian, a handsome young American woman.

The next scene is at the Tent Club at Awara, fifteen miles inland from Tangier, where Aylmer and his friend, Paul Rattier, captain of the French cruiser *Diomède*, take part in a boar hunt. Here, for the second time, the English officer saves the fair-haired boy, who, straying to the field of the hunt, is charged by a wounded boar. He now finds that the boy's name is John Aylmer—the same as his own; and he infers that the child must be the son of his cousin, Lord Landon, who was married nine years before to a New York heiress, and whose cruelty and misconduct have since driven his wife to secure a divorce. The young woman who has the boy in charge proves to be Claire Van Arlen, sister of the divorced Lady Landon, and she receives Aylmer with unconcealed coldness and suspicion, which he endeavors—and for some time endeavors vainly—to overcome. She is living with her father—old Jacob Van Arlen, a New York millionaire—and little John Aylmer, at the Villa Eulalia, on the hillside overlooking Tangier.

Meanwhile Aylmer's worthless cousin, Lord Landon, lands from a New York steamer at Gibraltar, and is met by William Miller, a rather mysterious individual, who maintains an office and a cottage on the famous rock. From the ensuing conference it becomes clear that these two are conspiring to kidnap the peer's little son for purposes of blackmail. Miller also orders Landon to secure a certain book, containing confidential military information, which is in Aylmer's possession. The titled rascal succeeds in stealing the volume, and hurriedly leaves Gibraltar for Tangier.

Aylmer follows him, but is too late to prevent further disaster, for Landon entraps the boy and escapes with him in a Spanish smuggler's boat, bound for Cadiz. An unfavorable wind, however, drives the vessel down the African coast, and Landon goes ashore at Casablanca, tricking the vigilance of Commandant Rattier, whose ship is lying in the port. With some natives—Beni M'Geel Berbers—the kidnaper hurries off into the interior. Rattier, angry at having allowed him to escape, starts in pursuit, with Sergeant Perinaud and a half company of *goumiers*—Algerian yeomanry—given him by Major d'Hubert, commander of the French forces at Casablanca. The pursuers are joined by Aylmer, who has come to Casablanca on the Van Arlens' yacht.

XX

"THE wells of El Djebir, *mon-sieur!*" explained Sergeant Perinaud. "It is here we should find our men, if they are proceeding by the shortest route to their hills. If not—" He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

The horses were roused from their gentle amble into a gallop. The dust rose from fourscore hoofs as the *goumiers* raced down in an enveloping cloud upon the cluster of palms and thicket of broom-scrub which surrounded the watering-

place. They pulled their horses upon their haunches—they shouted in hoarse disappointment. The shadowed resting-place beneath the palms was empty. Not a living soul was in sight.

Perinaud shrugged his shoulders again.

"This is very conclusive, *monsieur*. The men we seek have thought fit to leave the open road and to bury themselves in the recesses of the jungle and the northern gorges of the river. They did not do that without a reason. It remains to follow—if we can."

The native officer shouted something,

* This story began in the September (1909) number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

and Perinaud turned swiftly in the saddle to stare down the track which they had been following. A white figure bestriding a brown horse was thundering toward them, the rider's hawk fluttering out snowily against the dun background of the earth.

"So *monsieur* thought fit to leave me—me!" expostulated Daoud, as he drew rein at Aylmer's side. "I—I who address you—am told by the chance gossip of the Sôk that this expedition has set out, without a word of warning, to seek bandits—where?" He threw abroad his arms in derision. "On the broad and open road, within sound—nay, almost within sight—of the patrols of Casablanca. I ask, is it here that knaves are likely to hide their knavery? Your venture and its object are already the pivot on which the laughter of the market-place swings!"

He turned and pointed vehemently toward the north.

"Have none of your trained spies had the wit or the courage to tell you that a hundred of these Beni M'Geel Berbers have encamped in the thickets of the Bou Gherba gorge this ten days back? And yet the market-place knows it, as it knows a hundred things beneath your concern."

Perinaud looked the Moor up and down; then he turned leisurely toward Aylmer.

"He is a safe man, this?" he asked. "You guarantee him?"

Aylmer smiled, and shrugged his shoulders toward the waiting goumiers.

"They are all for their own hand, these—are they not, sergeant? Yes, I will guarantee that he seeks to serve me—for the moment—and, in serving me, himself. It is the way with these desert folk. They cannot manage large issues, and they split into factions to follow small ones. Let us hear him, and, if you see no objection, take his advice. He has been in Casablanca before."

Perinaud grunted and eyed the Moor grudgingly.

"Well, man of infinite knowledge," he said in Arabic, "you propose—what?"

"Are there two courses before us?" asked Daoud disdainfully. "Or are we to await reinforcements? We have to surround this lair of desert cats."

"Where?" asked Perinaud laconically.

The Moor wheeled his stallion with an elaborate caracole.

"If the *sidi* had used my services from the first," he said, "he would have been saved an hour's ride. Forward, *sidi*!"

The sergeant lifted his eyebrows at Aylmer with an air of comical resignation. To the native officer he gave a decisive little nod. With Daoud leading, the brown stallion arching its neck in remonstrance to a tightened rein and goading spur, the column broke formation, and in single file turned northward into the broom-scrub which fringes the tilled lands of the Chawia.

The horsemen rode in silence. The mantle of Rattier's taciturnity, rent to rags in Hubert's office, seemed to have been restored to its pristine imperviousness—seemed, indeed, to hang heavy upon the spirits of the whole company. Now and again the *commandant's* lips moved uneasily, but the spoken word died still-born. A goumier would address fervent maledictions to the memory of the ancestors of a stumbling horse; curt conferences took place at long intervals between Perinaud and the native officer. But apart from this, the thud of hoofs meeting sand or earth and the dull tap of rein or stirrup-leather were all the sounds which broke the stillness. The heavy noontide heat seemed to have swallowed into silence all sound. Sound denotes creative energy, and energy, when the sun is at its zenith in southern Morocco, is sapped.

Their course, as Aylmer was quick to notice, led perpetually upward, but in gradients which almost eluded notice. Gray-blue in the haze of distance, the rolling uplands culminated in a range of low hills, but these were a full day's march beyond their powers. Their goal, if it was to be reached within daylight, must be nearer than that. His attention, as the hours went monotonously by, was at last drawn to a gap in the far-mapped expanse of vegetation.

A line of green, deeper and of more luxuriant growth than the thickets around them, divided the jungle from east to west. Daoud, turning in his saddle, waved his hand in an important gesture.

"The gorge of the Bou Djerba, *sidi*," he said. "It is my advice that I go forward to reconnoiter—alone."

Aylmer looked at Perinaud. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

"*Monsieur* guarantees this fellow, I understand? Well, let him justify himself. I have no objections."

Rattier interrupted.

"It is well understood that I deal with this M. de Landon, if he is there—I alone? Your man, now, if he suddenly confronts him"—he broke off with a meaning gesture—"I do not wish *my* interview with him anticipated!"

In spite of himself, a smile broke the imperturbability of the sergeant's face. With a suggestive jerk of the hand he dismissed Daoud, who cantered on into the jungle of mallow. Perinaud turned sympathetic and now perfectly grave features toward the *commandant*.

"*Monsieur* may be easy in his mind," he said quietly. "The man we seek, if I have understood his talents rightly, is hardly likely to be subdued without the display of some force—and intelligence."

He turned away to give the order to dismount. Rattier watched him with an air of baffled exasperation. There had been a gentle emphasis on the last two words which could scarcely be misunderstood; and as the sailor ruminated them, his taciturnity showed renewed signs of failing before the rising tide of his wrath. A sudden diversion averted an outbreak.

A gunshot rang out among the woodland silences into which Daoud had disappeared. It was instantly answered by the shriller snap of a revolver, and this was followed by a fusillade of five more reports as the weapon was emptied. The Moor's voice was suddenly uplifted.

"To me, *sidi!*" he was shouting vehemently. "To me!"

The native officer thundered an order. In a twinkling the men were back in their saddles, and, in irregular formation, threading the aisles of thicket at a canter. Aylmer and Rattier followed the sergeant, riding abreast.

There came another report. A bullet whistled between the pair, and from Rattier came a little growl of satisfaction. If there was to be a fight, he seemed to imply, his promised interview with Landon would assume proportions that were entirely pleasing to him.

Perinaud increased his horse's pace, flinging alert glances each side of him

rather than in front. A couple of hundred yards at speed, and the forest maze opened into a wide clearing, deeply overgrown with mallow and broom. Through the middle of this, his horse laboring against the growth, which was full five feet high, rode Daoud, revolver in hand. A short distance ahead of him, the green thicket was grooved in half a dozen places as unseen bodies crashed through. Daoud's aim was poised and then withdrawn a score of times in as many seconds. The flicker of a white haik would show for a brief instant here and there, and then be swallowed by the jungle.

Daoud would answer these appearances with a bullet—which, apparently, never reached its mark, for the echo of a mocking triumph greeted them. He turned irritably in the direction of his companions, and waved his hand significantly, motioning them to deploy right and left—to surround the thicket.

Perinaud answered with a comprehending nod; but Rattier had neither the time nor the inclination for a display of tactics. As Daoud turned his horse to emerge from the mallow, the *commandant* spurred his charger into the thick of it. He shouted—he whirled up his right hand, grasping his revolver, with fierce gesticulations of encouragement.

The goumiers saw, heard, and found little room for hesitation in their mood. Like a torrent released at the breaking of a dam, they followed. Perinaud thundered a protest, but it fell on deaf ears. The green brake was furrowed by a dozen lanes before their impact, and then, relentlessly, as it seemed, closed behind them. The horses bucked, plunged, but made little headway.

From one of them came a sudden whinnying shriek of pain; then the animal sank under its rider as the knife that had severed its tendons slipped back into the cover from which it had been so swiftly and so silently thrust.

The fallen goumier cleared himself and scrambled to his feet. His face alone was clear in the sea of vegetation, and it was a mask of anger and bewilderment; and then it, too, was gone with a sudden panting cry.

Aylmer gave a little gasp. The head was there and then it was not. It sank into the green as a swimmer sinks into the

blue in a shark-infested sea; but this shark was a human one, and its teeth a long Berber knife. The fugitives of the Beni M'Geel had chosen their battle-ground well!

Horse or man, lance or carbine—what were they against the daggers which the tussocks veiled? Mocking cries echoed in the thicket. Another horse shrieked and fell—another face showed white above the green and then was gone. The goumiers snarled with rage as they spurred furiously forward, but the clinging mal-low held them—shackled them—suffocated them with its density. There was a note of panic in their shouts; they battled no longer for victory, but for escape.

The leader of the reckless charge was in slightly better case than the majority. Rattier and one or two others, by chance of circumstance, stood in wider spaces, where the dagger-men could not reach them unseen. They sat in their saddles, alert for opportunity, quivering with rage, but useless. Their glances flashed from side to side—their eyes gleamed—but opportunity evaded them; and the cries of the unseen enemy still mocked them from the ambush.

Carried away by impulse, Aylmer would have joined the charge; but Perinaud's hand fell upon his reins with a grip of iron. Aylmer made as if he would release them by force. The sergeant made a gesture of appeal.

"No, my captain! This is serious. A little coolness, a little restraint, and we pull them out of this! But to follow—that would spell death for us all!"

He leaped from the saddle, drew his carbine from the bucket, and flung to Aylmer the reins of both horses.

"If *monsieur* will be so obliging?" he said quickly, and turned toward the nearest tree—a cedar which towered twenty feet above the dwarfed bolls of cork. He climbed lithely, rapidly, resting, at last, within a few feet of the top. He leaned his carbine upon a bough, took a steady aim, and fired.

A shriek answered the report—a shriek muffled in the blanket of the broom.

"*Courage, mes enfants!*" said Perinaud placidly. "That accounted for one, and from here I see all. There are but six. Give me time, and the affair completes itself effectually!"

Again he dwelled upon his aim, hesitated, fired, shook his head in self-reproach, and fired again. This time he gave a little nod of satisfaction.

"Two!" he cried. "Two, my children!" Another report of his rifle punctuated the announcement. "So!" went on the sergeant, as if he commented on the score at a rifle-range. "So! We write full stop to *monsieur le troisième*. Aha! *Messieurs quatrième, cinquième, and sixième*—it is poor stuff to push through, the broom! No, I do not see you, *messieurs*, but I see where you run like rabbits, and perhaps we may chance a bullet—*there!*"

The report of the last cartridge in the magazine was answered by another yell. A brown-clad body shot into the air out of the undergrowth, and subsided limply. Perinaud nodded again.

"Through the brain, my friend, through the brain! Yes, I still see you, my two little doves! We have to reload—four for one magazine of five cartridges is not bad, you will allow. You are trapped, are you not? In the broom you cannot escape me—in the open you will be ridden down. Well, it is to be in the broom, is it? So! *Voilà monsieur le cinquième!* That closes your account. As for you, my sixth friend, you have chosen the thicket, have you? You are very still—we must speculate—we must invite the co-operation of chance, which is a good friend to Sergeant Perinaud as a rule. There! No—is that not in the middle of the target? We must try again. Umph! I wonder if you are, after all, dead, my pigeon! *Holà there, monsieur le commandant!* If you will be good enough to step fifteen long paces to the right, following the motion of my hand, you will be able to inform me if my last shot was a bull's-eye, an outer, or even—shame to me if it is so!—a miss. Yes, *monsieur*, that is the spot—where the patch of broom outcrops between those two stumps of cork."

Rattier beat a road laboriously through the clinging stems as the sergeant's finger motioned. A sudden muffled exclamation burst from him; he lurched sideways, stumbled, and fell prone. The green stalks rustled and shook as something brown and indistinguishable shot through them in the direction in which the waiting goumiers were thickest.

As the *commandant* fell, Perinaud gave a warning cry.

"Look to yourselves! I cannot shoot—he is in line between us!"

One of the horsemen shouted, and spurred his stallion toward the fringe of the undergrowth farthest from the point at which the charge had entered it. His impulsive action countered Perinaud's manifest purpose of firing, for he, too, had seen the agitation of the mallow in that direction. The horseman bounded forward, the horse clearing the obstructions in a series of jerky little leaps. Beside the edge of the clearing they halted, the man searching the cover in front of him and on each side.

A brown something snaked out of the thicket at his back. Steel flashed in the sun. The *goumier* toppled from the saddle, and a brown figure, bowing flat across the horse's withers, seemed to have replaced him almost in the moment of his fall. Spurred desperately by his new rider, the stallion burst away down the cork-tree alleys.

A ragged volley rattled out. Splinters flew wide from a dozen trees, but horse and rider fled on.

XXI

THE *goumiers* called fiercely on the name of a dozen saints of Islam to qualify their rage as they thrust their chargers out of the tangle in pursuit. Perinaud and their officer yelled strenuous commands. Crestfallen and sullen, the troopers reined in, listening in silence to the commination addressed to them from the pulpit of the cedar.

"Is one lesson insufficient?" thundered Perinaud. "Do we practise the arts of war, or are we conducting a *rally-papier*? Like hares you were decoyed into this ambush, and, flinging your red-hot experience to the winds, you are prepared to be drawn, as likely as not, into another! Collect yourselves, morally as well as physically, if you please!"

They reined in among the cork-trees, and half a dozen, flinging their reins to comrades, pushed back on foot into the cover. A string of oaths and maledictions, twice repeated, told of what they found. They came back with the sullen tread of those bearing the heavy burdens of defeat and death, and laid the bodies

of their two comrades at the foot of the cedar.

Rattier, leaning upon Aylmer's arm, swore vehemently. The blood dripped from a gash across his wrist, but he raised it to shake a fist in the direction taken by the fugitives.

"Another item in M. de Landon's ledger, name of all names!" he cried. "But we shall see, my friends, we shall see! The hand is not played out yet, believe me!"

"Perhaps not," agreed Aylmer, "but you, at any rate, have cut out of the deal—or have been cut out," he added significantly, pointing to the wounded arm.

The *commandant* drew himself away with a fierce jerk.

"I!" he cried. "Is a cut finger—a graze—to send me weeping to the ambulance? I pursue the scoundrel who deceived me to the world's end! He has scored once more. It is the last time, this!"

He raised himself to his full height in a grandiloquent gesture, and fell fainting into Perinaud's arms. The sergeant grunted morosely, and pointed to a crimson stain which had welled through the blue tunic and was rapidly spreading.

"If it is not serious, I thank the saints for this!" he said devoutly. "He is impossible as a colleague on reconnaissance, this energetic *commandant*. It was his recklessness which led these men into a trap which at any other moment they would have avoided. We have lost two men and five horses by the result of this escapade. What are your suggestions now, *monsieur*?"

Aylmer hesitated.

"For the moment, have you not done enough?" he asked. "After all, your service is to France, not to intruders like myself. My Moorish servant and I might continue to reconnoiter alone. Your hands are full enough, are they not?"

The other looked at him queerly.

"Perhaps *monsieur* thinks that so far we have been a hindrance rather than a help to his purposes. *Monsieur* has reason. At the same time, we might justly, in my opinion, be permitted another chance to repair our prestige."

Aylmer smiled. Perinaud's voice was chilly. The glance he directed at the crestfallen *goumiers* let it be inferred that

his words were also designed to reach their ears. They shuffled and kicked at the ground restlessly as they listened.

"It is for you, of course, to direct matters, sergeant!" he said quickly. "But the *commandant*, without a doubt, must be removed at once to hospital."

"Without a doubt, *monsieur*," agreed Perinaud, with sudden cheerfulness. "We will escort him and the dismounted men out of the forest into the open farm-lands, where patrols are not infrequent, and nothing is to be feared. They will then be about twenty kilometers from the town. The best-mounted will proceed as quickly as possible to fetch the ambulance. Of the others, twenty will escort the *commandant's* stretcher—it is perfectly feasible to make a good one of poles, which we will cut, and over which we will button two greatcoats; the five new-made foot-soldiers will walk. The remaining dozen and you and I, *monsieur*, will proceed—with energy, if you please, but certainly with prudence!"

Perinaud closed his little homily with the satisfied air of an orator who has reached and correctly delivered an anticipated peroration.

And chance—which may have been listening—offered yet another of its favors to its protégé! As the little column debouched from the trees into the open expanse of alluvial country, a cloud of brown dust was rising on the far side of the fringing barley-fields. Perinaud gave an exclamation of content.

"It is the *tirailleurs* with their major!" he explained. "They have patrolled the Ber Rechid road and made a reconnaissance to get cattle. They will have an ambulance, or at least a mule-litter."

He put his horse to the gallop. The others, following more sedately, saw him reach and disappear among the ranks of white-uniformed men whose cummerbunds and tarbooshes winked a cheerful scarlet against the dun fallow or green cropping of the fields. There was an air of animation about the column, accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that innumerable kids frisked about their mothers as the captured goats were herded along the track, while droves of small, wiry cattle bellowed and butted at one another, their captors, and every moving object within reach of their serviceable little horns.

Perinaud, who had dismounted, was standing and speaking with an air of respect and precision to a mounted officer. The latter turned as Aylmer and his companions approached, and the former could barely restrain a start of consternation and surprise. For a deep, flaming groove dented the man's forehead from temple to temple, while the hand which he raised in salute was one huge scar from knuckles to wrist. His brown eyes inspected Aylmer with friendly attention.

"At your service, *mon capitaine*!" he said. "Sergeant Perinaud has explained your needs."

Aylmer began to express his thanks. The other nodded pleasantly, and gave an order. From the rear an ambulance was trotted forward; a gray-mustached doctor, in uniform, swung himself from his saddle and bent over Rattier, who was still unconscious.

A moment later the surgeon looked up. "Loss of blood," he said laconically. "He has a gash two fingers deep behind the shoulder. Severe, but not serious—with care. We will see to him."

The officer nodded again. He looked at Aylmer.

"And yourself, *monsieur*?" he asked.

Aylmer made a gesture toward the forest and the distant uplands.

"With your leave, we will continue our—investigations, major," he said.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"The forest, *mon ami*? We, do you see, have confined our operations so far to the plow-lands—the open. I have no store of experience to draw upon for your advice. You will be pioneers. I shall hope to have the benefit of your experience on your return. Maillot is my name, *monsieur*, and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at the headquarters of my regiment outside the Fedallah Gate. For the moment, then, *au revoir*!"

He smiled cheerfully, saluted, and gave an order. The tramp and jingle of the march was renewed. The dust-cloud began to form again where it had settled, and the *tirailleurs* swung off seaward with the elastic step which those who wear the *godillot* acquire, and which makes them the envy of their colleagues in the regulars, who are doomed to the precise lacing of the *soulier*. Perinaud made a gesture of admiration as with Aylmer and his

half-score of goumiers he watched them go.

"*Monsieur* has seen the bravest man and the finest leader of all the troops of France!" he remarked.

"Major Maillot?"

"But certainly the major, *monsieur*. He needs no medals to prove what he is and where he has been. His deeds are witnessed on his brow and hands." He hesitated, and then spoke quickly. "I have no wish to vaunt the deeds of Frenchmen to you, a foreigner, *monsieur*, but that is a man in whom we may take an honest pride. The scar you saw came to him by Settat. He and a picket were cut off from the main body by a hidden reserve of the enemy. They retreated fighting, and were within measurable distance of safety; and then one of our fallen, whom they had left for dead, cried aloud out of the hands of the enemy. How these savages were dealing with him I shall not disgust *monsieur* by telling. Suffice it to say that they were working the will of devils upon him, and, in spite of his manhood, he shrieked. The major heard, and like a thunderbolt turned and charged straight for the enemy; and his men, without a thought of the peril, turned with him—a dozen, perhaps, against five-score. But before the main body of the regiment raced up to the rescue, those hundred Moors were in full retreat. They picked up their major, wounded as you have seen, lying across the body of the man he had fought to save, with seven dead foes ringed around him. They have a confident air, these tirailleurs of ours—some say an insolent one. Well, *monsieur*, they have their pride, it must be allowed, but when they are led as that nian leads, they have a right to it!"

Aylmer nodded. Slowly they turned their horses' heads forestward again. Perinaud looked at the line of trees abstractedly, and then back again at the receding column.

"France does not desert her children, if she remembers!" he remarked quietly. "It is well that we met these men and their major. He is a man who will see to it that we are not forgotten—if chance wills that we do not soon return. The task of seeking us would be one after his own heart; and his tirailleurs would think with him." He smiled confidently. "So

we may go forward with an easy mind, *mon capitaine*. We are pioneers, as the major said. To pioneers should come adventures, if they are worthy of their name."

He touched his stallion's flank with the spur. The little band of horsemen cantered up and into the shadow of the cork-trees. There was an air of arrogance and recklessness about the riders. All trace of the discomfiture of an hour back was gone. It was as if the tirailleurs had breathed an infection of valor around them—a bacillus of intrepidity which their major had cultivated with the point of his untiring sword.

XXII

"THAT our friends have left is obvious," said Daoud. "The question is, how long ago, and whither."

The litter of a recently disturbed encampment cumbered the ground. Rags, the feathers of lately plucked chickens, the ashes of recently extinguished fires, abounded; but whether the camp had been struck days or only hours before it was impossible to determine. Night as well as day had been rainless, and the dry dust left no trail perceptible to European eyes. Daoud, however, examined the soil carefully.

"They have gone south," he declared at last. "They have struck out of the forest and back toward the plain. This grows interesting!"

Perinaud gave a sniff.

"The reason is obvious," he said a little contemptuously. "Where did they obtain water? From the spring which welled up at the foot of that cactus to the left; but now it is dry and cracking mud."

Daoud nodded grudgingly.

"Possibly," he allowed. "The nearest wells are at Ain Djemma."

"Held in force by two companies of the Legion," said Perinaud. "They are hardly likely to show themselves there. No—if they have gone south they are seeking the Wad el Mella. They will follow the stream through the gorge toward their own foot-hills, from which it issues."

"This river? How far away is it?" asked Aylmer.

"Eight kilometers—possibly ten," said

Perinaud. "There are *duars* and encampments along its banks in a dozen places. We ought to get news of our men, even if we do not overtake them."

"Our horses have come a matter of thirty kilometers already," said Aylmer.

"Then as soon as possible they must do ten more," answered the sergeant energetically. "Without water we cannot camp any more than our friends of the Beni M'Geel. *En avant!*"

Aylmer drew his horse up beside Perinaud's as for the second time they left the shelter of the trees and ambled out upon the plain. The westering sun was turning it to broad belts of dun, and yellow, and green, as the slanting beams fell upon earth, or marigold-weed, or crops. Four or five miles distant on their front the rolling uplands culminated in a belt of squat but far-branching trees.

"There, one may suppose, are the river and the gorge," he suggested. "The inhabitants of these *duars*, of which you speak—how will they greet us?"

Perinaud shrugged his shoulders.

"It remains for fate to show us, *monsieur*. There were some drastic whippings of the Moors within this district a few weeks back. How well they have learned the lesson taught them then we shall have to prove."

Aylmer hesitated.

"It is not with the purpose of getting embroiled in skirmishes that I have come," he said quietly. "You understand that my duty, for the moment, is to keep myself alive until my object is achieved."

Perinaud grinned dryly.

"That is a remark which a poltroon would not have dared to make, *monsieur*, and shows you to be a brave man. Be assured that my efforts toward maintaining an unperforated skin will be as energetic as your own. Hysterical madresses, such as we were recently involved in, shall not recur, if I can help it. My purpose is to camp, as soon as we reach water, and then to allow your omniscient M. Daoud to conduct his investigations under cover of the darkness."

As the red disk of the sun sank below the seaward horizon, they topped the gentle rise, which terminated in a belt of trees. Not far below them, belling musically through the dusk, came the song of the ripples. Half a mile away, on the

far side of the gorge, a dim light twinkled in the growing darkness.

Perinaud pointed toward a group of palms.

"Here, *monsieur*," he explained, "you will find dry earth. You have your cloak. Your saddle is a practical pillow. I have bread, a ration or two of preserved soup, some beans, coffee, a tin of milk, sugar. At the *duar*, where we see that light, are—possibly—chickens; but we are quite as likely to receive a bullet. What does *monsieur* advise?"

Aylmer smiled.

"An immediate picnic. In the friendliest of *duars*, cannibal hordes thirsting for our blood would await us, if we were reckless enough to sleep among them. I prefer to housekeep *à la belle étoile*."

The sergeant nodded and gave his orders. Sentries slipped right and left into the night. A tiny fire was kindled in a hollow between two boulders. The tins of preserved soup gave up their secrets, and the ration bread proved that the military bakers of France have discovered the secret of making loaves which will remain fresh and eatable through a whole week of desert marches. Coffee succeeded—coffee made in the empty vegetable-tin, and worthy of the Ritz.

Daoud drank his portion, shrugged his shoulders fatalistically at the sleeping-places which the goumiers were preparing, and then, without comment, vanished into the night.

Aylmer lay back upon his cloak, his head pillowed upon his arm, his pipe between his teeth. He was enjoying to the full the sensations of a pleasantly weary and well-fed horseman. The first drowsy challenge of sleep touched his eyes and brain.

The very next instant, as it seemed to him, he was on his feet, revolver in hand, searching the dark aisles of the forest on either side. A shout had echoed from one of the sentries—a hoarse challenge, followed almost on the instant by a shot.

The cry was repeated—shriller this time with the insistence of anxiety.

"*Au secours!*" came the goumier's voice. "*Au secours!* There are a score of them—they are all round me!"

In silence, but with a wave of the hand, Perinaud dispersed his men into open order and doubled toward the sounds of

conflict. Aylmer ran with them, making more noise in his heavy boots than the whole of the party made in their *souliers*. He heard Perinaud whisper an emphatic oath of disgust as he tripped over a fallen branch and smashed heavily through a cactus-bush. The next instant both of them fell together, over a soft, woolly obstruction, which stirred faintly under their feet. Meanwhile half a dozen rifles were flashing red in the night, and the woodland echoes tossed the reports from thicket to thicket.

Perinaud swore again viciously, scrambled to his feet, and shouted.

"Imbeciles! Cease fire!" he thundered. "They are sheep, these Moors of yours—sheep! A pretty night's work! You have killed probably a dozen, and we have no means of transport."

Shamefacedly the *goumiers* crowded round to feel the fatness of the victim which had lain in Aylmer's path. As they felt and appraised it, their voices resumed a note of philosophic content. It was indeed discreditable that Hassan el Fehmi, the sentry, had been betrayed into this indiscretion; but the dead sheep, look you, was of an unlooked-for plumpness, and breakfast must be partaken of sooner or later. There would be cutlets, and room might be found on a saddle or two for a couple of *gigots*. No, it was not all loss, this night alarm. There were compensations.

Perinaud declined to meet these representations in the spirit in which they were made.

"Looters! Robbers of hen-roosts!" he cried. "The whole of your thoughts are centered, as ever, on your unworthy stomachs. The compensation for this outrage will be made to the owners from your pay, let me tell you—from your pay! You have raised the country on us with your shootings. Within a matter of minutes we shall have the Moors here in earnest—be assured of that!"

Wrathfully he led the way back to the bivouac, and carefully extinguished every cinder of the fire.

"And now," he ordered, "our duty is to wait—beside our horses. If it will not inconvenience *monsieur*, I should be obliged if he will defer sleeping, for the present. If we are not molested for the next hour or two, it will be different. The

moon rises before midnight, and after that a couple of sentries will amply suffice."

XXIII

It was a memory which stayed by Aylmer for many a month—that long, silent, and very weary vigil of the next few hours. He sat, with his back supported by a palm-trunk, the haltering rein of his horse in his hand, his eyes vainly trying to pierce the gloom which surrounded him and his ears strained to attention.

The forest, though in the windless calm not a leaf fluttered, was full of disquieting noises. There were rustlings; faint, half-perceptible crackings of twigs; dull, muffled, resistant sounds from the earth, which must surely be caused by human footfall. Once his whole frame strung into startled alertness as a night bird shrieked in the cork-branches not twenty yards away. The faint but distinct after-echo of a chorused sigh told him how a dozen other pulses had leaped with his. The quick, irregular, darting run of a small animal—a jerboa or forest rat—produced an almost equally disturbing effect.

But the soft, regular breathing of his horse, as its breath beat past his shoulder, was a soothing, soporific sound which his nerves welcomed, even though they seemed to protest against it as tending to lull him into an unalert insecurity. With a sudden qualm of reproach, he found his head dropping sidewise and smiting lightly the trunk of the palm. He drew himself up with a quick, decisive tautening of his muscles. He would *not* sleep! His eyelids almost ached with the intensity with which he held them apart.

Sleep, like fate, is a tricky jade to defy. It was Perinaud's voice, level and stolid, but with a faint note of sarcasm, which aroused him.

"*Monsieur* may now sleep in comfort, if he will," suggested the sergeant. "There is little fear from surprise with such a moon."

Aylmer blinked. The round, white orb was sending its rays in full flood through the broad fans of the palm-leaves overhead. It tinged the cork-trees with silver radiance; it produced an effect of grateful coolness in the cinder-dry thickets and powdery earth. It was as if dew had fallen—a dew of light. The shadows of the

gorge were of a velvet blackness in contrast.

Aylmer looked carefully round. It was as Perinaud said. The forest spaces were clear—one could trace them almost as distinctly as in the daylight. No enemy could steal upon them unseen.

And so it was with a little sigh of content that he laid his head back upon his saddle, pulled his cloak more disposedly about him, and prepared to give nature freely what during the past three hours she had stolen.

The result was that sleep, with characteristic perversity, deserted him. He closed his eyes resolutely; he breathed with exact precision; he even counted an imaginary flock of sheep as they passed sedately between two supposititious hurdles. He remained broadly awake, his eyes rebelling against their imprisonment till at last he gave up trying to coerce them.

He searched his pocket, found tobacco and a pipe, and smoked. His brain became suddenly active. He reviewed the circumstances of the last few days. He debated his position—appraised his progress. It was typical of his temperamental equability that he did this; it was part of the dogged resolution with which he approached the vital problems of his career.

He knew that for the first time he had encountered passion, and that it had mastered him. He had seen Claire Van Arlen perhaps half a dozen times before he realized this—and realized it, too, with a certain ingenuous wonder at the thing which had such power over him. But he had made no attempt to combat it.

He knew that this girl had become for him the pivot of existence. As matters had gone, he had scarcely had the opportunity for introspection. Passion had gripped him, and now passion's authority had gone beyond the limits of question. He set his face unswervingly toward his goal. The days of debating an alternative path had gone by.

He sighed. Up the path he had chosen had he made any progress? Yes, one great step had been taken. She knew the goal he sought; he had made it absolutely plain. He had read repulse in her eyes as she first divined it. He had read it again, but tinged with a thrill of curiosity at his second allusion. The third time?

There he was beaten. She had seemed to fling him a sort of encouragement. Why? What was her intention here? She had not softened toward him—instinct told him that. And yet—and yet!

He sighed again. There were many barriers in this road he had set out upon—barriers which must be leveled one by one. Dislike—suspicion—but not, thank God, apathy! No, from the first he had interested her; from the moment of their first meeting he had been forced into prominence in her regard.

A hand fell lightly upon his shoulder, bringing him back with a start from the possibilities of romance to the facts of an every-day African world. The most engrossing of these, for the moment, was Daoud's face.

There was a sense of importance in the Moor's aspect—the importance of discovery. Aylmer realized this at once.

"You have discovered—what?" he asked sharply.

Daoud waved his hand with a magnificent and comprehensive gesture.

"All, *sidi*," he answered. "The two we seek, with the child, are in an encampment of Berber tribesmen within an hour's march."

Aylmer scrambled to his feet. He made but little noise as he did so, but there was a corresponding movement in the half-dozen recumbent figures beside him. Perinaud, raising himself upon his elbow, looked thoughtfully at the scout.

"Well, my friend?" he asked amiably. "Your researches take us where?"

"Five miles farther up the ravine," said Daoud. "It is more than a camp—a village of some importance. Our friend who escaped from the broom-thicket has not arrived there. There was no alertness—no watch kept. By the time I left snores were echoing from practically every tent and dwelling of mud. We are not expected."

Perinaud nodded.

"*Bien!* The moment of attack, then?"

"Is now, *sidi*. By the time we reach it the dawn will have come."

Aylmer fumbled for his watch. It was true. The hour was between four and five. The wan light of false morning was, indeed, faintly paling the east. He looked at Perinaud, and the sergeant nodded.

"Short rest for the horses, *monsieur*," he said, "but that we cannot help. The time is short enough, as it is."

He motioned the waiting figures of the goumiers into activity. The sentries were recalled. A tiny fire was kindled, and coffee was made with incredible quickness while the saddles were being flung upon the horses' backs. Aylmer gulped his portion gratefully, for the dew-brimmed air was chill.

Within twenty minutes of Daoud's return, the half-score of horsemen were following him in single file along the river-bank. Progress was slow—the path imperceptible or devious. The light of morning was no longer yellow, but alive with the rose-red of sunrise as they halted at a gesture from their leader and gazed between the trunks of a grove of palms.

White against the green of growing crops, a dozen houses lined the edge of an oval space which some winter flood of by-gone years had hewn deep in the surrounding alluvial soil. The forest thickets grew up to the fringe of the arable land, divided from it by hedges of cactus. Between the houses and the river was an encampment of brown, dilapidated tents. The land immediately in front of these was bare and open, as if some ceaseless traffic had beaten all vegetation down. On an eminence stood a lime-washed, dome-topped shrine.

"If possible, we should surround and examine each house or tent in silence, and one by one," suggested Daoud.

"A matter of hours!" said Perinaud. "No, let our men form rank where their rifles command each doorway, and I will see to the summoning of the inhabitants. For the moment—softly! Keep your horses off the rock, but avoid the thickest of the jungle. Show judgment, my children—show judgment!"

He finished with a little oath of surprise; for almost at his horse's feet—or, at the farthest, a bare five yards from him—a man had suddenly risen from a thicket—a man clad in a dirty *djelab*, who viewed the sitting horsemen with every sign of amazement and sudden panic. In another moment, and with a shrill cry, he had darted through the palm-grove and was flying across the crop-lands, straight toward the line of silent tents.

Perinaud struck spurs into his stallion.

"Take him!" he cried, and his voice had a queer note of exasperation as he tried to make it vehement and yet held it below the level of a shout.

He led the charge which raced across the herbage. Aylmer, carried away by the sudden infection of repressed excitement, thundered at his side. The dark spot of brown made by the *djelab* of the fugitive seemed, for the moment, to comprehend all that was vital in existence. He must not reach the tents—he must not give the alarm!

Although he was a matter of fifty yards or more behind his quarry, owing to the start the runner had gained by the intervening palms, Aylmer began to lean forward in the saddle—to thrust out his arm—to feel a tenseness, a twitching in his fingers, as if he already grasped the hood of the garment which rose and fell with its owner's every stride.

A yell burst from Perinaud's lips—a yell of rage and warning!

"A trap!" he cried. "The silos—the silos! Pull wide—pull wide!"

Aylmer heard a crash. A goumier on his right seemed to have been swallowed with his horse into the very earth. He gripped his own rein, moved by a sudden and imperfectly comprehended pulse of fear, and wrenched at his bridle. His horse fought under the strain, made a half-hearted attempt to halt, and was carried by mere impetus another fifty yards.

There came another crash—another goumier's horse disappeared, while the man, spilled from the saddle, rolled over a dozen times across the hardened flat. Perinaud's stallion, its eyes wild, its nostrils round with terror, spread out its legs and skated forward to the very brink of—what?

A huge round hole, beneath which was darkness only. Aylmer saw it, saw that he himself must reach it, and comprehended as in a flash the sergeant's cry.

The silos!

Even his narrow experience of Morocco had taught him what the word meant. They were the underground grain-cellars of the villagers, sunk in the earth, unfenced, often coverless, and, as now, open traps for the unwary. The thought and the flash of apprehension which it kindled added force to the grip with which he tore at the reins.

Too late!

His realization of the hideous fall which was inevitable was swift as a lightning-flash, and yet at the same time the thing itself seemed to arrive with a horrible deliberation. His thews were tense—his knees clutched the saddle. And then—and the feeling was as if he watched for the culmination of a well-understood and expected movement of familiar machinery—his horse's feet slid grudgingly over the edge. The black hole in the earth rose instantly—rose and sucked him down. There was a shock, and then night fell—a night impenetrable.

XXIV

"It's the pig man!" said a childish voice. "It's the man what lifted me out of the way of the boar."

Aylmer blinked. Himself in the shadow, he was aware of a figure opposite him in the center of a circle of light. He lay, apparently, in a circular room, unfurnished, and lit by an unglazed skylight alone. The figure, sitting cross-legged on a lump which his returning senses discovered to be a dead horse, wore the white haik and the burnoose of a Moor. The hood was drawn back, showing bronzed, aquiline features and a brown beard, but the man's eyes were blue.

Aylmer studied the face with a feeling of bewilderment which gradually became irritation. He was stunned, but consciousness had so far returned that he *knew* himself stunned, and knew, also, that his brain was confronting a problem with which his normal powers would have easily grappled. He ought to be able to recognize his visitor. There was familiarity—there was recognition—in the man's sneering smile; and yet who was he?

Aylmer moved restlessly, petulantly. An excruciating pang leaped up through his shoulder and made him gasp.

"Dislocated, I fear," the other man said, in level English accents; "and the collar-bone most certainly fractured."

Aylmer's ear served him where his eyes had failed. The voice was Landon's. It was his cousin who sat opposite him, smiling evilly from the shadow of the haik.

Something touched the wounded shoulder lightly, but not so lightly but that Aylmer winced again.

"Poor man—poor man!" said the

childish voice again, commiseratingly. "Is it badly hurted? When I fell off my pony, they rubbed *me wiv butter*."

It was his little namesake, swaddled in white, flowing garments, who stood at Aylmer's elbow, peering into his face with anxious eyes.

The wounded man pulled himself into a sitting position, not without intense pain. The throb of his damaged arm seemed to awake his dulled consciousness. He looked from father to son without bewilderment. His understanding had fully regained command of the situation. His first action was typical of the man; he fumbled with his left hand at his holster. Landon laughed.

"Empty, my dear John!" he said. "For fogs, gales, the menacing hand of nature, I do not pretend to have my remedy; but I retain the common sense which deprives my enemy of a weapon when opportunity is my friend."

Aylmer was still silent. Landon gave a self-satisfied little nod of the head—a little motion which implied the insolence of triumph fully enjoyed.

"And by opportunity, please understand that I do not refer to mere chance," he went on. "The little *ruse de guerre* by which you and your associates were drawn into this trap was the product of an active brain—not mine, I grieve to say. A friend who has seen much of desert bickerings did not invent, but adapted it. I don't think many of your beautiful goudiers escaped him and his allies."

There was something more than disgust and repulsion in the glance with which Aylmer regarded his cousin. It was, perhaps, wonder.

"Libertine, blackmailer, spy, and thief—you have proved yourself all of these within the space of half a dozen years!" he said quietly. "And now traitor, and—I suppose—assassin! It puzzles me. Clean living isn't so hard, and yet you have never tried it—never!"

A queer line showed in Landon's cheek as his lips tightened against each other. And then he laughed again—a harsh, unconvincing little laugh.

"Is the first line of attack an appeal to my better nature?" he asked. "Omit it, my friend. However good your aim, you cannot reach a target which, to be frank, is non-existent. Appeals to my

self-interest find me alert—but to my conscience, chill as ice. We may chaffer, you and I, but on strictly business lines.”

He settled himself back upon the dead horse's shoulder, pulled out a silver case, and selected a cigarette. He lit it, talking slowly between puffs.

“My apparently unkinsmanlike conduct in offering no attention to your wound is easily explained. It is a small matter, involved in far larger issues. If you meet my terms, our limited resources in that and other matters will be at your service. If not—” He shrugged his shoulders placidly. “Well, I do not suppose a prison governor pays attention to the condemned's complaints of his breakfast egg on the morning of execution.”

He moved, leaning forward at last, his elbows on his knees, his palms supporting his chin; and he looked down at Aylmer malignantly.

“I have you here to make or break as I will,” he said. “By Heaven, opportunity doesn't call me twice. I clutch it!”

The child turned with a little start, looking at his father with puzzled but not apprehensive eyes. The note of malice in that voice was evidently strange to him, and Aylmer, as he understood this fact, breathed a tiny sigh of relief. The child, at any rate, had not suffered ill-treatment.

Landon saw the motion, and his features relaxed into something like affection. He held out his hands.

“Come here, my son,” he said. “Go and find Muhammed.”

As the child ran forward, he caught him deftly and tossed him up and out into the sunlight. Aylmer heard the boy's cry of welcome and laugh of delight as his footsteps pattered over the roof of the cellar and were lost. Muhammed, whoever that might be, was evidently not far away.

Landon settled down upon his seat again.

“That,” he said, with an upward jerk of the shoulder toward the opening above his head, “that is one of the things I have been robbed of. Also my comfort, my credit, my security, my ease. I have had to endure unpleasantness. I have had to descend—though as a mental exercise I do not count it a descent—to

crime. Life, in fact, has been difficult for me lately—owing to the action of certain people with whom you appear to have allied yourself. You and they will have to get matters in a different perspective. Your efforts in future must be for me, not against me. They must be directed to effacing unfortunate circumstances in the past which are detrimental to my well-being. That must be fully understood before we even begin to talk of terms.”

He looked up at Aylmer with a sudden, quick, speculative flash of the eyes. The other met it steadily and equably.

“Have we begun to discuss terms?” he asked.

“No!” Landon snapped the monosyllable with contemptuous emphasis. “No! I don't discuss them, let me tell you. I make them!”

Aylmer met the announcement with a smile.

“Ah!” he said quietly, and something in his tone seemed to whip Landon's restrained spite over the border-line of fury.

“Confound you!” he cried. “Do you think I can't and won't humble the lot of you? Do you think I'm to be robbed of the winning ace now, when I've got it in my hand? I tell you there isn't a thing in me you can appeal to. I'm out for the stuff—I'm in business for myself—for me!”

He swayed to and fro upon the carcass, his face livid, his fingers unconsciously twining and plaiting the dead animal's mane. His teeth flashed, attracting, as it were, the core of the little light that reached the gloom—attracting it to intensify his fierce animal fury. For as he swayed and swore, the teeth shone behind his red lips like the fangs of a cornered wolf.

And then, suddenly, darkly, the emotion was planed from his face. His features became mask-like in their imperturbability.

“You had better listen carefully,” he said. “First, I keep the boy—that goes without saying—I've got him. Secondly, they give me their engagement under bond not to molest me in my possession of him, if I choose to visit America or England, or even if I marry again. Thirdly, old man Van Arlen pays me ten thousand

pounds—pounds, mind, not dollars—within a week from now, and on the same date every year. Fourthly, you explain away the matter of the book I borrowed from your library. Explain it as you like—say I was drunk or insane, or any sort of lie that suits you best. You'll have to give me your word of honor to do your best about that; and I'll take it, because I know you believe in these shibboleths. Lastly, they're to keep quiet while I have a free hand with Despard."

Aylmer gave an involuntary start, and Landon snarled—there is no other word for it—with savage rage.

"By Heaven, they've got to stand by and see me break him! He's hunted me through the courts and through the press of two hemispheres. He shall have his turn. Not all in a moment, either. A word here and a word there—a paragraph or two where they can't well be missed—then rumors, and then a circumstantial story. Rush him into action; and then—slowly, thoroughly, and perfectly plainly—bowl him out. Eh, that will be the gilded roof on the whole thing! Despard down in the mud—Despard broken!"

His fingers ceased their wandering. He sat motionless, his eyes staring gloatingly into the gloom over his cousin's head. It was as if he saw visions of evil triumph limned upon the walls.

Aylmer lay very still. The sense of inertia which had been overpowering when consciousness first revived was passing away. His brain was clear. He realized that for all practical purposes he was in the hands of a madman—or of a man so far enthralled by a very possession of wickedness that he might be reckoned insane. There was nothing to do but await events.

Landon dropped his eyes.

"Do you see?" he asked. "That's your job—to go to them and tell them. Do you understand?"

Aylmer shook his head.

"I hear your price—for what?" he asked. "It's a one-sided bargain, so far."

"The goods that I have to deliver," said Landon slowly, "are what I put safely out of your way a moment ago. That boy's health, and mental—and moral, too, if you like—strength. Get the notion?"

For a moment the silence remained unbroken. Then Aylmer spoke.

"You devil!" he said slowly. "You incarnate fiend!"

Landon laughed again, with complacent satisfaction.

"You *do* get the notion," he said. "Let your mind dwell upon it. I sha'n't kill the boy—oh, not for a long time! I shall keep him alive; he'll even enjoy the process. I'll bring him up carefully—very carefully. There isn't a form of life as I've seen it that he sha'n't be familiar with. You may hunt me from England; you may make it hot for me in Europe and America. There are plenty of lively resorts in this good old continent of Africa that will amply fulfil my purpose. I'll put him through the mill! I'll begin early, too. I sha'n't leave much to luck. If, by any chance, you brought about my death—and I credit you with grit enough to attempt it—you'll find the kid well grounded. He shall be his father's son, and a bit more. I hadn't the advantages he's going to have!"

The flush of anger that had mounted to Aylmer's face was gone now. He looked at Landon keenly, indeed, but with more curiosity than wrath. His voice was quite controlled.

"And in the alternative?" he asked.

"In any case, you keep him. What do we gain by meeting your terms?"

Landon shrugged his shoulders.

"He has his chance, then, against the world, the flesh, and the devil with the rest of them. I sha'n't pose as a saint before him, but I'll see that he behaves himself decently and plays the game. He'll go to Eton and Balliol—if he has the sense. I sha'n't send him to Sunday-school, but he'll attend church on Sunday—once. I'll choose his tailor and put him in the way of things. He'll learn, in fact, how to conduct himself as an ordinary English gentleman."

Aylmer nodded.

"From whom?" he asked quietly.

Landon flinched. The eyes which had been bent on his cousin with eagerness alight in them quivered. He gave a little hissing intake of the breath.

"You cursed prig!" he breathed thickly. "You cursed prig!"

Aylmer smiled.

"You've been out of it too long, Landon," he said. "For more than a year, I suppose, your only familiars have been

Bowery ruffians or Soho blackmailers. Did you think this could be done? Did you really make yourself believe that I was likely to be an easy intermediary for such a proposition? And you probably forget that it was for your wife's sake that your father-in-law dealt gently with you during your married life. There's no need for any restraint in that quarter now."

Landon made a gesture of contempt.

"Are you making threats—for that old tame cat?" he sneered.

"He's got claws that will reach out to scratch you at the world's end, my amiable cousin. They're made of dollars. And they'll be sharpened with American grit. Uncommonly unpleasant you may find them!"

Landon snapped his fingers.

"That for his dollars and his grit!" he cried. "It's no good raising your bluff on me. I'll see you every time—see you and take it! Leave it out—don't waste time over it. Are you going to carry my message to them, or are you not?"

"No," said Aylmer. "You knew perfectly well what my answer was going to be, but if it's any satisfaction to you to have it—no!"

(To be continued)

Landon leaned forward.

"I guessed what your highfalutin ideas would answer," he said; "but I'm talking to you—to you about yourself." He pointed to the well-like opening above his head. "Do you believe that you could climb out of there, with a broken collar-bone?" he asked.

Aylmer glanced quickly in the direction of the extended finger.

"Perhaps not," he answered.

Landon nodded.

"You don't know what superhuman exertions a man will contrive when he is perishing—of thirst," he said. "But even he couldn't move the slab of stone which ten men will drag over that opening, if I bid them. And that will be now, if you don't come off your high horse. This isn't a healthy place for my friends of the Beni M'Geel. We have to be moving on immediately."

A sudden quiver that perhaps was nearly akin to fear pulsed up into Aylmer's brain—showed, indeed, in his eyes. The fever of his wound was already upon him; his lips were parched, his tongue swollen. To be left in that pit—to be sealed in—to die!

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

A FEEBLE graybeard—let him go,
Since all his dozen moons have fled;
While limping, tottering through the snow,
Hoarfrost his beard has garlanded.

Once his step was light and gay,
Roses crowned him with their hue;
A comely youth he was in May,
When flowery fields were fresh and new.

Dust and ashes, brown and dun,
Followed on his fading days;
Grief grew up where mirth begun,
And now another seeks his place.

I see the bright-eyed, infant elf
Crowd him from his throne forlorn,
Grasping kingly power himself;
And thus another year is born.

Mourn not for a symbol gone—
For summer's joy shall reappear;
That snowy shroud upon the lawn
Keeps warm another beckoning year!

Joel Benton

THE STAGE

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT'S ECLIPSE

IN spite of the tremendous inflow of play-manuscripts—numbering at least a thousand a month, it is said—to the offices of the New York managers, what the drama wants more than it wants new theaters or more actors is a supply of good plays. After a year of big opportunity afforded to the native dramatist, the theater folk have again betaken themselves to England, France, and Germany, in search of pieces that will attract audiences.

If we look back over the year just closing, we find just one American play-

wright who may be said to be a direct successor to Eugene Walter, the winning dramatist of 1908. This single man is Winchell Smith, with his "Fortune Hunter"; and he is by no means a new discovery, having already collaborated with others in writing "Brewster's Millions" and "Via Wireless." One success out of twelve thousand plays, or more, submitted during a twelvemonth! Is it any wonder that Frohman and Savage and Brady and Shubert are hunting Europe with their scouts, and that once more, as was the case five years ago, foreign plays are the rule, American ones the exception?

Why is this, you ask? Well, review the



JULIA SANDERSON, WHO HAS THE NAME PART IN THE ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY, "KITTY GREY"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

present season in New York, now half over, and examine the score-board in the various box-offices. What is the nationality of the biggest money-earners since Labor Day? For Frohman it has been "The Dollar Princess," hall-marked Vi-

for the Lieblers, "The Melting Pot," also by an Englishman—for, as I predicted might be the case, this unique play seems finally to have caught the ear of the public.

The chief reason for the present eclipse



MAUDE ADAMS, WHO IS PLAYING HER SECOND SEASON AS MAGGIE WYLIE IN BARRIE'S CHARMING COMEDY, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

enna via England, and "Arsène Lupin," by two Frenchmen; for Belasco, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" a German farce translated and adapted by an Austrian; for the Shuberts, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and "The Girl and the Wizard," both by Englishmen; and

of the American author appears to be his obtrusive eagerness to be a preacher as well as a playwright. Instead of endeavoring to entertain his audiences, he got the idea that it was his mission to purify domestic life, to shame unjust judges, and to redeem cities from misgovernment.



ESTHER BRUNETTE, AS MISS MEDDLE, IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE CANDY SHOP"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

The natural result followed. The man in the street had had an overdose of muck-raking in the newspapers and the magazines; when he found the same sort of mess served up to him in the theaters, he rebelled.

Of all the recent instances of the muck-

goers should think that it was a tragedy of suburban building-lots, the management caused to be printed on the program this quotation from Carlyle:

Burke said there were three estates in Parliament; but in the reporters' gallery



GABRIELLE RAY, THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED OF ENGLISH ACTRESSES, WHO IS NOW PLAYING DAISY IN THE LONDON VERSION OF "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London

rake drama, perhaps the most flagrant is "The Fourth Estate," said to have been written in nine days by Joseph Medill Patterson, son of the owner of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Harriet Ford, who dramatized "A Gentleman of France" for Kyrle Bellew. Lest unsophisticated play-

yonder, there sat a fourth estate more important far than they all.

If half of what this drama sets forth about modern journalism be true, then is the fourth the most despicable estate, as well as the most important. In view of

the charges it brings against the newspapers, I am surprised that the critics let the play off as lightly as they did.

"The Fourth Estate" exploits the egregious dishonesty of a judge, who has hitherto succeeded in silencing the press by bribes in the line of advertising. Now, however, there comes on the scene a new editor who declines to be silenced. Although he loves the judge's daughter, this enthusiastic reformer fairly revels over the picture he has snapped of his beloved's father in the act of handing him hush-money. And when the new proprietor of his paper, who has hitherto given him free rein in his exposures, forbids him to publish the revelations secured by his own trickery, he almost weeps in his disappointment. In the original ending he blew out his brains in chagrin at his loss of the opportunity to send his sweetheart's father to jail. A sop to the objections of the critics was made later on, by winding up the play with the resignation of the corrupt judge—whereupon we are treated to the edifying spectacle of the daughter falling into the arms of the young editor who has just convinced her



VIVIAN MARTIN, WITH WILLIAM H. CRANE, AS EMILY DONELSON IN "FATHER AND THE BOYS"

From a photograph by Sareny, New York



MARY RYAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN BARRYMORE, AS BETTY GRAHAM IN "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

From a photograph by White, New York

that her father is a scoundrel. That all the curtains are effective is beside the case.

Of course, such a hero is an impossible cad; and while there may be men on the bench who are as dishonest as the judge in "The Fourth Estate," they must certainly be too clever to fall so easily into the editor's trap. There is some good comedy in the play, however, and the cast is a capital one. Charles Waldron, who was last seen here in "The Warrens of Virginia," almost succeeds in making the muck-crazed editor seem human, while Charles Stevenson, another link with Belasco—he was the king in "Du Barry"—excels as the crime-laden judge veneered with pretended righteousness.

THAT HAPPY-ENDING SOP

If presswork were not a distinctly American excrescence on the fair face of the drama, one might suppose there was more than coincidence in the fact that during the week in which Henri Bernstein's "Israel" and Stephen Phillips's "Herod" received their first New York performances—they opened on succeeding nights—each author filled space in



VALLI VALLI, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS, WHO IS ALICE COWDER IN THE SEASON'S BIG MUSICAL SUCCESS, "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

the newspaper head-lines outside of the dramatic columns. M. Bernstein participated in a duel, and was said to have been so much absorbed in thinking of his next

traneous prodding to make the play interesting to thoughtful theatergoers. To be sure, "Israel" is less entertaining than was its author's "Thief," but it is infinitely



GLADYS HANSON, LEADING WOMAN WITH KYRLE BELLEW, AS DOROTHY FARINGAY
IN "THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES"

From a photograph by Moffett, Chicago

play that he forgot to fire; while Mr. Phillips went through public examination in the bankruptcy court.

As a matter of fact, neither "Israel" nor "Herod" is likely to need any ex-

better than his "Samson." The second act of the new Bernstein piece is worth a whole course in the technique of the drama to the aspiring playwright. Here we see art so consummate that it conceals art.



HATTIE LORRAINE, WHO IS GRETCHEN, WITH SAM BERNARD IN THE CASINO HIT,
"THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD"

From a photograph by White, New York

There is not one theatric device employed in the prolonged scene between *Thibault* and his mother, wherein he seeks to find out from her why his enemy, the Jew, whom he has just challenged to fight, should have been calling upon her. She puts him off at first, but at last gives him a plausible excuse, and he starts to leave her. Indeed, he gets as far as the door, and the spectator asks himself:

"How 'is this? How are they to get another act if *Thibault* is satisfied?"

But this is only an example of Bernstein's subtle art. With his hand on the knob, *Thibault* halts. We can almost sense the thought that is running through his brain, even as we see the mother, on the other side of the stage and behind his back, indicate her relief at the cessation of the ordeal.

"Still, mother," he says, "I don't see why he should have come, even while I can understand the motives that may have prompted you to send for him."

And the battle is on again, this time culminating in the climax where *Thibault* wrings from reluctant lips the admissions that leave him no alternative but to be convinced that the Jew whom he has publicly insulted, and is about to fight, is his own father.

But if the big second-act scene of "Israel" is worth while, the last act, rewritten for America, is worth nothing. Indeed, it is almost an insult to the intelligence of a cisatlantic audience to offer it this sort of "happy ending" sop. The records do not prove that, given a good play, our box-office insists on the everybody-paired-off termination. "Paid in Full" had no joyous ending, neither has "The Easiest Way." More than this, although Mr. Frohman claims that Bernstein made the change himself, the work is so crudely done that it seems hard to believe the statement.

However, the rest of the play is so compelling that I should not be surprised to see its tenure of life in New York exceed that of "Samson." In any case, it is much better acted than was "Samson," even by the one important feminine player who was in both—Constance Collier. Mr. Frohman has also gone to England for his leading man, in the person of Graham Browne, who filled the same post in London, last season, with Marie Tempest in "Penelope." Edwin Arden, happily released from "Via Wireless," gives a carefully thought-out and thoroughly consistent performance of the old Jewish gentleman, *Gutlieb*.

FAVERSHAM'S FINE ACHIEVEMENT

To see on the stage a superb setting, fitting background to a scene of splendor peopled by an elaborately costumed multitude; to smell the heavy fumes of incense; to hear the beating of drums, the fanfare of trumpets, the acclaim of the populace—to be confronted with all this magnificence, and to realize that it really heralds the entrance of a veritable monarch, and not a low comedian, is indeed something for which the playgoer may be thankful, in this age when money for mounting is ordinarily poured out only

when musical comedy or extravaganza rules the bill.

William Faversham's production of "Herod" is all that was presaged of it, and more. The great hall of audience in the palace at Jerusalem is made mightily effective by the flight of steps running from wing to wing across the stage, and gleaming with a golden glow from the burnished copper with which they are overlaid. If you are not accustomed to seeing poetical plays, and think them bores—as many do—you may say to yourself that it is indeed well the stage picture is so satisfying, for it will probably provide the only enjoyment of the evening. But you will be booked for a pleasant disappointment. The story begins at once, proceeds along clearly defined lines, and, if somber, is built out of the jealousies, passions, and sins that are as much a part of human nature to-day as they were in the first century.

The acting, too, is in the proper key, demonstrating that it is easier for players of the modern natural school to adapt themselves to poetical drama than for the old-school actors to shake off their oratorical method of speaking their lines. Mr. Faversham's *Herod* is so kingly a portrayal that one never once thinks of this being the man who used to play such parts as *Lord Algy*. His performance is marked by keen intelligence throughout, and by a constant effort to conform to the design of the author, without a thought of showy bits for himself. Indeed, it is not until the final act that the star qualities, in the common acceptance of the term, inherent in *Herod*, come to light. Here Faversham has the chance to simulate madness, when the king is crazed with grief over the death of his wife, *Mariamne*. The actor neither drools nor raves, nor resorts to any fine frenzy of eye-rolling, but clearly indicates the strayed wits of *Herod* by arts more subtle.

Miss Opp, as *Mariamne*, has her opportunity earlier in the evening, and remarkably well does this graduate of the old Lyceum stock acquit herself in tragedy. In respect to this last term, it is to be noted that *Herod* does not die at the end. The realization of the fact that his wife is dead, by his own order, throws him into a cataleptic state, wondrously sustained by Mr. Faversham through two

tableaux. The tragic note in the play is obtained by the drowning of *Mariamne's* brother, *Aristobulus*, at *Herod's* command, and by the subsequent poisoning of *Mariamne* herself through the machinations of *Herod's* mother and sister, *Cypros* and *Salome*—not the *Salome* of dance fame, by the way.

"Herod" is the third of Stephen Phillips's dramas to be given in America. His "Ulysses" was set forth by Charles Frohman at the Garden Theater some half dozen years since, with Tyrone Power in the name part. New York has also seen his "Paolo and Francesca," which served for the American debut of H. B. Irving and his wife, Dorothea Baird, at the New Amsterdam Theater in October, 1906. Beerbohm Tree presented "Herod" in London at Her Majesty's—now His Majesty's—in 1900, and made a great impression therewith. It is perhaps not generally known that its poet-author used to be an actor, going on the stage at the suggestion of his cousin, Frank Benson, the well-known Shakespearian player. He is the son of an English clergyman, who was precentor of the cathedral at Peterborough. Through his mother, he is related to the poet Wordsworth.

THREE WEAKLINGS FROM ENGLAND

The paucity of good plays is once more shown by the fact that Kyrle Bellew has had to fall back on "The Builder of Bridges," already a failure last winter in London, where George Alexander tried it. Alfred Sutro, the author, would appear to be a bird with only a single note, his one success being "The Walls of Jericho." Everything he has done since has fallen sadly short. In "The Builder of Bridges" he has one splendid situation, near the end of his third act; but he does not know what to do with it after he has reached it, and from this point on to the end the thing dribbles away into the merest conventional play-building.

I wonder why it is that so many playwrights should pick out bridge-builders when they need an industrial hero. We have already seen Guy Bates Post swinging spans into place in "The Bridge," and in "Seven Days"—of which more anon—a bridge-builder figures in the dialogue.

As to Alfred Sutro's "Builder of

Bridges," I cannot see much prospect of success for it under any conditions. Knowing George Alexander's limitations, I am not at all astonished that he failed to make a go of the play in London, and there are in New York any number of leading men far better adapted to the name part than is Kyrle Bellew. One of them is Herbert Kelcey, who, with Effie Shannon, is now touring the country in Bellew's previous hit, "The Thief."

Mr. Bellew's new leading woman for "The Builder of Bridges," Gladys Hanson, was at one time in the same position with Sothern. She would probably shine in comedy, but her present part is extremely unsympathetic. Young Eugene O'Brien does capital work as the larcenous brother with streaks of good in him, and Mrs. Whiffen—widow of Tom of the name, our first admiral in "Pinafore"—is like an oasis in a desert of dullness.

Another recent English importation was able to sustain itself for only a fortnight on Broadway. This was Roy Horniman's dramatization of W. J. Locke's "Idols," with which Evelyn Millard, for some inscrutable reason, had quite a run at the Criterion Theater in London last season. This is another of the plays that come into existence merely on the shoulders of one supposedly tense situation. The scene in this case is the uprising of a married woman in court to announce that the prisoner at the bar, who is on trial for his life, and who has obstinately refused to furnish an alibi, was in her arms at the time the murder was committed. As the audience knows very well, the truth is that he was with his wife—to whom he has been secretly married—and there is nothing in this world to prevent either the wife or himself saying so, except that if they did there would be no play.

"Septimus," a dramatization of the novel by William J. Locke, with George Arliss—lately the *Devil*—in the title-rôle, is not likely to linger very long in New York. The novel is charming. That is precisely the trouble. Stories that are charming are just the sort that do not transfer well from book-covers to the stage. Most of the charm of "Septimus" lies in Locke's manner of telling the story, and of course this goes for nothing when you come to plant it between the wings of the theater. All that remains is the

dialogue, and it becomes talky and tiresome.

Arliss is a wonderfully clever character-actor. I doubt if there is any one else who could come so near to making the eccentric *Septimus* appear human. But he seems to think that the proper way to differentiate between his Satanic majesty and the whimsical inventor is to speak in a tone little above a whisper, which is so monotonous that it finally gets on one's nerves. A relative of Mrs. Fiske's, who played *Emmy*, was open to the same criticism of acting all in one key.

Seldom have I seen in a New York theater an audience of finer quality than when I went to hear "*Septimus*" on the third night of its run at the Hackett. The people were, I suppose, those who enjoy Locke's books. And that is just why I predict that the play will not live long on Forty-Second Street. There aren't enough such people to make audiences for more than two or three weeks.

A MONTH OF FUN IN "SEVEN DAYS"

The big rewards of play-writing seem to be reserved for those who reach them through much tribulation. I can think of only one recent case in which immediate acclaim has waited on a dramatist's maiden effort—that of Major Du Maurier with his "*Englishman's Home*," in London. But that was a play dealing with a question just then vital with English audiences. The piece fell flat here, likewise in Canada. The late Clyde Fitch arrived at his high estate along a path beset by thorns, even after Mansfield had presented his "*Beau Brummel*." It took Somerset Maugham four years to induce a London manager to put on his "*Lady Frederick*." The New York park bench on which Eugene Walter slept while he was waiting for a hit has become almost of classic renown.

Last winter, around the ides of March, a young man with light hair and a heavy heart might have been seen lurking about Maxine Elliott's Theater, hoping against hope that the tide of popular approval might turn in favor of his latest attempt, "*This Woman and This Man*." Equally discouraging was the experience of Mary Roberts Rinehart, some three years ago, when her "*Double Life*" fell flat at the Bijou one Christmas Eve, while

she was watching at the bedside of a sick child in Pittsburgh. And now behold these two, Mrs. Rinehart and Mr. Hopwood, co-authors of the biggest farce hit that has ever struck Broadway—"Charley's Aunt," "My Friend from India," and "Too Much Johnson" not excepted.

"Seven Days" follows at the Astor two serious pieces which have proved bonanzas at the same theater—"Paid in Full" and "The Man from Home." It is the richest farce you can possibly imagine. I use this word in every sense of the term, meaning that it not only contains enough fun to fit out three or four ordinary comedies, but is also full of clever epigram and repartee, and has such a scenic outfitting as is usually expended only on society drama or high-class comedy. Its central idea—the quarantining of a Riverside Drive household for a week on account of a servant's illness—is novel and prolific of droll situation. But "Seven Days" is a play that defies description. In recognizing this fact, Wagenhals & Kemper exercised keen good judgment. They did absolutely no advance presswork on the piece, and gave out no inkling of the quarantine idea until the critics indorsed its ingenuity on the morning after.

There are ten persons in the cast, none of them well-known actors, but all exceedingly clever in such contrasted rôles as those of a divorcee, a burglar, a policeman, a rich maiden aunt, a lady who imagines she possesses psychic powers, and so on. There is a screen scene that is funnier, if not quite so dramatic, as the famous one in "*The School for Scandal*," besides any number of other interesting episodes. The farce is based on a novel by Mrs. Rinehart, who has been a frequent contributor to this magazine and others of the Munsey publications. Perhaps the two best-known actors in the cast are Florence Reed, who was leading woman with Sothern a few seasons since, as "the psychic lady," and Lucille La Verne, who excelled as the colored mammy *Clancey* in Gillette's "*Clarice*," as the rich aunt with a horror of divorce.

MONEY IN MUSIC THAT'S MERRY

Daly's once more a background for dainty musical comedy from England, with Elsa Ryan, one of the *Three Little*

Maids, in the cast! This seems like a whiff of old times, and the Broadway public evidently relished it, as people have flocked to the old theater since Frank Daniels established himself there in "The Belle of Brittany." Just who the belle is, or why, is not very clear, nor why Brittany rather than anywhere else, except for the sake of the costumes; but nowadays an audience appears to care less than ever for the plot in a play of this type, so long as you give it pretty music. And the tunes in "The Belle of Brittany" are certainly alluring to those who prefer simple melody to Debussy or Richard Strauss. The lyrics are on such themes as "The Doggies and the Bone," "Little Country Mice," and "Two Giddy Goats"—which may be silly, but which, unlike some of the home-manufactured songs of the same genre, are quite innocuous.

As to Daniels himself, to borrow Abraham Lincoln's phrase, for those that like this sort of thing, he is just the sort of thing they will like. He is still addicted to the between-the-acts address, erroneously termed a curtain speech in spite of the fact that it is made, at Daly's, from the open stage. For my part, I think this conglomeration of misused polysyllables is growing a bit wearisome. Daniels is much funnier in his description of the family portraits run in as part of the play.

Can it be that audiences are tiring of the low comedian as a central figure in the musical piece? Look at "The Dollar Princess," which is the eighteen-carat hit of the season, and in which this personage is very much "up-stage," as the players say. The same holds for "The Chocolate Soldier," another winner.

Apropos of "The Dollar Princess," which looks as if it might remain at the Knickerbocker throughout the entire season, the New York version is quite different from that used in London, where it followed the "Merry Widow" at Daly's. It was made by another man, and the last act is laid, not at the Franco-British exhibition in London, but out in California. It is said that the original, as played in Vienna under the title "Ein Dollar Prinzessin," was quite too broad for Anglo-Saxon audiences anywhere.

Miss Valli Valli, the English actress

who has made such a success in New York in the leading rôle of this charming work, is of German descent, her real name being Walli. This she modified, for euphony's sake, to the odd and rather attractive pseudonym which she has used since, as a child, she began to sing in London drawing-rooms. She was the princess there in "A Waltz Dream," and first came to America last season in "Kitty Grey," in which she was *Lady Binfield*, the Puritanical American wife of a British lordling, enacted by that clever young Englishman F. Pope Stamper, again associated with her in the cast of "The Dollar Princess."

THE NEW THEATER'S FIRST FORTNIGHT

At last New York possesses a playhouse with an exterior that shows the purpose of the building. The New Theater, opened to the public on November 8 last, is an addition to the city's sights of which it has reason to be as proud as of the new library, designed by the same firm of architects, Carrère & Hastings. Indeed, there is no theater in the world—except possibly in Vienna—that equals this one in solidity of construction, beauty of decoration, and completeness of outfitting.

As long ago as August, 1908, soon after he was selected as director, Winthrop Ames said of the enterprise:

"I am more anxious to see the New Theater take root firmly than to see it start out with extraordinary brilliance."

Mr. Ames, who was picked for this important post after the German Heinrich Conried had been talked of, and the Englishman Granville Barker had come over to see and not to conquer, is a Bostonian, a Harvard graduate of '95, fired with the enthusiasm of youth. He is a man of varied attainments, having been engaged for three years in editing the *Architectural Review*, at another period in the manufacturing business from which the family fortune was derived, and for four years in managing a stock-company at the Castle Square Theater, Boston. Ever since he left college, he has dreamed of a dramatic institution that should be to America what the Comédie Française has been to France. He undertook the management of a repertoire company in order to acquire practical ex-

perience, meanwhile spending much time abroad in studying the results attained on the Continent. Thus the choice of a head for the magnificent house built without regard to cost by an association of New York millionaires has happily fallen on a man who enters upon his work *con amore*.

Now that the new enterprise is fairly under way—I am writing this after the first three productions have been made—Mr. Ames ought to be especially gratified, for his wish of sixteen months ago has been realized. The New Theater, from the stage side at least, did not open with extraordinary brilliance, but as each offering has been a decided improvement on its predecessor, the roots of the institution are evidently sinking in with gripping power.

It was fitting, of course, that Shakespeare should be chosen for the inaugural bill, but unfortunate that the presence of two stars on the roster should necessitate the choice of a play in which they could both shine with equal brilliance. "Antony and Cleopatra" is very long and, except for brief periods, decidedly dull; and it must be recorded that neither Miss Marlowe nor Mr. Sothorn justified by any extraordinary ability the handicap thus put on the new undertaking at the outset. Indeed, the consensus of opinion expressed in reviews of the performance—and there were critics present from Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and London—was more severe on the shortcomings of the two leaders in the cast than on any other one thing in the representation.

In justice it should be added that the box-office takings were larger for "Antony and Cleopatra" than for the other two offerings made in the first fortnight of the theater's history. But this is easily to be accounted for on the ground of the American obsession for big names—a national failing which it is one of the missions of the New Theater to correct. Early in the new year, through arrangements made before the house on Central Park West was opened, Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn betake themselves on tour. They will probably be more successful than ever, from the luster shed by their connection with the most noteworthy dramatic enterprise ever realized in this country.

Meanwhile the New Theater has an efficient working force, and one which is constantly being augmented. Guy Bates Post, Annie Russell, and Matheson Lang, London's newest *Hamlet*, are among the latest accessions. Art being universal, it would be narrow prejudice to decry the fact that many of the players are of foreign birth. It is a coincidence that the bulk of the praise for "Antony and Cleopatra" went to the *Octavius Caesar* of A. E. Anson, whose name comes first in the alphabetized souvenir list of performers. He is from England, and has appeared in this country once before—with Viola Allen, some five years ago, in "The Talk of the Town."

The second play was "The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch, an American writer long resident in London, whose "Shulamite" was played here by Lena Ashwell about three years since. "The Cottage in the Air" proved almost as light as its title, but was in the main admirably acted by a cast that included Henry Stanford, who first came to America with Irving and Terry; Olive Wyndham, who was so attractive in "The Man from Home"; Jessie Busley, lately starring in Channing Pollock's "In the Bishop's Carriage"; Rose Coghlan, who needs no bush; Albert Brunig, the old musician of "The Climax"; Ferdinand Gottschalk, deservedly a favorite in character rôles; and Mrs. Sol Smith, seventy-nine years old, who has acted with Laura Keane, Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, and Adelaide Neilson.

The New Theater's third offering, "Strife," is the capital and labor play by the English writer, John Galsworthy, which made such a sensation in London last season. This same author's "Silver Box" was acted here some three seasons ago, with Ethel Barrymore as the scrub-woman, the performance pleasing the critics more than it did the public. "Strife" looks as if it were to follow in the same path. As a play, it is not as good as "The Silver Box," which was more symmetrically constructed. Its performance by the New Theater company, however, was excellent, and strikingly demonstrated the versatility of some of the actors. For example, at a matinée of "The Cottage in the Air," Albert Brunig was an old official of a German court,

subservient to the whims of a princess; that same evening, in "Strife," he became the headstrong leader of the strikers. So, too, with Gottschalk; in the afternoon he was *Tussie*, the love-lorn youth of "The Cottage;" in the evening he proved equally effective as a gray-haired director of the mills in "Strife." Of the women in the latter play, Beverley Sitgreaves, in a brief part, made perhaps the most pronounced impression.

HIPPODROME JOYS

Most theatrical enterprises are hard put to it to outdo their rivals. In the case of the New York Hippodrome, it finds its most formidable foe in its own past performances. There is no other like it in this country, and, since the London Hippodrome was last summer converted more into the guise of a regular vaudeville house, nothing approaching it in England. Last year's bill was hard to beat, but the three geniuses of the Hippodrome—R. H. Burnside, producer; Manuel Klein (brother to Charles), composer; and Arthur Voegtlin, scenic artist—put their heads together and evolved a program that has been filling the great auditorium since September 1, and will no doubt go on doing so till June.

"A Trip to Japan," to be sure, has very little to do with the journey, but the wonderful stage effects in the departure of the steamer from Hoboken, the enchanting view of New York's sky-scrapers at night from the harbor, and the Feast of Lanterns after the Mikado's empire is reached—these are in themselves worth the dollar and a half which is all the best seat costs. But there is also the circus, which precedes the first play, to say nothing of the Ballet of Jewels that follows it, and—crowning wonder of all—"Inside the Earth," introducing the Hippodrome tank, which this time not only swallows a boat-load of people before your very eyes, but absorbs a company of soldiers as well. With unflinching precision, the men march down a flight of steps straight into the depths until the waters close over their heads, leaving no trace but a bubble here and there on the surface.

If the Hippodrome management had done nothing beyond inventing this clev-

er device—first shown in somewhat different form some three years since—they would be entitled to a high place in the ranks of those who entertain that most exacting of all critics—the eye.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE SCENE

So much has recently been said in this place regarding the overbuilding of theaters, the immense number of idle actors, the quarrels of the managers, the plague of dead-heads, and the persistent failure of plays, that we gladly hold the mirror up to a side of the picture which is bathed in sunshine.

In spite of all the drawbacks hereinbefore mentioned, we in America sit down to a theatrical feast more rich and bountiful than is enjoyed by any other nation in the world. In opera, the best on earth comes to us every winter. The opera-houses of the Continent are robbed of their choicest for the Metropolitan and the Manhattan. London is permitted to see the most famous dancer of them all—Genée—only for a few weeks in the summer, because the United States can hold out a bigger gage to her for the rest of the year. The most finished English-speaking actor—Forbes-Robertson—quits home and family to spend this and next season on our side of the Atlantic. New York sees "Israel" and "The Thief," as it also saw "Trilby" and "Cyrano," before London. The same thing holds for "The Dollar Princess" and "The Chocolate Soldier." The opening of the New Theater puts the United States ahead of England in acquiring what is, in a sense, a national temple of dramatic art.

But New York by no means absorbs all the good things that come to these shores. Boston has now a first-rate opera-house of its own, and so has Philadelphia. In Chicago the noble Auditorium has been set aside for lyric performances of the highest rank. Baltimore and Brooklyn are also enjoying their own opera seasons. It is our vast territory, spreading out for thousands upon thousands of miles, dotted with great cities, and with never a change of language nor the stumbling-block of a custom-house, that makes it possible for us to lure the foremost artists of Europe across those other three thousand miles of sea-water.

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

The Common Lot

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

ROSINA, young and pretty, and having had her own way since babyhood, spelled Romance with a capital R, and when she married the doctor she felt that her fairy tale had begun. The doctor, having won his modest degree of success through years of strenuous endeavor, spelled Work with a capital W, and when he married Rosina he squared his shoulders for further endeavor. And so for a year Romance and Work tried to pull together; but at Christmas Rosina rebelled.

"Remember," she admonished him, "I am to have you all day!"

"Dearest!"

"All Christmas Day!" Rosina stamped her little foot. "I'm tired of your patients and your physic and your preoccupation. I don't believe you know this minute that I have a pink ribbon in my hair!"

The doctor smiled down at her.

"You are dear when you smile at me that way, only I wish you would do it oftener!"

"I am always smiling at you in my heart."

"Yes"—she twisted a button on his coat with restless fingers—"but you are going to give me every minute of Christmas Day?"

"But there's the Bartons' baby, Rosina."

"The Bartons' baby can wait."

"And the old man with the pneumonia."

"Oh!" She flung out her hands. "I believe that old man has had pneumonia for ages! Every time I want you to do anything, you say, 'But, dearest, there is the old man with the pneumonia!'"

"He has been sick only ten days."

"Well, before that it was the old lady with the rheumatism, and before that the family with the scarlet fever!"

"But you wouldn't have me neglect them, sweetheart?"

"No-o, but I am going to have Christmas Day for my very own."

"For your very own and my very own." Again his tender smile seemed to enfold her. "You know how much it will mean to me; but if the Barton baby, or the others, should need me—"

"They can't have you," was her calm decision. "Let them send for some crusty old bachelor."

"All right!" he agreed, and kissed her.

She smiled up at him bravely; but when he had left her, she flew up-stairs to where his mother sat in her sunshiny room and read the Book of Books.

"He is my husband!" the girl sobbed, with her head in the old lady's lap. "I—I want him! He belongs to me, not to the world—didn't you feel that way about his father?"

"No." The thin fingers caressed the girl's burning cheeks. "Perhaps it was different in those days—and I felt that his work was so great! I remember our first Christmas. I waited all night, listening to the wind—he had been out in the storm since noon of the day before—and when he came in he was so tired that he dropped asleep over his coffee. I let him sleep all Christmas Day, and he waked just at twilight."

"Oh!" Behind the tears in Rosina's eyes were sparks. "If a man went to sleep when I was lonely! Oh, how could you stand it?"

"I was proud to do my part."

"Well, I am not strong-minded," Rosina said, "and I am going to have my husband."

On Christmas morning, therefore, in a silken gown of green, with mistletoe in her shining hair, Rosina prepared for a day of Romance. She gave the doctor a

book of poems, and he gave her a string of pearls. When the morning festivities were over, she drew her own little chair close to her husband's big one, in front of the blazing logs in the library, and the light shone on her pearls so that they were like little points of flame.

"Read to me," she said, "all the love verses in that book!"

He smiled down at her and began; and just then, in the office below, the telephone rang. Rosina laid her hands forcibly on her husband.

"You sit still!" she said, and ran down.

She came back again with two red spots in her cheeks.

"The Bartons' baby has the croup," she said hurriedly. "I told them to call somebody else—"

The doctor flung up his head, but Rosina's glance met his defiantly.

"You promised!" she reminded him; "and anybody can cure the croup."

After that, they sat in front of the fire, silent, for Romance had fled.

Rosina's family dined with them at two o'clock, and the shadow cast by the croup of the Barton baby fled when everybody kissed Rosina, sparkling and glowing, under the mistletoe. Her husband's kiss coming last, he held her for a moment to his heart, and in that moment the great god Work was overthrown, and the goddess Romance was gloriously in the ascendant.

Again the telephone rang in the room below. Rosina went down to it, and was gone a long time. When she came back, her husband's eyes questioned, but she carefully lowered her lashes.

"Just a man with a cold!"

The doctor's brow cleared.

"I am glad," he said, "that it wasn't my old man with the pneumonia."

Rosina bent guiltily over her nuts and raisins; for the quavering voice that had come over the wire was that of the wife of the man with the pneumonia. When Rosina had insisted that another doctor should be called, the old lady had pleaded that her husband wouldn't be satisfied, and that she was afraid for him.

All through the afternoon the quaver of that old voice beat against Rosina's heart; but when evening came, she forgot everything in the glory of a wonder-

ful hour alone with her husband—an hour in which he opened his heart to her and she saw deep into it.

When the telephone rang for a third time, she smiled up at him.

"You can answer it now," she said. "I have had you for a day!"

Presently she heard his quick step coming back.

"Rosina," he demanded, "why didn't you tell me that the old man with the pneumonia was worse?"

"You promised—" she began, but even as she said it she knew the utter futility of her defense.

"Would you have me keep such a promise?"

She shrank from the sternness of his voice.

"I—" she stammered.

"I haven't time to talk—I may not be home until morning, Rosina!"

Then he was gone, and Rosina stood in the middle of the floor, her hands over her heart, her eyes wide with the horror of that quick transition from her dream-world to the world of reality. Presently she went running up - stairs to the doctor's mother. She flung herself down beside the bed, and sobbed out the whole story; but when she looked for sympathy in the clear old eyes, she found only condemnation.

"You were wicked," said the inexorable voice. "What if he should die?"

"Oh!" Rosina crept up on the bed and lay beside the old lady, a shuddering figure with crushed mistletoe in her tumbled hair. "Please be sorry for me," she whispered, and the old arms went round her, and the old cheek was laid against her own, and the old voice spoke of duty and patience.

But even as Rosina tried to listen, one sentence went whirling through her brain: "What if he should die?"

In the horror of that thought, she grew restless. At last she kissed the old lady and went up - stairs to her own room, where she flung off her silken gown and all her daytime garments, and put on a trailing white robe. Then, after braiding her hair, she climbed into the big square bed with the rose-colored canopy, and lay there in the moonlight, with the covers drawn up to her chin, and with her little face white between the long braids on

each side of it, and with her eyes wide with the vision of a sick-room and of an old man dying.

When she could stand it no longer, she slipped out of bed and knelt by the window. All the stars were out, and she said aloud, to Some One behind the stars:

"Oh, please don't let him die!"

She knelt there for a long time. At last she heard, far up the street, the sound of a tune, whistled buoyantly. She stood up and listened. The sound came nearer; a key was softly turned in the door below, and a quick step came up the stairway. Then the doctor came into the room and clicked on the lights, and Rosina saw that he was smiling!

"Then he isn't dead!" she quavered.

"No. Dear heart, why are you up?"

"I felt like a murderer!"

"Why?"

In that moment, she saw that he had forgotten her selfishness and his own

anger. For hours he had been face to face with death. What, to him, were the little things of life? Rosina, feeling very unimportant, said, in a small voice:

"Let's go get something to eat."

His tired eyes brightened.

"Let's!" he agreed. "It's awfully nice of you to suggest that, Rosina!"

So Rosina, brave Rosina, who longed to weep luxuriously on a broad shoulder, followed the scorned example of that other doctor's wife, and made coffee and sandwiches, and even cut up a little, little onion for salad!

Thus was Romance sternly made subordinate to Work. A woman is only a woman, after all, and her man must be made comfortable; for he does the things of which she dreams, and she must arm him for the battle. To some this lesson never comes, and to some it comes too late; but happiness is hers who learns it in due season!

Katinka and the Blue Moon Sales

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

ALTHOUGH Katinka and the First Violin were ignorant of each other's existence, a powerful force was urging them together. They possessed a common antipathy, a common passionate hatred. That hatred was for Heidelberg's Blue Moon sales.

Heidelberg, as every one knows, is the great purveyor to the poor; his is the emporium of impecuniosity. He has many imitators, a few of whom approach the rank of rivals, but for the most part they are mere copyists, duplicating everything but Heidelberg's success. Their Purple Sun and Orange Comet sales excite but the languid interest which pointlessness mimics deserves, while the two days of the week when the Blue Moons shine luridly above the heaped counters in Heidelberg's, the throngs fighting their way through Washington Avenue to the seven revolving doors that give entrance to the Fairy Palace of Cheapness require the services of an extra squad of police.

Katinka's stepmother would be as likely to forego one of Heidelberg's Blue Moon sales as Mme. Cræsus to fail to appear in her brand-new box on the open-

ing night of the opera season in New York. To Marm Schelling they were adventure, society, and the whole domestic duty of woman. She bought little, but to force her child-attended way through the jammed aisles of the store, sniffing the hot, gaseous air, pouncing upon bargains over the shoulders of less stalwart sales-warriors than herself, harrying blue-moon-badged clerks, joining in casual conversation with kindred spirits among the customers, gaping at the Blue Moon band as it blared away in the auditorium gallery—this, to good-natured, slatternly, vacant-minded Marm Schelling, was to gulp the joy of life in brimming beakers. And since she was kindness and generosity itself, she would have perished—more, she would have stayed at home!—rather than take her semi-weekly pilgrimage of pleasure without her own numerous offspring and her stepdaughter, Katinka.

Twice a week, therefore, Katinka cast a despairing look at the half-tidied rooms of the cottage on Lilac Row, Lakeside Terrace—where no lake had been within the record of geology, and where a lilac-

bush would have been as great a neighborhood marvel as a full-flourishing asphodel—and dutifully followed her stepmother. Her neat, solid little figure and her sullen little blond face brought up the rear of the semiweekly procession of Schellings.

"Katinka iss so queer for a young girl," Mrs. Schelling was accustomed to confide to her neighbors. "You would t'ink she'd like some pleasurin', but, no! She iss a little old maid. All the time she t'inks on oil-cloth cleanin' an' onion-patch weedin' an' *apfelkuchen* bakin'. It iss, all vat I can do to make her come an' take her pleasure now an' then."

As for the First Violin, the black hatred of his soul toward Heidelbaum's Blue Moon sales was measureless. It was doubled, trebled, raised to the *n*th power of hatred, by the galling fact that he owed a share of his living, this particular winter, to them. The First Violin—otherwise Adolph Herzman—being a congenital rebel against the fundamental condition of existence, chafed at owing any one anything. That was why he had so disliked life at home, with the nobles and the army and the church and the small gentry, for all of whom he had to make deferential way, that he fled from it to the land of the free. That was why he had mutinously declared that he would smash his violin into kindling-wood and become a coal-heaver before he would join a musical union, when, having been hired by a leader with a foredoomed-to-failure musical quarrel on his hands, he had learned the advisability of scraping a unionized fiddle in this abode of liberty. That was why he hated the obscure restaurant where he played during the table-d'hôte hour—a restaurant so obscure that it was out of the walking delegate's rounds; and that was why he hated with all his heart and soul the hours at Heidelbaum's, where, "dressed like a monkey," as he bitterly put it, he scraped a protesting bow during three "musical intervals" on sales days. Heidelbaum had his own way of dealing with the union.

Sometimes the gaping women who paused beneath the musicians' gallery and caught Adolph's glowering eyes fixed upon them with contempt said to one another that it "was funny for a man who made music to look so fierce." But for

the most part they did not look at him or his associates. The melody was overborne, for them, in the tramp of their own feet, the buzz of their own voices, the long whirr of the trolleys, and the street sounds that entered through the constantly revolving doors.

Katinka, for example, had scarcely noticed the band until one day when the Blue Moon sale coincided with a February deluge that kept the store empty of all but Marm Schelling and a few others of the most dauntless shoppers. That day, as she trudged through the almost empty aisles, a sudden sweet wailing smote her ears. The First Violin had a solo to play. She paused, transfixed. She raised her eyes, and saw, for the first conscious time, the quartet, with the red sashes on which the blue moons were appliquéd, in the gilt-railed gallery with the mammoth blue moon floating above it. And she saw the First Violin, short and dark and dour, glowering down upon the half empty store.

"Ah-h!" breathed Katinka, her soul suddenly expanding and throbbing with a new, joyful, painful rapture.

As for Adolph, the First Violin, he saw the solid, neat little figure rooted in the aisle; he saw a sullen little blond face suddenly flush and brighten. An answering joy pulsed through him. Here, after the interminable evenings of playing to the chattering diners, the interminable days of playing to the stone-faced shoppers—here, at last, was some one who heard his music!

He played with a sweet, piercing, heart-breaking power, and Katinka stood in the aisle below, stock-still, with a four-year-old stepsister tugging restlessly at her hand, until he was quite through. By that time she had lost Marm Schelling, and only the fortunate emptiness of the shop enabled her to rejoin her family.

After that there was no difficulty in persuading Katinka to attend the sales.

"Katinka, she is vakin' up to take an interest like in t'ings," declared the gratified Marm Schelling.

She was easily satisfied, and was content that Katinka now came readily on her expeditions with her; that the girl still failed to take the slightest interest in Heidelbaum's bargains was a defect which would be corrected in time. That

she persisted in standing in the main aisle during the musical programs, jostled by the annoyed and rebuking bargain-seekers, with her eyes fixed upon the band, was also a negligible vagary.

"Katinka, she likes de music, yes. Vell, vat iss de harm? Vat I always say is, by Heidelberg's efery one finds vat dey like!"

As for the rebellious soul of Adolph, it was soothed within him. After the first rainy day when he had unexpectedly, refreshingly, recreatingly beheld himself worshiped in his art, he had always looked down upon that spot between the regular neckwear-counter and the Blue Moon waist-table to see if perchance the devotee had returned. Katinka was always there. She was a being of the most methodical habit. It would not have occurred to her to seek any other spot for listening to the music than the one where it had first burst upon her ears and her heart. And so transforming a medium is incense that Adolph, looking down upon her through the cloud of it which she innocently sent up toward him, never saw her as a square-built little peasant with an unilluminated face, but always as a golden-haired *mädchen* to whose tender youth a Madonna-like touch was added by a clinging child or two. And gradually the angry gloom of a great artist misprized was banished from Adolph's brow.

Nevertheless, all might have been futile but for Heidelberg and the subway construction company. Heidelberg fought with might and main—with money and with influence—to have a station built where Jefferson Avenue crossed Washington Avenue—the corner on which his great emporium stood. His mind was full of basement show-windows which should attract even the most hurried traveler into the Fairy Palace of Cheapness; after which Heidelberg would guarantee to do the rest!

Other storekeepers did not see his point of view at all, and were able to urge a thousand good reasons why the station should be built on the corners on which their establishments stood; but Heidelberg, according to his custom, won, and soon the excavators were busy beneath his engine-rooms.

And then, one day, while they worked underground, and the band played in the

gallery, and the women trailed vacantly through the aisles or pounced upon the counters, while the city outside roared and throbbed with a million noisy businesses; and while Katinka, with the third youngest Schelling holding hotly and moistly by her hand, sat on a stool at the neckwear-counter and looked up and listened through all the Babel of sound to the strains of Adolph's fiddle; and while he, looking down, entreated her to "hear him, *Norma*"—Heidelberg believed in the ancient favorites—at that moment there came a quiver, a shiver, through the building, a little breathlessness of dust clouding the air. And before the women could look at one another with widened, inquiring eyes, or could voice a question to the clerks, there was a crash, a hideous sensation of sinking; there were shrieks from a thousand throats, the suffocating fall of plaster, the splintering of wood. Heidelberg's foundations had given way, and in a breathless fraction of a second there were disaster and panic in the store.

How Adolph Herzman reached the little blond girl pinioned under the timbers of a fallen gallery; how he struggled with the strength of ten to free her, and how the first words he ever heard her utter were: "Oh, take Blume, please, she's so frightened!" and how he took the shrieking Blume and the disabled Katinka to the door, fighting a brutal path to it, as men fight to save what they love—all these things are matters of the Herzman family history.

That Marm Schelling with the other little Schellings, to save whom Katinka had trustfully bidden her own rescuer back into the store, confiding in him above the fire and police departments, now upon the scene, should not have been in Heidelberg's at all, but for the first time in her loyal life across the street, pricing ranges, the good woman herself has always regarded as a mark of Providence's particular and merited care for her.

Nowadays, if you are a rich person with a motor, or an old-fashioned person with a bicycle, or a freak with a taste for tramping, you may sometimes eat your dinner or supper at Herzman's Gardens, beyond Lakeside Terrace. There is a wonderful checkerboard of a vegetable-patch behind the house, whence come marvels of fresh salads. And the house

is of an old-fashioned, resplendent cleanliness—which does not surprise you when you see the neat, smiling, blond proprietress. But the gardens are chiefly famous for the music which floats out to you in the vine-covered arbors, or in to you in the brick-and-sanded dining-room.

"It is a nice place," says Stepgrandmarm Schelling, who forgets the "step" in her proud and ample grandmaternity. "Yes, a nice place. You can get eberything you want by Heidelbaum's Blue Moon sales. Efen husbands can you get!"

The Man on the Bench

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

A BENCH in Madison Square is a rather comfortable loafing-place of a summer evening—unless the park is crowded. Then it is less comfortable, though it may be more interesting.

On that particular night I smoked my pipe meditatively, thinking of things I had done and things I had not done. A man sat huddled up at the opposite end of my bench, too far away for me to care how dirty he was. I had merely glanced at him casually. I don't know why I glanced again; a mere wandering of the eyes, I suppose, but it was then that my attention became fixed. He was muttering to himself and shaking his bent head.

"Crazy!" was my first thought. "I'd better find another bench."

Then he lifted his head and faced me with the doubting inquiry you see in a homeless dog that is used to being kicked. I suspect that my esthetic side is super-sensitive, and when you join that quality to a sympathetic nature you are apt to be uncomfortable. I hate the sight of suffering, and yet I can't always bring myself to avoid it. Instead of moving away, I returned his silent inquiry.

He seemed of middle age and medium height. Matted black hair straggled from under a greasy cap, and a full, dark beard hid most of his face—a swarthy and perhaps rather dirty face, with heavy, roughly hewn features. Only the eyes were noticeable, and these, though small, were of the deepest blue, set far in under shaggy brows, and peering at me with doubt, suspicion, and dumb misery.

A foreigner, that I was sure of—probably a Russian, perhaps a Jew. A moment later I answered his look in words.

"Do you speak English?" I said. "Do you need any help?"

"You can do nothing for me." He spoke with a dull, even intonation, rather guttural, and with only the slightest accent. Then I knew him for an eastern European of some sort. A Frenchman, German, Spaniard, or Italian of his class never speaks English so well. "No one can do anything for me—no one who cannot bring the dead to life."

Once again the insanity hypothesis crossed my mind.

"Tell me," he went on, "have you ever seen little children mangled? Have you ever seen the face of a woman when she shrieks?"

I shook my head slowly, sure now that the man was mad.

"Yes," he began again; "but maybe you can help me. You can listen, and perhaps you know what God thinks about some things."

There seemed nothing for it but to temporize, so I said:

"Certainly I can listen, if you wish to talk. As for what God thinks, you know, perhaps, as well as I."

"Yes, I know that He hates me," he said in a low voice. Then he slipped nearer on the bench, and I sat still and controlled my face, that he might not see my repugnance. "Once there was time when I was a patriot," he went on. "I was in Little Russia born, and I loved my country—oh, so much! Now there is no country for a man like me to love."

"Russia is passing through great troubles, but she will emerge free and happy," I said, conscious, as I spoke, of the conventional inadequacy of my words. "Her exiles will yet be proud of her."

His thick lips curled behind his beard, showing his yellow teeth like a dog when it snarls. "I will never again be proud

of anything. Once I was proud of all things—of my village, of Russia, of the world, of all men and their coming brotherhood—of myself, for did I not look to raise up the poor and to help those that are oppressed? Did I not fight for the cause? Yes, with the weapons of civilization—that is what the men I revered told me, and I believed.”

He was silent, though his lips still moved, and I, finding nothing to say that was not futile, sat dumb, with the weight of a tragedy bearing down on my heart. At last he began again:

“Listen, and I will tell you of the thing I did. Until I was twenty, I lived in the village of my birth. Its name counts nothing. My parents still live there, and the spies are very watchful. Then I went to the capital of our province, which also you need not know.”

I found myself smiling at his caution.

“I could read, and the words of those who taught us of liberty and plenty for the peasant were passed from pocket to pocket. I read them at night, by spluttering candles, with my blouse hung against the window. Then I went to that city of which I spoke, met the men themselves, listened to their burning speech, and gave myself to them for a disciple, or for a sacrifice if they thought best. Oh, but they were clever men, and their words were my food.

“In those days, our province had a gentle governor, who was kind to the poor; but in a few years he died, and a new one came—a gruff soldier from the East. We were advised by our brothers to beware of him. He was not a good man, but he, too, was clever—too clever for us and for himself—too clever, alas, for me! After that the rooms where we met were darker, and we slunk to them by darker ways that we might listen to the burning words of our leaders. Oh, but that governor’s ways were darkest of all!

“For a while he did nothing. Then, in one night, the soldiers surrounded three of our meeting-places—all but one. Forty-seven of our comrades they took, and the printing-press, and much paper with the words on them. Perhaps we had set down too many of our thoughts, for these were of war—not against the Little White Father, who was misled, but against the men who deceived him and would not let

him know and relieve our needs; but the governor laughed, and, saying our words were war, he forbade that our comrades should be tried by the courts of peace. He and his officers tried them, listening to what they pleaded, and forty-seven went to Siberia or to the mines.

“I have told you how there was one meeting he did not catch, and this was the one that I attended; but we went to it no more—not for a few weeks, till all was quiet again. Then it was whispered to us that a great and good man was come from Moscow to tell us what we should do. So we went again to the meeting, and I saw the new brother—a big fellow with a tumble of yellow hair and beard, eyes that flashed lightning, and a voice that rumbled like distant thunder.

“Just what he said I do not know now. It was about the poor who starved, about the rich who stole, about the free who were slaves, and about us who were cowards. We sprang up and cursed him, when he called us cowards, for the words had set us afire; but he only laughed at our curses, and said that now we were half-men, though curses hurt no one, neither him nor the wicked governor. Cursing still, we asked what we must do to be men altogether—men worthy of liberty. Then he took from his clothes, very carefully, the little iron eggs.

“‘It is from these,’ he cried, ‘that the liberty of Russia must be hatched, the liberty of the poor over all the world. Is there one of you half-men who is brave enough to play the hen?’

“I was full of the fire of his eloquence, and said very quietly:

“‘I am one who is a man. Only tell me what I must do.’

“I cannot tell you how calmly I said it, for there was no blood in my veins—only fire. After he had looked at me closely a while, he said:

“‘You will do. Wait!’

“So I waited, feeling now hot and again cold, till one by one the brothers had slipped out and gone away, all but three—the big man from Moscow and two of our leaders. They sat with their heads together and whispered for a long time. Then they called me over, and the big man said:

“‘Brother, you are happy in being chosen to do the work for freedom. Here,

I give you the little egg of liberty that shall make all men equal. Keep it carefully in your clothes. To-morrow you shall go at midday to the street by the church of St. Vasili, and when your tyrant shall drive by you in his carriage you shall throw the little egg beneath it and run away. If you do not run fast enough, and they take you, you shall say nothing of any of us, unless you are a traitor to the great cause and to mankind.'

"I bowed low to him, took the little bomb, and went home. All that night I lay awake. I felt courage, and also a little fear; but when the hour came I went out and stood, as I was ordered, near the great church of St. Vasili. The crowds went by me, but I did not see them, for I was waiting for the carriage. I cannot tell how long I waited, but at last it came, with a guard of two Cossacks.

"Then I took out the bomb, wrapped in a bit of cloth, and, as the carriage came near, I raised my arm and threw it. Oh, God, what a scene! The noise and the smoke and the smell! The two Cossacks lay on the ground, one very still, the other screaming, his hands before his eyes, which were torn out. At my feet writhed a little girl, with one arm blown off, and a woman threw herself upon her

and shrieked and shrieked. All around were poor men and women and children covered with blood, running, twisting about or lying still. Amid the pieces of the carriage and the kicking horses lay the new governor, his face, set and stern, looking straight up at the sky, and both his legs gone. I am sorry that I ran away, and that no one stopped me."

He ceased speaking, and rocked back and forth on the seat, holding his head with both hands and groaning. I could say nothing. Then he peered at me again with the look of the stray dog.

"Always since then," he whispered, "asleep or awake, I see nothing but the blood, and the little girl with her arm torn off, and the face of her mother while she shrieked. That was four years ago, and I know that it did no good. They sent a new governor down, and all was the same—only God hates me. How He will punish me, I do not know. Some day I will shoot myself and find out. When the bullet is in my head, perhaps I shall not see such things any more!"

Still I sat silent and watched him, like a bird charmed by a snake, despising myself because I could say nothing. When he had looked at me again, his eyes shifted, and he got up and shambled off.

Miss Demeanor

BY PERCY WHITE

"AND remember that horse-traders are the shrewdest men in the world!"

Thus Peter's father bade his son goodbye, as the young man boarded the train.

In two days Peter arrived at Cheyenne, which seemed like a toy town laid out by giant children, and left forgotten on the great brown carpet of the prairie. He went into a restaurant, and asked a man who sat opposite him whether there were chances there for getting work.

"What kind of work, kiddo?"

"I came out here to be a cowboy."

The other man laughed, but when they went out of the restaurant Peter was engaged to work on his ranch, forty miles north, and thither they now went. To Peter was assigned a string of cow-ponies

formerly the charge of a man called Blue Babe. Among them was a mare described by the boss as "mean as an outlaw, handy as a pocket, and fifteen three in her stocking feet."

Peter did not understand; but he saw that she was a fine piece of horseflesh, and he fell in love with her. Being advised not to ride her till he made her acquaintance, he did all he could to win her affection. He taught her to follow him; he fed her oats—which was against the rule; and he gave her sugar, which she would not eat. At the noon-hour, while the other boys were smoking in the bunk-house, he would curry her till she shone like amber silk, though his work was wasted, for Miss Demeanor, as he christened her, would at once roll in the mud.

At last he announced that he was going to ride her. The men nudged one another and sought roost on the top rail of the catch-pen when Peter led her in.

"Easy with that hind cinch, kid," came the friendly advice. "Remember that she sails high and lands hard. Even Blue Babe couldn't stick on her!"

Peter had never been told this before, but it was too late to back out. He grasped the horn and swung to the seat.

"Say your prayers!" yelled the boss.

But the mare did not budge.

"She isn't going to do anything," giggled Peter, patting her neck.

Miss Demeanor, with the bellow of a bull, lashed into the air. Peter clung, his hat careened, his reins fluttered. Down she came, all feet spread, tail in air and nose in dust. Peter's hat was flopping in the mud like a wounded partridge; but Peter was still in the saddle, and the mare was whisking flies.

Six months passed. Peter got a letter from his father advising him to give up ranching. He bought Miss Demeanor and set out for Cheyenne. It was dusk as he was approaching the city. Suddenly a man in a breaking-cart drove up.

"Hello!" he called. "Where did you get that mare?"

"Bought her."

"Going to sell her?" demanded the other, pulling up to a standstill.

"Hadn't thought of it," mused Peter.

"Pretty good-looking chunk, except for that spavin."

"She's not!" flashed Peter. "And that's only a windpuff."

The man smiled, piercing Peter with hypnotic eye.

"I've seen that mare before. I'm going to buy her of you."

"But I don't want to sell her," pleaded Peter.

"Yes, you do. I'll give you more than you'll get anywhere in Cheyenne. Climb into my cart, and we'll lead the mare in."

Peter grumbled, but complied. The man got in beside him, clucked, and continued:

"I'm going to give you just sixty-five plunks for the lady."

"How much?"

"Sixty-five dollars," cajoled the man.

"She's worth it."

"Well, I guess she is. I paid—"

"Don't tell me what you paid. One of the first laws of horse-trading is not to tell what you paid."

"Horse-traders," lisped Peter, "are the shrewdest men in the world."

"Is she perfectly gentle?" grinned the man.

"She's all right when she knows you."

"You mean she's ornery as Satan, that she kicks, strikes, and pitches, that it's worth your life to climb her, don't you? Well, here we are. Whoa, girl! Look at that—I told you she was ornery. Open that gate, and I'll put her in the corral. Whoa, girl, whoa!"

Peter opened the gate and led the mare inside.

"What's your name, young man? Peter Sherwin? All right. Hey, Melzina! Make out a check to Peter Sherwin for sixty-five. Here's your saddle; want the bridle, too, I suppose? Ah, here's your check; see if it's right. I'm going to auction off some horses to-morrow, and may put the mare up, if she'll let me. Come around. Any one'll tell you where Blue Babe hangs out."

The gig disappeared in the darkness. Miss Demeanor put her muzzle through the bars, and tickled Peter's hand with the bristles on her lip. Peter shouldered his saddle and trudged away.

At one o'clock next day he was at Blue Babe's sale-stable. The mare shone out like a queen among the other horses. Peter wondered who had had the courage to curry her. Men were crowding round her to admire.

"Come here!" whispered a voice. Peter turned; it was Blue Babe. "How are you this morning, kid? Want to do me a favor? I reckon I'll put the mare up, and you can help me out a lot. Now, I'm going to be a selling of her for some rich race-track guy, savvy? And of course I ain't supposed to know too much about her, although I can crack her up some."

"You want me to get up and tell 'em about her, don't you?" said Peter.

"Smart kid! Make out you've been her trainer. Say she won stakes at the Brooklyn Handicap, or the Grand National, or any old thing. Nobody's wise out here, and—you'll be leaving town soon, won't you?"

"Yes, but I don't think this is quite the right thing to do."

"All is fair in love and horse-trading. Got to go now. You'll draw a tenner if she brings a good price. Lay it on thick; say your boss went broke, and that's why he had to sell her. Say she's a registered thoroughbred, and spiel pedigree."

Peter watched the trader ascend his eminence and bleat forth his preliminaries. The auction had begun, but things were lifeless. All looked forward to the sale of Miss Demeanor, and murmured as she was wheeled into the ring.

"Number forty-six!" announced Blue Babe. "Bay mare, thoroughbred, six years, fifteen hands three inches—"

"Cut your wind-jamming and let a man talk!" broke in a person with a diamond ring.

Blue Babe induced silence with his gavel.

"All right, Mr. Kastor! Start things yourself."

"Two hundred and fifty!"

At first none seemed willing to overbid the first offer; but at last another man called out:

"Two hundred and three-quarters!"

Mr. Kastor twiddled his ring and glowered at his competitor. Blue Babe juggled his hammer in ecstasy.

"What a pity, gentlemen, to let them steal such a horse from under your noses! This mare is one of the finest running horses in the country. She will make some one's fortune! Who'll give three hundred?"

Kastor gulped and nodded. His rival called:

"Three hundred and a quarter!"

By dint of much sweat and palaver, Blue Babe tormented his bidders up to the five-hundred-dollar mark. Then there came a lull.

"Gentlemen," thundered the auctioneer, "it's a crime to let this splendid horse go at such a price! Will the gentleman who has been a training of the mare please step forward?" A place was made for Peter. "Now, my friends, this gent knows all about her; he will tell you what I could not."

"I will try," said Peter, facing away from his tyrant. "I have been training this mare for seven months. She is, as Mr. Babe has told you, six years old. So far as I know, she is sound, except for a bog spavin on her left hock."

Peter paused; a hush fell upon the conclave. Blue Babe was stretching over his desk, eyes agog. Kastor was scowling. The other bidder was moving toward an exit. Some one snickered.

"Yes, gentlemen, I do know all about this mare. She's as ornery as Satan. She strikes, kicks, and pitches. You may be able to put a saddle on, if you use a foot-rope; but use two cinches if you want it to stay there!"

Peter paused for breath; the crowd was in an uproar.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "this is the opportunity of a lifetime. Try her and see for yourselves!"

Four cow-punchers made a bee-line for Miss Demeanor. They deftly tied up her hind leg, blindfolded her, put on a saddle, and then took off the foot-rope. A swaggering fellow in yellow chaps swung on, and pulled away the blind. Blue Babe looked on helplessly.

With three mighty bounds the mare spanned the ring, scattering all before her, upheaving dust and sawdust, twisting like a snake, kicking horses and plunging at men. The spectators scrambled for safety. A moment later the cow-puncher was mingling with the dust, and Miss Demeanor nosing him.

"Go on with the sale!" he groaned.

Blue Babe raised his hammer mechanically.

"And sold to—to the gent what just bid five hundred!"

But the person referred to was not in evidence. Mr. Kastor, likewise, had disappeared.

"Begin all over again," guffawed some one.

Blue Babe saw the folly of remonstrating. Already the skylarking cow-punchers were beginning to make offers as high as "two bits." Some suggested that the mare ought to bring more at the meat-market.

Blue Babe declared that she should not be sold, and called to the wrangler to lead her away; but the crowd had been trifled with her enough.

"I'll bid on her!" came a voice. "I'll give thirty dollars!"

Cheers greeted the offer. The hammer came down slowly.

"Sold!" moaned Blue Babe. "Sold, to Mr. Peter Sherwin!"